

HEROES OF
THE ARMY
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AMERICA

CHARLES MORRIS



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WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

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HEROES OF THE ARMY

IN AMERICA

BY

CHARLES MORRIS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER AND STATESMAN	9
ISRAEL PUTNAM, THE BOLD RANGER AND WARRIOR.....	21
JOHN STARK, THE OLD SOLDIER OF BENNINGTON.....	30
ETHAN ALLEN, THE CHIEF OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS	38
NATHANIEL GREENE, THE RESCUER OF THE SOUTH.....	46
ANTHONY WAYNE, THE STORMER OF STONY POINT.....	57
BENJAMIN LINCOLN, THE RECEIVER OF THE SWORD OF CORNWALLIS	66
DANIEL MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.....	73
HENRY LEE, THE LIGHT HORSE HARRY OF '76.....	81
FRANCIS MARION, THE SWAMP FOX OF THE CAROLINAS....	89
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, THE WINNER OF THE NORTHWEST..	99
WINFIELD SCOTT, THE VICTOR AT NIAGARA AND IN MEXICO	108
ANDREW JACKSON, THE OLD HICKORY OF THE BATTLEFIELD	116
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE...	125
SAMUEL HOUSTON, THE WINNER OF TEXAN INDEPENDENCE	133
ZACHARY TAYLOR, THE ROUGH AND READY OF BUENA VISTA	142
GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, FIRST COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.....	150
ULYSSES S. GRANT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNION.....	158
ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.....	170
WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, HERO OF THE MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA	179
THOMAS J. JACKSON, THE STONE WALL OF THE CONFEDERACY	189
GEORGE H. THOMAS, THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.....	196
GEORGE G. MEADE, THE VICTOR AT GETTYSBURG.....	206
JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, COMMANDER OF THE LAST CONFEDERATE ARMY.....	213

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

	PAGE
PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, THE HERO OF THE RIDE FROM WIN-CHESTER	222
JAMES E. B. STUART, THE RUPERT OF THE SOUTH.....	232
WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, THE VICTOR OF STONE RIVER.....	241
NATHAN B. FORREST, THE DASHING RAIDER OF TENNESSEE	252
JOSEPH HOOKER, THE HERO OF THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS	263
JOSEPH WHEELER, THE “FIGHTING JOE” OF THE CONFEDERACY	273
AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, THE DEFENDER OF KNOXVILLE.....	283
WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, THE SUPERB INFANTRY LEADER....	294
GEORGE A. CUSTER, A KNIGHT OF THE SPUR AND SABRE....	302
GEORGE CROOK, THE SOLDIER FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.....	310
HENRY W. LAWTON, A VETERAN OF THREE WARS.....	320
NELSON A. MILES, THE SIOUX AND APACHE INDIAN FIGHTER	328
GENERAL WOOD AND FUNSTON IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.....	337
GENERAL PERSHING IN PURSUIT OF VILLA AND THE KAISER....	348

ILLUSTRATIONS

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE..... <i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
PAGE	
LINCOLN RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS	70
CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.....	112
GENERAL SAM HOUSTON AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO	140
LAST BATTLE-LINE OF LEE'S ARMY.....	168
SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.....	184
BATTLE OF SECOND BULL RUN.....	190
BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.....	198
RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.....	208
WOUNDED AT SIBONEY.....	278
ANTITETAM: THE FIGHT AT BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE.....	282
CUSTER'S LAST STAND.....	306
INDIAN ROOM IN MILES'S HOUSE.....	330
THE COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO.....	340
GENERAL FOCH AND GENERAL PERSHING.....	350
A U. S. BABY TANK.....	352

HEROES OF THE ARMY IN AMERICA



GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

GREATEST and most famous among the heroes of the American army is the immortal George Washington, the “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” Washington was first in war in another sense than is here intended, since it was he who led the men who fired the first shot in the first great American war.

There had been much fighting on American soil before the year 1754, when the French and Indian War began,—fighting with the Indians, the French, and the Spaniards,—and Americans of valor and military genius had made their mark in battle. But these were desultory fights, with hastily collected forces; there had been nothing that could be called an American army before that time; therefore with the first exploit of Washington at the head of the Virginia forces in the spring of 1754 the history of the American army may be said to have begun. So with the shining record of General George Washington we open our review of the famous soldiers of the great American republic.

To tell once more the story of Washington’s life

and deeds seems in a sense superfluous. No doubt all our readers have read this story, and know a great deal about who he was and what he did. But it may be said that the lives of great men cannot be told too often, and to write about the military heroes of America without giving a leading place to the noblest of them all would be like giving the drama of Hamlet with the character of Hamlet left out.

George Washington was what is called well-born. He belonged to the colonial aristocracy of the Old Dominion. His ancestors came from noble English families, the first Americans among them, Lawrence and John Washington, coming to Virginia in the time of Cromwell. John had a son named Augustine, and on the 22d of February, 1732, Augustine's first child was born. His parents named him George Washington, little dreaming how famous that name was afterwards to become.

Little George grew up to be a fine, hearty, handsome boy, strong and sound in body and noble in character. His father died when he was twelve years of age, but his mother, one of the wisest and most excellent of women, was left with a good estate. She dwelt in an old manor-house on the Rappahannock River opposite the town of Fredericksburg, and there she devoted herself to bringing up her six fatherless children to be good men and women.

George, as the years went on, became a tall, vigorous, well-proportioned youth. He got what little education the poor Virginia schools of that time could give, was good in mathematics and learned surveying, intending to become a civil engineer, a profession which promised very well in that pioneer period.

In those days Virginia was in great part an unsettled

and little known wilderness. When Washington was sixteen he met with Lord Fairfax, a great landholder of Virginia, who owned a vast tract of land in the unexplored Shenandoah Valley, west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The landowner took a warm fancy for the fine manly boy, made him his friend and companion, and finally engaged him to survey this pathless forest land, on which the foot of a white man had rarely been set. It was an excellent opportunity for the young surveyor, and he did his work so quickly and so well that for the next three years he was kept busy surveying for the colony of Virginia. He was building for the future, getting familiar with the wilds, in which he was soon to spend active years of war.

While Washington was surveying trouble was approaching. The English and the French alike had their eyes on the rich Ohio Valley, and when the French began to come down from Canada and build forts on the streams south of Lake Erie, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia selected the young surveyor, then twenty-one years of age, to go to these forts and bid the French commanders go back whence they came, telling them that they were on English soil.

It was a difficult task for one so young, one needing the judgment and discretion of a much older man, but Washington performed it admirably. He made his way with a small party through more than five hundred miles of the unbroken wilderness, wild, wooded and mountainous, and came back again in midwinter, at great risk from hostile Indians and the icy rivers. But his work had been done so well that he was warmly thanked by the assembly of Virginia.

The French paid no heed to Governor Dinwiddie's orders. On the contrary they advanced to the Forks

of the Ohio, where Pittsburg now stands. The irate governor now determined to drive them back by force, and in the spring of 1754 he sent out a small force of militia, of which Washington was lieutenant-colonel. The colonel died on the way, leaving Washington in command. He was to "drive away, kill and destroy, or seize as prisoners," any foreigners he found in the valley of the Ohio.

In May the young commander met a small force of French at a place called the Great Meadows, shots were fired and the leader of the French was killed. That, as we have said, was the first shot in the first important American war, a conflict which was to last for seven years, and not end until the French were forced to give up all their possessions in America.

"I heard the bullets whistle," wrote Washington, "and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

That was the boast of a very young soldier. He was to live through times when he would not think the sound of bullets charming. In fact, he soon found it so now, for he was besieged by a much stronger body of French in a hastily built fortification which he named Fort Necessity. There was a brisk fight; then, on July 4, 1754, he was forced to surrender, on condition that he and his men should be free to go back to Virginia. Thus he had his baptism in battle.

The fights at Great Meadows and Fort Necessity opened the war. The next spring General Braddock, an obstinate Englishman, too conceited to take advice, and utterly ignorant of the ways of the wilderness, was sent to Virginia with two regiments of troops. To these were added some Virginians under Washington, who was now a colonel.

Through the wilderness marched Braddock against Fort Duquesne, a stronghold which the French had built at the Forks of the Ohio. As he approached the fort his men were drawn out in a long straggling line. Washington advised caution, but Braddock was not to be taught by a colonel of militia. Suddenly, from the surrounding woods, a tempest of bullets was poured into the ranks. A French and Indian ambush lay behind the bushes and trees. Washington and his men took to the woods, but Braddock would not let his soldiers seek cover, and kept them under fire until in the end he fell, with nearly half his men around him.

Washington and his Virginians were the only ones who came with credit out of that deadly fight. He and his men fought the Indians in their own way, and when the British troops ran, leaving their baggage and cannon behind them, he tried to rally them in vain. "They ran like sheep before the hounds," he wrote. The best he could do was to cover their retreat.

Washington took only a local part in the general operations of the war that followed. Their success at Fort Duquesne had made the Indians so bold that all the frontier settlements were in danger, and during several years he was kept busy, with a force of about two thousand men, in protecting the settlers from massacre.

In 1758 another expedition, under General Forbes, was sent against Fort Duquesne, Washington again accompanying. Forbes proceeded very slowly, and was on the point of giving up and retreating when Washington asked permission to go forward with a small party of men. He reached the fort to find that the French had abandoned it on hearing of his approach, and he took possession without a shot.

George Washington had won all the credit gained in that part of the field of war. But he had been given little opportunity to take part in the great events of the conflict, and now resigned, married Mrs. Martha Custis, a rich and beautiful widow, and settled at Mount Vernon as a planter. He was soon elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and on his appearance there was complimented by the speaker for his military services. He rose to reply, but, as Irving says, "blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word."

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the speaker; "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

For the fifteen years that followed Washington dwelt happily in his lovely home at Mount Vernon, cultivating and improving his estate and adding to it until it amounted to eight thousand acres. He raised wheat and tobacco; he had fisheries and brick yards; he was a good master to his slaves, and in his will gave them their freedom. He was for years a member of the House of Burgesses, and in 1774 became a member of the first Continental Congress. When Patrick Henry was asked whom he considered the greatest man in Congress, he replied: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment Colonel Washington is undoubtedly the greatest man on that floor."

A change in affairs was close at hand, which was to make George Washington great in the eyes of all the world. In April, 1775, the fights at Lexington and Concord brought the country suddenly from peace to war, and two months later, when Congress deliberated upon the choice of a commander-in-chief for the patriot

soldiers besieging Boston, Washington was unanimously elected to that post.

On the 2d of July he arrived at Cambridge and took command of the army. The farmer soldiery had proved their valor at Bunker Hill just before, but they were untrained militia, and their new commander had a hard task in teaching them the soldier's art and supplying them with arms. But in eight months after his arrival he had made an army out of this raw militia, and forced the British troops to sail away from Boston, on whose streets no foeman's foot ever afterwards trod. He had won in the first move of the war.

The second act was at New York. In August, 1774, the British landed thirty thousand skilled soldiers on Staten Island, against which force Washington had only about twelve thousand poorly armed and largely undisciplined men. Five thousand of these were stationed at Brooklyn, Long Island, and on them marched fifteen thousand disciplined troops. A short, fierce battle ensued; the Americans were defeated and driven back.

But Washington proved equal to the situation; at night a dense fog rolled in upon the harbor; boats were hastily collected; before morning the whole force was moved across the river, with nearly all the cannon and military stores, the whole done so skilfully and quietly that the British were utterly amazed the next morning to find that their hoped-for prey had escaped. New York could not be held. The narrow island of Manhattan was threatened on both sides by British ships that sailed up the Hudson and East Rivers, and Washington was obliged to withdraw. There were marches and countermarches; Fort Washington, with its three thousand men, was captured by the British; all looked dark for the patriots; in despair General Reed asked:

"My God, General Washington, how long shall we fly?"

Calm and significant was Washington's answer: "We shall retreat, if necessary, over every river of our country, and then over the mountains, where I shall make a last stand against our enemies."

The Hudson was crossed. Over the soil of New Jersey marched the despairing Continentals, hotly pursued by the foe. Washington, with brilliant skill, baffled all their efforts; the Delaware was reached and crossed; when the British came to its banks not a boat was to be found, Washington had swept them all away. For the time they were baffled, but the cause of the Colonies seemed at its last gasp and the people everywhere lost their hopes.

But Washington did not despair. He was biding his time. On Christmas day of 1776 he led his ragged and nearly barefoot men across the Delaware through floating blocks of ice, marched to Trenton, where a force of troops lay in fancied security, took them by surprise and utterly defeated them, taking a thousand prisoners.

General Cornwallis hastened to march upon him with a large body of soldiers, confident that he now had him in a net from which he could not escape. But when the morning dawned Washington and his men were gone and the roar of guns showed that a battle was going on elsewhere. He had marched away through the night, met a body of British troops at Princeton and beaten them badly, and was soon on his way to the highlands at Morristown, which he had chosen for his winter quarters.

The battles of Trenton and Princeton made a wonderful change in public feeling. The people turned

from despair to hope. In Europe there was a like change in opinion. George Washington had proved himself a soldier of the highest ability, his strategy was admired and praised, and military critics now began to think that he would win. From France came the young Marquis de Lafayette to join the American army, and everywhere life and patriotism seemed astir.

In 1777 the British tried a new plan. They now sent a fleet to Chesapeake Bay, landed an army of eighteen thousand soldiers and marched north upon Philadelphia. Washington was on the ground to meet them and a battle took place on the banks of the Brandywine, in which the Americans were defeated, Lafayette being among the wounded.

The British took possession of Philadelphia. Here Washington attempted to surprise and defeat them and another hot contest took place at Germantown. But there were mistakes and errors, things went wrong, and the gallant Continentals were again forced to retreat. That winter, a bitterly cold one, was spent at Valley Forge, about twenty miles above Philadelphia, where the poor patriots suffered terribly from cold and hunger, while the British were comfortably housed and fed in Philadelphia.

Yet the Continentals had much cause for hope despite the gloom of their situation. A whole British army under General Burgoyne had been captured near Albany. The French had entered into alliance with the Americans and promised to send a fleet and army to their support. When the next summer came the British, fearing that a French fleet would come up the Delaware, left Philadelphia and marched away for New York.

Washington was watching them like a hawk and was

quickly on their track, overtaking them at Monmouth, and attacking them with force and fury. The British would probably have been utterly defeated but for the cowardly act of General Lee, who began to retreat, instead of attacking as he was ordered. For once Washington broke into a rage and fairly swore at the culprit. But it was too late to regain the lost advantage. The battle that followed was hot and bloody, but the British succeeded in escaping during the night.

This battle regained for Washington all his old prestige. While he was at Valley Forge there had been a plot in Congress to dismiss him from his command, but now Congress gave him a vote of thanks, and the admiral of the French fleet wrote him, "Accept, sir, the homage which every man, especially every military man, owes you."

After that there was little fighting in the North, most of the remaining war being in the South. The British kept in New York City, Washington mounting guard over them, but he was too weak to attack them. The principal events were the gallant capture of Stony Point, on the Hudson, by General Wayne, and the treason of General Arnold, who tried to deliver the fort at West Point to the British. As for the British generals in New York, they had had quite enough of General Washington, and for several years they were kept cooped up like foxes in a den.

During these years the South was the centre of the war. In 1781 it moved from the Carolinas into Virginia, and Lord Cornwallis led his army to Yorktown, near Chesapeake Bay. Now was Washington's opportunity. He made a great show of attacking New York, thus deceiving General Clinton, and then marched secretly away with his own and the French army that

had joined him, and was soon before Yorktown, while a French fleet moved up Chesapeake Bay to its rear. Cornwallis was in a trap. Clinton could not come to his aid. He was forced to surrender, with all his army, and American liberty was won. That victory ended the war.

Washington was now the great hero of the land. By courage, military genius, wisdom, and endurance he had led his half fed and half clad army to final victory, and the whole civilized world looked upon him as the greatest soldier of the age, while his own people both admired and loved him. He was hailed by all as the savior of his country.

The war ended, Washington retired to his home at Mount Vernon, where he expected to spend the remainder of his life in peace and comfort as a private citizen. But this was not to be. The people wanted him still. In 1787, when a convention was held at Philadelphia to form a new constitution for the republic, Washington was chosen to preside. In 1788, when the time for the election of the first American President came, he was unanimously selected; there was no other man to be named beside him.

For eight years he governed with ripe wisdom the country which owed to him its liberty, proving himself a statesman as he had proved himself a soldier. In 1796, he retired again to Mount Vernon, this time, he hoped, for the last. But in July, 1798, when there was danger of a war with France and an army was called out, he was again chosen as commander-in-chief. Fortunately no fighting came and the old hero was not disturbed in his home. In December, 1799, he took a severe cold from riding in wet weather round his farm. It rapidly grew worse, the inflammation extended,

breathing grew more and more difficult, and on the 14th day of December the greatest of Americans passed away.

He had won for himself a fame which has never since dimmed. Now, as then, George Washington is regarded by all true Americans, as "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

ISRAEL PUTNAM, THE BOLD RANGER AND WARRIOR

At Salem, Massachusetts, on the 7th of January, 1718, was born Israel Putnam, one of the boldest and most daring men who ever stood on American soil. His whole life story is a record of brave deeds and daring escapes, too numerous for us to do more than mention here. The first and one of the most famous of these took place when he was living on a farm near Pomfret, Connecticut.

A wolf, the terror of the farmers, had killed many of his sheep, and he pursued it to the rock-den in which it had taken refuge. How to get at the savage animal was the question. Putnam settled it by crawling through the narrow opening into the cavern, torch in hand; a rope being fastened to his legs by which his comrades could draw him out.

On seeing the wolf crouched at the back of the cavern, he gave the signal agreed upon to his companions and they drew him out so hastily that his clothes were torn to rags and his body lacerated. He ventured in again, this time with a gun, on the report of which he was again drawn out. On his third entrance he emerged dragging the dead wolf by the ears.

Such was an early exploit of the man who was to win a high reputation for courage in future years. It gave him such a standing among his fellows that in 1755, when Connecticut sent a force of one thousand men to take part in the French and Indian War, Putnam was chosen as one of its captains. There was fear

of a French invasion from Canada, and these men were sent to the region of Lake George to take part in the defence. Here Putnam began his military career as scout and ranger, and no American frontiersman ever had a more exciting series of adventures.

After the terrible Indian massacre at Fort William Henry, at the foot of Lake George, the American forces were gathered into Fort Edward, on the head-waters of the Hudson. Putnam, now a major, occupied with his corps of rangers an outpost station on a small island near the fort. Fearing an attack from the French, General Lyman, the officer in command, sent a body of laborers into the forest to cut timber to strengthen the fort, while Captain Little, with fifty British soldiers, were posted to protect them.

Here, one morning at daybreak, the laborers were fired upon by a party of Indians who had crept upon them through the forest, and when Captain Little came to the rescue he found himself hard pressed by superior forces. He sent a messenger to General Lyman for aid, but that cautious commander, thinking that the whole army of French and Indians were upon him, closed the gates in haste and left the party to its fate.

Fortunately, the sound of the firing reached Putnam's ears, and immediately afterwards his scouts brought him word of Captain Little's danger. "Follow me!" he shouted to his men, as he dashed into the water and waded to the shore. His route led him past the walls of the fort, on which stood the alarmed general.

"Come into the fort," he cried. "The enemy are in overwhelming force. We can spare no more men."

We are not sure that these were Lyman's exact

words, but whatever he said, Putnam went on with a muttered reply. Brave men were in danger, and where they were was the post of duty. He dashed on, followed by his men, to where the British soldiers were fighting the savages. They were on exposed ground, while the Indians were in ambush.

"This is no place for a stand," cried Putnam.
"Forward! We must rout out the red devils."

With loud shouts the whole party plunged into the marsh in front and in a minute were face to face with the hidden savages. This sudden onslaught threw the Indians into a panic. They broke and fled, hotly pursued, the chase not ending until they had been followed through miles of forest and many of them had fallen.

When Putnam returned it was with an uneasy mind. He had disobeyed the orders of his superior. At the least he looked for a severe censure. He might even be courtmartialed. As it proved, he had no cause for fear. Lyman, ashamed of his panic, chose to forget Putnam's action and had only words of praise for the behavior of the party. Putnam, indeed, had saved him from a reprimand from *his* superiors.

One other event at Fort Edward showed the daring, energy, and decision of Putnam in a high light. The barracks within the fort took fire. Twelve feet away stood the magazines, stored with three hundred barrels of gunpowder. On seeing the smoke and flames, Putnam hastened from his island to the fort, where he found the garrison in a panic, the flames spreading and the magazine in imminent danger.

There was not a minute to lose. With prompt decision he organized a line of soldiers leading to the river, each bearing a bucket. Mounting a ladder, he poured the water as it came into the burning building.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating. A pair of mittens he wore were burned from his hands. He called for another pair, dipped them into the water, and kept on.

An officer called him down from that post of imminent danger, but he would not budge. "We must fight the enemy inch by inch," he cried.

Despite his efforts the fire spread. Descending the ladder he took his station between the two buildings and continued his active service, his intrepidity giving courage to all. The outer planks of the magazine caught fire, but he dashed the water upon them. And thus he continued for more than an hour, until the rafters of the barracks fell in, the heat decreased, and the magazine was saved.

As for himself, he was scorched and blistered from head to foot. When he pulled off the second pair of gloves the skin of his hands came with them. Several weeks passed before he recovered from the effects of his fight with fire. But no man could have been more tenderly nursed and cared for, since all felt that to him they owed the safety of the fort and the lives of many or all of the garrison.

There are other stories of thrilling adventures of this daring man. On one occasion he was surprised by a large party of Indians when in a boat with a few men at the head of the rapids of the Hudson. It was a situation of frightful peril. To land, or to stay where they were alike meant death from the Indians. To go down the rapids seemed a fatal expedient. What was to be done? Putnam did not hesitate. The boat was pushed from the shore and in a few minutes was shooting down the current. The Indians looked on in

amazement. Down the foaming stream sped the seemingly doomed boat, whirling round rocks, sweeping down shelves, shooting abrupt falls.

Putnam did not lose his self possession. His keen eye scanned every peril; his firm hand grasped the helm, changing the course at every new danger. A few minutes of awful anxiety passed, and then the boat floated safely out upon the smooth waters below. The Indians gave up the chase, feeling that the men who could pass those rapids in safety bore charmed lives.

One more story let us tell. It is one that strikingly shows Putnam's wit and quickness of action. It happened when the army was encamped in the forest to the east of Lake George. It was surrounded by prowling Indians, doing all the mischief they could. No sentinel was safe, and at one outpost the sentinel disappeared every night, with no trace of where he had gone. The bravest men were stationed there, with orders, if any noise was heard, to call out "Who goes there?" three times, and if no answer came, to fire. But still the mystery kept up, until the men refused to go on so dangerous a post.

In this dilemma there seemed nothing to do but to draw a man by lot, but Putnam settled the difficulty by volunteering to occupy the dangerous post. The commander, glad to have a sentinel of his calibre, gave him the same instructions as he had given the others and Putnam marched resolutely to the point of peril. He examined the surroundings carefully, made sure that his musket was in good order, and began his monotonous tramp back and forth.

Several hours passed, then a slight sound met his ear. It seemed a prowling animal. There was a crackling sound, as of a hog eating acorns. Putnam's quick

ear apprised him of the exact location of the sound, and he knew the tricks of the Indians too well to let even a hog pass unchallenged. Taking aim at the spot, he obeyed orders strictly by calling out "Who goes there?—three times!" and instantly fired.

There followed a groaning and struggling noise. Loading his musket again, he ran forward and found what seemed a large bear in the agonies of death. A quick examination showed it to be a gigantic Indian, wrapped in a bear skin, who in this guise had been able to approach and shoot the sentinels. There was no more trouble on that outpost. The sentinels there were not again disturbed.

In August, 1758, Major Putnam passed through the most critical adventure of his life. He with Major Rogers and eight hundred men were sent to overtake a party of the enemy who had cut off a baggage train. The attempt was fruitless, the party having escaped, and on their return they fell into an ambush of French and Indians. A fight ensued in which the Americans were successful, but Putnam was taken prisoner by an Indian in the midst of the fight and tied to a tree between the lines, where he was in imminent peril of death from both parties.

When the Indians retreated they took their captive with them, and he was badly maltreated by some of them. That night a party of the savages determined to burn him alive, and he was tied to a tree and brush heaped around him and set on fire. On the first occasion a shower of rain put out the fire. It was no sooner over than the fuel was kindled again, and the savages began to dance in yelling delight around the blazing pile.

At this critical juncture a French officer, who had

been told of what was going on, dashed in, kicked the blazing brands to right and left, and cut loose the captive. It was Molang, the leader of the party, who severely reprimanded the savages and transferred Putnam to the care of the chief who had captured him and who had seemed disposed to treat him kindly.

Putnam was a miserable object when he reached Montreal, his scanty clothing in rags, his legs torn by thorns and briars, his face blood-stained and swollen. He had been wounded in the cheek with a tomahawk and struck on the jaw with the butt of a musket, and was almost unable to eat. Fortunately his captors did not know that they held a man who had won fame by his daring, and when an exchange of prisoners was made, this seeming old invalid, at the suggestion of General Schuyler, a fellow-prisoner, was included among them.

Thus Putnam got back to the army, in which he remained till the end of the war. Near its close he met again the Indian whose prisoner he had been and who was delighted to see him. At a later time Putnam, now with the rank of colonel, took part in the Pontiac War, and here marched side by side with his old chief, who had joined the English and went with them to do battle with the ancient enemies of his tribe.

Before this war, in 1762, Putnam had taken part as leader of the colonial troops in the English expedition against Havana. That city was taken, but war and disease carried off most of those who took part, and he brought back few of the brave fellows who had followed him to the Spanish isle. After the Pontiac War he resigned, having been ten years in service, and during the succeeding ten years he dwelt quietly at home, turning his farmhouse into an inn, where he busied himself when not engaged in the fields.

A patriotic American, he was conspicuous among the "Sons of Liberty," and a bitter enemy of the English oppressors. When messengers reached Connecticut with news of the scene of blood at Lexington and the rise of the people Putnam was busy plowing in his fields. Leaving the plow in the furrow, he hastened home, bade his wife good-bye, and was off for Boston without waiting to change his clothes.

He was at once made brigadier general, in command of the Connecticut troops, and was active at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was ranking officer, though he left the actual command in Prescott's hands. He bade his men to reserve their fire till the enemy were within eight rods, which Prescott bettered by telling them not to fire "till they saw the whites of their eyes." Promoted major general, he was in command on Long Island during the disastrous fight at Brooklyn, but was appointed only a few days before the battle to succeed General Greene, who was sick, and therefore had no chance to study the ground.

Crossing New Jersey with Washington on his retreat, he was left in command at Philadelphia during the night march on Trenton. After filling various posts of duty, he was in 1777 appointed to defend the Highlands of the Hudson, and while there selected West Point as a defensive position and superintended the construction of its fortifications. In this command he showed his spirit in a characteristic incident.

While he was at Peekskill, a lieutenant in the British service was taken within his lines and condemned as a spy. Sir Henry Clinton, on hearing of this, sent a flag of truce to Putnam's head-quarters, threatening vengeance if the sentence was carried out. The reply was brief and significant.

"Head-quarters 7th August, 1777.—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He was tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.— Israel Putnam. P.S. He has accordingly been executed."

In the winter of 1778 Putnam's daring was shown in an incident that has become famous. He, with one hundred and fifty men and two cannon, was at the brow of a steep declivity at a place called Horseneck, from which a series of stone steps led to the valley below. Here he was assailed by Governor Tryon with fifteen hundred men. He defended himself for a time with his artillery, but as the dragoons were about to charge and his small force was incapable of facing them, he ordered the men into a swamp unfit for horsemen and rode at full gallop down the steep steps, while the foe looked on expecting every moment to see him dashed to pieces. But the mettled steed dashed down the dangerous hill in safety and the daring rider escaped.

Putnam was now near the end of his long military career. In 1779, while returning from a visit home, one of his legs became paralyzed, and he was obliged to retire from the service. The remainder of his life was passed at home, where he died May 19, 1790.

President Dwight speaks of him as "A man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, who raised himself to universal esteem and offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and a useful life."

To this eulogy we need but add that for thrilling adventures the life of Putnam is almost without a parallel in the history of the pioneers of America.

JOHN STARK, THE OLD SOLDIER OF BENNINGTON

THE victory of Bennington made John Stark famous, and still more his short and telling speech to his troops before the battle joined. But this was only an incident in Stark's warlike career, which was long and distinguished, in both the French and Indian and the Revolutionary struggles.

His father was a farmer of Londonderry, New Hampshire, where the son was born August 28, 1728. The father removed to Derryfield, now Manchester, in the same State, in 1736, and here the boy passed his youth in farming and hunting till one day in 1752, when he was taken prisoner while on a hunting excursion by a party of Indians. While with them they forced him to run the gantlet, but he escaped injury by snatching a club from the hand of the nearest Indian and laying about him to right and left with such energy that hardly a blow fell upon him. This and other exhibitions of courage and alertness so pleased the savages that they adopted him into their tribe, under the title of the "young chief." After six weeks' detention he was ransomed and set free.

Three years later the war with the French and Indians began, and Stark at once joined the corps of rangers under Robert Rogers, a bold partisan who became famous during the war. Stark, already known as an able scout, was made a lieutenant in the corps, with which he took part in many of its daring deeds.

After the battle with and defeat of Baron Dieskau, in which Stark took part, the militia regiments were

disbanded and he returned home. But he was quickly in the field again, in a new company recruited by Major Rogers, in which only rangers and hunters of courage and skill were admitted. Their duty was to act between the hostile hosts, to reconnoitre, surprise straggling parties, make false attacks, act as guides and couriers, and annoy the enemy in every available way. It was a service of constant adventure and danger, and Stark's life in the years that followed was one of ceaseless activity and frequent peril.

The rangers were kept in continual service, exploring the woods, lying in ambush for stragglers, and at times setting out on scouting expeditions in which they had to make their way "through vast forests and over lofty mountains." A party of Stockbridge Indians joined them, but their skill as woodsmen was in no degree superior to that of the rangers, whose lives had been spent on the frontier.

In January, 1757, the company of rangers went north on a long scouting expedition over the icy surface of Lake George, and on reaching a point on Lake Champlain half way between Crown Point and Ticonderoga, took some prisoners, from whom they learned that there was a strong force of French and Indians at Ticonderoga. A retreat at once began, but they had been seen and found themselves intercepted by a party of the enemy about two hundred and fifty strong. The rangers numbered only seventy-eight and a number of them were soon disabled by the fire of the enemy, Major Rogers among them. In this dilemma Stark took command and declared that he would shoot the first man who fled, telling them that they were in a good position and that a retreat would be fatal. The

fight was kept up till night, when the fire of the enemy ceased and they began their retreat.

A number had been killed and there were several severely wounded who had to be taken off. This rendered their progress slow, and a large fire in the woods forced them to make a wide circuit in the night. The fire, as was found out afterwards, was kindled by a wounded member of their own party who had made his way down the lake.

Reaching a point forty miles from Fort William Henry, the wounded men were unable to go further, and Stark with two companions set out on snow-shoes for the fort, the snow being four feet deep on a level. Despite their exhaustion from the fight and retreat they reached the fort by evening, and the next day returned with a sleigh and a small party. That evening the surviving rangers—fifty-four in number—reached safety at the fort.

We give this incident as an example of the kind of work the rangers were expected to perform, and of the valor and efficiency of Lieutenant Stark. But for his resolute will the party would have lost their lives in a panic flight, and he well deserved the promotion to the rank of captain which he received.

We cannot give all the stirring incidents in which the rangers were concerned in the district around Lake George, but must mention that Stark was engaged in that hotly-contested fight in which Major Putnam, as stated in our sketch of the latter, was taken prisoner by the Indians and narrowly escaped with his life from the cruelty of the savages.

Stark took part in Abercrombie's disastrous attack on Fort Ticonderoga in 1758, and in the following year joined Amherst's army and was present at the

reduction of the French strongholds of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The success of the Anglo-Americans in the year 1760 brought the war, in that part of the field, to an end, and Stark retired from the army, with the promise to return if his services were needed. During the fourteen years that followed he was quietly engaged as a farmer on the rocky New Hampshire soil.

The sound of the guns that shot down the patriots at Lexington fairly seemed to be heard throughout the country, so quickly did the event become known. We have told how Putnam left his plow in the furrow in his eagerness to reach Boston. His old fellow-ranger Stark was not less prompt. Within ten minutes after the news reached him he was on his horse and on the way to the scene of conflict, having directed the volunteers of the neighborhood to rendezvous at Medford, near Boston. Two regiments were formed, of one of which Stark was unanimously elected colonel.

On the memorable 17th of June, 1775, Colonel Stark's regiment formed the left of the American line behind the rail-fence that formed part of the lines at Bunker Hill. Here they held their ground firmly and repelled the enemy with great loss, until the fourth British charge was made and the lack of ammunition forced the Americans to retreat. In the heat of the action a soldier came to Stark with the report that his son, a youth of sixteen who was with him in the field, had been killed.

"This is not the moment to talk of private affairs," was the grim reply; "go back to your post."

As it proved, the report was false, and young Stark served as a staff-officer through the war.

Stark continued in the army at Boston until its fall and then followed Washington to New York, whence

he was sent with his regiment to take part in the ill-starred expedition against Canada. The retreating army reached Ticonderoga on the 7th of July. Here on the following day the Declaration of Independence reached the army and Colonel Stark had the satisfaction, on the scene of his former exploits, to hear the proclamation read to the cheering troops. The hill on which he was encamped was given the name of Mount Independence, and he was soon after ordered to clear and fortify this hill, then a wilderness.

A detachment from the northern army, including Colonel Stark's regiment, was later on sent to reinforce General Washington. It reached his camp, on the west bank of the Delaware, on December 20, increasing his army to about seven thousand men. Soon after arriving Stark had a conversation with General Washington, in which he said:

"Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pickaxes for safety. But if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States, teach them to rely upon their firearms."

Washington replied: "That is what we have agreed on. We are to march to-morrow upon Trenton; you are to command the right wing of the advanced guard and General Greene the left."

"You could not give me a more acceptable station," replied Stark.

The story of the brilliant affair at Trenton does not need to be retold. Stark did his full share towards the success and subsequently fought sturdily at Princeton, but an event was soon to take place which would deprive the army of his valuable services.

He was sent in March, 1777, to recruit the ranks of his regiment, and while there the news came to him

that a new list of promotions had been made in which his name was omitted, while junior officers had been advanced in rank. The injustice, while attributed to the work of enemies, he bitterly resented, immediately resigned his commission and returned home. On his resignation the legislature of New Hampshire returned him its earnest thanks for his good service in the war.

Not long after this event the whole country was thrown into dismay by a formidable invasion from Canada. So far the war on the northern frontier had been a succession of disasters, and the march southward of Burgoyne, with his powerful army, threatened to cut the States of the north into two portions. The retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga added to the alarm, which spread widely through the Eastern States. Burgoyne was coming, with his veteran soldiers, his Canadian and Indian scouts and rangers, and the whole atmosphere was filled with gloom.

Something needed to be done for self-defence, and New Hampshire was quick to act. The militia of the State was organized into two brigades, the command of one being given to Stark. He accepted it on the condition that he would not be obliged to join the main army, but be left to hang on the wings of the enemy, and that he would be under the command of no one but the authorities of New Hampshire.

General Lincoln soon after met Stark and ordered him to lead his men to the west bank of the Hudson. Stark refused, saying that he was not under orders from Congress and that it was his duty to protect the people of Vermont. When Congress heard of this a resolution of disapproval was sent to the Council of New Hampshire, but it declined to interfere with Stark —fortunately, as it proved.

Stark was at Bennington, Vermont, when he learned that a detachment of six hundred men under Colonel Baum had been despatched by Burgoyne on a foraging expedition in that section, sending a party of Indians in advance on a scouting raid. Two hundred men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg, were sent out to check the Indians, but that night General Stark was informed that a large body of the enemy, with a train of artillery, was in the rear of the Indians, marching towards Bennington.

On the morning of August 14 he advanced, with all the men he could muster. A few miles out he met Gregg retreating, with the enemy close at hand. He at once halted and drew up his men in order of battle. The enemy, seeing this, at once stopped also and intrenched themselves. Thus the armies remained for two days, contenting themselves with skirmishing, in which the Americans had much the best of the game. Baum's Indians began to desert, saying that "the woods were filled with Yankees."

On the morning of the 16th Stark prepared for an attack. Before advancing, he addressed his men with that brief but telling address which has made his name historic: "There are the red-coats; we must beat them to-day or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

His dispositions were admirably made. While one party attacked the enemy in front, two others were sent to attack them on right and left in the rear. The rear attack set the Indians in flight, the Tories were driven over the small river that formed part of the lines, and Baum with his Germans, after a sharp fight of two hours' duration, were driven from their breast-works and forced from the field, leaving their artillery and baggage to their foe. They were outnumbered,

but it was by a band of raw militia, poorly armed and without discipline.

The militia hastily dispersed to collect the plunder, and while they were doing so, word came that a large reinforcement from the British army was approaching and only two miles away. Baum joined it, and the fortunes of the day were in peril. Fortunately, while Stark was vigorously seeking to rally his men, Colonel Warner came up with two hundred fresh men, who at once attacked the enemy. Stark joined him with what men he had collected, and another sharp fight began, ending at nightfall in the repulse of the enemy. "With one hour more of daylight," said Stark, "we would have captured the whole body."

As it was, the British lost very heavily, there being seven hundred prisoners, in addition to a large number of killed and wounded, while the American loss was small. Burgoyne had lost more than a thousand of his best troops, he had failed to obtain the supplies he sadly needed, and the whole plan of his campaign was deranged. His march was retarded for a month, in order to obtain the necessary supplies, during which Gates was growing stronger, and Stark's victory at Bennington had much to do with Burgoyne's eventful surrender.

Congress hastened to repair its former action by appointing Stark a brigadier-general, and in September he joined Gates and lent his share to the success of the campaign. He continued in the army till the end of the war, and was present at the battle of Springfield. From this time forward no events of importance marked his life. He survived, an honored citizen, till the advanced age of ninety-four, Congress voting him a pension four years before his death. He died May 9, 1822.

ETHAN ALLEN, THE CHIEF OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

CHIEF among those who made the State of Vermont, and one of the most stalwart defenders of American liberty, was the famous Ethan Allen, a true son of the wilderness. Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, January 10, 1738, he removed with four younger brothers about 1763 to the neighborhood of Bennington, Vermont, and there became an earnest and ardent leader of the bold Green Mountain Boys. Up to that time Vermont had been a forest wilderness, the haunt of the wild beast and the wilder savage, and Allen and his brothers were among its early settlers. To whom the region belonged was a matter of controversy between New Hampshire and New York, both of which claimed it. During the French and Indian war it was a scene of the marching and fighting of troops, but before then the governor of New Hampshire had offered land on liberal terms to settlers, and as soon as the war was over the Allens and many other adventurers trooped in. Until the era of the Revolution the region was known as the New Hampshire Grants. Afterwards it became known as Vermont, the French word for Green Mountain.

As time went on a hot dispute arose between the two claimants of the region, and in the end the contest was referred to the king of England, who decided in 1764 in favor of New York, fixing the Connecticut River as the dividing line between New Hampshire and New York. All would now have gone well had not the

government of New York attempted to make the settlers pay again for the lands they had cleared and settled or yield them to new men. This injustice was bitterly resented by the frontiersmen, and in 1770 Ethan Allen, one of their leading spirits, was sent to plead their cause before the courts at Albany. The whole legal discussion was a piece of idle formality. The matter had been decided in advance, and a verdict already fixed upon was given against the settlers. Allen was advised by the attorneys to go home and get his friends to make the best terms they could, the proverb being quoted to him that, "Might often prevails against right."

The bold mountaineer quaintly replied with an apt quotation from the Bible, "The Lord is the God of the hills, but He is not the God of the valleys," and returned home full of warlike wrath, to infect the people with his own spirit.

When the sheriffs appeared among the mountaineers to eject them from their lands something like war broke out. The Green Mountain Boys organized themselves into an armed corps, with Ethan Allen for their colonel, and prepared to defend their rights by force of arms. Thus things went on for several years, the sheriffs and their followers being treated, not with bullets, but with "the switches of the wilderness," an effective argument. Finally Governor Tryon, of New York, issued a proclamation offering £150 reward for the capture of Allen and £50 for Seth Warner and some other ringleaders. Allen retorted by offering a reward for the capture of the attorney general of New York.

The trouble grew worse as time went on, the Vermont settlers ejecting forcibly from their territory all

the New Yorkers who intruded on it and gathering in force to meet Governor Tryon when told that he was about to invade their lands with a body of British troops. What might have been the final result it is difficult to tell, but in 1775 a war on a wider scope broke out and by the time it ended Vermont had broken loose from both claimants and gained recognition as a part of the Union, though it was not admitted as a State till 1791.

It may well be imagined that the firing of the British troops on the patriots at Lexington roused the Green Mountaineers as it roused all the rest of New England. But they did not, like the others, march at once to Boston. There was work for them nearer home. Near at hand was the strong Fort Ticonderoga, famous in the French war, and known to have a large supply of military stores and a feeble garrison.

The eagerness to take Ticonderoga was not confined to Vermont. Steps to do so were also taken in Massachusetts and Connecticut. But the Green Mountain Boys were first in the field, with Ethan Allen at their head. Benedict Arnold obtained a commission from Massachusetts and made all haste to Lake George, leaving his recruits, when raised, to follow. Here he found Allen and his men and claimed the command in virtue of his commission. But Vermont did not acknowledge a Massachusetts commission, the mountaineers were in no mood to accept a new commander at such a time, and Arnold, failing in his effort, joined the force as a volunteer.

Nathan Beman, a boy who had often been in the fort, was obtained as a guide and the advance force, eighty-three in number, crossed the lake by night, reaching the vicinity of the fort in the early morning of May 10.

The boats were sent back for the others, but the impetuous Allen had no thought of awaiting them. The opportunity of taking the stronghold by surprise was too good to be lost. Silently but with a quick step he led the men up the heights on which the fortress stood, entered the open and undefended gates, and before the sun rose had drawn up his men in order upon the parade ground. Three cheers were now given, which wakened the sleeping inmates.

The only resistance offered was by a sentinel, who snapped his fusee at Allen, and by another who made a thrust at an officer with a bayonet, slightly wounding him. In a moment more Colonel Allen, led by Nathan Beman, ascended the stairs leading to the apartment of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, and in a voice of thunder ordered him to appear. The astonished captain sprang from his bed and threw open the door, when he was met with a stern command to surrender the fort.

Rubbing his still sleepy eyes, the captain asked in whose name his visitor made such a demand.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" roared Allen in reply.

Such authority as this could not be controverted, backed up as it was by the sword brandished over his head, and the captain was obliged to submit and order his men to yield. They numbered but fifty in all, but the fort contained a large amount of arms and artillery which afterwards proved of great use to the Continental army.

Seth Warner, a captain under Allen, crossed the lake with the remainder of the troops, arriving to find the fort occupied by his fellows, and was sent soon afterwards up Lake Champlain against the fort of Crown

Point. This also was taken, with its garrison of twelve men, its military stores, including sixty-one cannon, being in good condition.

Arnold had marched side by side with Allen into the fort, and the two now proceeded in boats up Lake Champlain against St. John's. This place was taken, but they were too weak to hold it, Allen being attacked by a force of two hundred men and driven to his boats, with which he returned to Ticonderoga.

The views of the frontier colonel now expanded, and on the 2d of June he wrote a letter to the Provincial Congress of New York, suggesting an invasion of Canada. His views were not accepted, perhaps unfortunately, for at that time the British forces in that province were in no condition to make a vigorous defence. About three months later Congress ordered such an expedition, but then it proved too late and the affair ended in defeat and disaster.

Meanwhile Colonel Allen proceeded to Philadelphia, where he received the thanks of the Continental Congress for his services. When the expedition against Canada was decided upon, he joined its leader, General Schuyler, as a volunteer, and was sent north by him on a secret mission, to learn the opinions of the Canadians.

He was very successful in this mission, found that many of the Canadians and Indians were ready to join him, and soon after was sent north again by General Montgomery, who was now in command of the expedition and was besieging St. John's. In a week's time Allen had gathered a force of two hundred and fifty Canadians, and men came in so fast that he wrote Montgomery that he would join him in three days with five hundred or more. In a week, he said, he could

gather one or two thousand, but he deemed it best not to wait.

His daring and precipitation soon put a disastrous end to his plans and hopes. On his march to St. John's, when opposite Montreal, he met Major Brown, with a small party of men. Brown proposed an attack on that city, saying that it was poorly defended and could easily be taken. Allen joined eagerly in the enterprise, crossed the St. Lawrence by night at a point a little below Montreal with about one hundred men, and waited for the expected signal from Brown, who had agreed to cross with a larger force above.

Brown's signal did not come. It was evident he had not crossed. Allen's canoes were capable of carrying only one-third of his party and retreat was impossible. A much stronger force advanced against him from Montreal, and after nearly two hours of fighting he was obliged to surrender, on promise of honorable terms. All his men had deserted during the fight except thirty-eight, who surrendered with him. Thus, by engaging in a rash and hazardous enterprise Allen's aid to Montgomery was brought to a disastrous termination.

General Prescott, in command at Montreal, treated his prisoner, on learning that he was the man who had taken Ticonderoga, harshly and brutally. He threatened him with hanging, sent him in fetters on board the Gaspee sloop-of-war, and dealt with him and his men as criminals, subjecting them to many indignities. Allen was soon after sent to England, being treated on the voyage in the same harsh manner, and still kept in irons on landing in England. Here Allen was an object of great curiosity, being

attired in the picturesque dress of a frontiersman, which seemed very odd and grotesque to the English observers.

We shall briefly tell the story of his imprisonment. After a short stay in England he was sent back and confined in prison ships and jails in Halifax and New York, being harshly treated and heavily ironed most of the time. He was finally paroled and allowed some degree of liberty in the streets of New York. Alexander Graydon, a fellow-captive, has given a graphic picture of him as he appeared at this time.

"His figure was that of a robust, large-framed man, worn down by confinement and hard fare. His style was a singular compound of local barbarism, Scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness. Notwithstanding that Allen might have had something of the insubordinate, lawless, frontier spirit in his composition, he appeared to me to be a man of generosity and honor."

On May 3, 1778, Allen was exchanged, and became a free man once more. He hastened to Washington's camp at Valley Forge, and would have joined the army had not the troubles in Vermont broken out again. The Green Mountain Boys had declared their independence in 1777 and applied for admission to the Confederation on the same terms as the other colonies, but New York strongly opposed this. During the next few years the controversy continued, Congress hesitating to offend New York, and the British commanders, taking advantage of the discontent of the Vermonters, tried to get them to accept the king's authority, promising to make Vermont an independent British province.

In 1782 Allen sent their letters to Congress. From

that time Vermont was looked upon as an integral part of the Union, and during the remainder of his life Allen was highly regarded by his fellow Vermonters. He died February 13, 1789.

He was a man of fantastic ideas, one of them being a belief in the transmigration of souls. He asserted that he had once lived on the earth in the form of a white horse. He wrote a work entitled "Reason the only Oracle of Man," the first work ever issued in America formally attacking Christianity. A fire destroyed most of the edition and the volume is now very rare.

NATHANIEL GREENE, THE RESCUER OF THE SOUTH

SECOND only to Washington as a soldier of the Revolution was General Nathaniel Greene, who served in Washington's army through nearly the whole war, and was so esteemed by him that he selected Greene to take his place in case anything should happen to himself. All readers of American history are familiar with General Greene's brilliant work in the South, but during the whole war he proved himself a soldier of exceptional ability.

Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, on May 27, 1742, the son of a Quaker of that place, who owned a farm and an iron forge, in which latter Nathaniel worked for years. The boy was ambitious and studious, being so eager for learning that he worked long over-hours to earn money to buy books, and sat up very late at night to study them.

His industry, learning, and native good sense won him the good opinion of every one who knew him, and in 1770 his fellow townsmen elected him to the legislature of Rhode Island. A warm and earnest patriot, he saw that the colonies might at any time take up arms against British oppression and hostilities begin. In such a case his side was fixed and he began to study the art of war, joining the Kentish Guards of Coventry. For this warlike spirit he was expelled from the Society of Friends into which he had been born, but he went on drilling and studying, and when the news of the fight at Lexington reached Rhode

Island he was quick to start with the Guards for Boston. The Tory governor of the colony ordered them back, but Greene and three others refused to obey. Mounting the fastest horses they could find, they rode briskly away to the seat of war.

Soon after this the Assembly of Rhode Island, whose members were more patriotic than their governor, called out a force of sixteen hundred men, and, recognizing Green's knowledge of the military art, appointed him a brigadier general. In July, when Washington reached Boston and took command of the army, he found that Greene had drilled his raw troops so thoroughly, that he commended them as "the best disciplined men in the whole army."

Washington knew good men when he saw them, and was quick to perceive that there was the making of a fine soldier in the young Rhode Islander. The two became fast friends from the start, and after the capture of Boston and the march to New York, Greene was put in command of the army sent to defend Long Island. It was a responsible task, but a violent attack of fever disabled him, and he was doomed to the severe trial of lying within sound of the firing while too sick to lift his head from the pillow. The battle might have ended differently had he remained in command, for he had made himself thoroughly familiar with the ground and knew the best points of attack and defence. He cried with vexation when he heard of the defeat and of the great loss to his favorite regiment.

As soon as he could mount a horse again active duty was found for him in watching the British on Staten Island and commanding the troops in New Jersey. He took part in the retreat to Pennsylvania, and later that year, when Washington made his famous march

upon Trenton, Greene, now a major-general, commanded the division with which Washington marched, and aided materially in the victory there and at Princeton.

During the winter that followed the army was encamped at Morristown, N. J., and Washington sent Greene to Congress as his envoy, to set before the legislature the condition of the troops, the great need of recruits, the lack of supplies, and the impending dangers. Some aid was gained, but a very insufficient amount, and the army began the next year's campaign very poorly equipped for the work before it.

In the two battles of that year, Brandywine and Germantown, General Greene took a prominent part, and the result might have been different if his advice had been taken. He selected strong defensive positions for the army on the Brandywine, but other generals, who were eager to fight in the open field, overruled his suggestions, and defeat followed. The disaster would have been worse but for Greene's coolness and skill in the retreat. Selecting a spot in a narrow pass through a thicket, he held back the pursuing British until nightfall, thus giving the broken troops an opportunity to reform their ranks and saving the army from destruction. At the subsequent battle of Germantown he was in command of the left wing and skilfully covered the retreat.

There followed the terrible winter at Valley Forge, at the end of which, in March, 1778, Greene was appointed quartermaster-general of the army, a post which he filled with great ability until August, 1780. When in the following June the British left Philadelphia in great haste and marched across New Jersey, Greene was one of the most ardent of the pursuers, and was

in command of the right wing when the foe was brought to bay at Monmouth.

Here he performed the ablest service. General Lee's retreat threatened the security of the whole army, the British following in force, and but for Greene's promptness a serious disaster might have resulted. Lee's movement prevented him from carrying out the orders given him, but with quick decision and without waiting for further orders he threw his troops into the gap, drew a large part of the attack upon himself, and sustained it with unflinching resolution. His men, inspired with his spirit, held their ground steadily and poured volley after volley into the ranks of the British until they recoiled in dismay. The disaster threatened by Lee's cowardice did not take place, but the Americans were robbed of the victory which had been fairly in their grasp.

In the subsequent manœuvres in front of New York Greene was occupied with his duties as quartermaster-general, but took an active part in the movement of General Sullivan upon Newport, made in connection with the French fleet under D'Estaing. A disagreement had arisen between Sullivan and D'Estaing, with the result that the French failed to support the Americans, leaving them in serious danger, from which Greene rescued them. He held his ground against the British till they were forced to retire and drew off his men before they were ready to make another attack.

This affair made Sullivan furious against the French, whom he blamed for what came near being a disaster. He wrote Congress a sharp letter against D'Estaing, but when it reached Philadelphia Greene was there, having been sent by Washington to try and make peace between the two angry men. D'Estaing and

some other distinguished Frenchmen were present in the gallery of Congress. As the clerk was opening Sullivan's letter, Greene, who suspected what it contained, sent a slip of paper to the president of Congress on which was written,

"Don't let that letter be read until you have looked it over."

The president bade the clerk in a whisper not to read it, other business came up, and when the president at length read the offensive missive he decided at once that it must be suppressed. Those few words perhaps saved to America the aid of the French, for, if the letter accusing him had been made public, D'Estaing might have sailed away with his fleet.

A period of rest followed the unlucky expedition to Newport, and during this time of quiet Greene's enemies assailed him, as Washington's had assailed him during the winter at Valley Forge. He was accused of using his office as quartermaster for his own benefit and Congress called him to account. Greene indignantly denied the slanders, proved that the charges against him were false, and then resigned his post as quartermaster.

In June, 1780, Washington moved north to protect West Point, which the British seemed on the point of attacking, and left Greene on duty at Springfield, New Jersey. Clinton, in command at New York, was apprised of these movements, and when Washington was well on his way, the British, five thousand strong, suddenly turned and marched on Greene's small force, thirteen hundred in all. But he placed these in such excellent positions and inspired them with such soldierly zeal that the assailing force was foiled and obliged to march back again.

The next affair in which he was engaged had to do with Benedict Arnold's treasonable attempt to deliver West Point to the British. Greene was temporarily in command of the army while Washington had gone to Hartford to consult with the French generals. Greene had his spies in New York and through them he discovered that some movement seemed on foot. He sent word to Washington, but advised keeping the information quiet until the secret revealed itself.

They had not long to wait. In a few days afterwards André was captured and the treason revealed. Greene presided over the court-martial by which André was tried and signed the death-warrant. The sentence was severer than he liked, but he felt that it was necessary. He was then given the command of West Point. We may be sure that the British did not approach him with treasonable offers.

While these affairs were taking place in the North, the active seat of war had been transferred to the South, severe fighting had been taking place in Georgia and the Carolinas and the British had overrun that section of the country until it all lay under their control. General Gates, who had had the good fortune to command the army to which Burgoyne surrendered, had been sent to the Carolinas, but handled the army there so badly that it suffered a complete defeat at Camden, South Carolina, the commander and all his troops being dispersed. The incompetent Gates was in consequence withdrawn from his command and in October, 1780, Greene was sent south to take charge of the disorganized and scattered forces. It was his first independent command, and in it he was to gain a fame second only to that of Washington himself.

General Greene had a task before him that would have discouraged any man lacking in energy and resolution. The army, such as it was, wanted everything an army should have had. After the battle of Camden there was little left that could be called a military force, it being so utterly shattered that Gates himself was seen soon after the battle eighty miles from the battlefield and without a soldier. The scattered forces Greene found lacked discipline, clothing, arms, and spirit. Bad handling and defeat had taken the very life out of them, and their new general had a hard task in bringing them together and supplying them with the necessities of life.

Congress had no money to give him for supplies, the term of service of most of the men was at an end, and the new forces he gathered were mostly raw militia, who knew nothing of drill or discipline and had never seen a gun fired on a battle-field. With this sorry shadow of an army General Greene set out to face the old and able troops under Cornwallis.

The story is told that, on one occasion during the campaign, Greene reached a tavern at Salisbury, North Carolina, after midnight, wet to the skin with the heavy rain. Steele, the landlord, who knew him, looked at him with surprise, and asked if he was alone.

"Yes," he said, in a disconsolate tone, "tired, hungry, alone, and penniless."

Mrs. Steele, who heard him, hastened to set before him a smoking hot meal. Then she drew from under her apron two bags of silver and held them out to her guest, saying, "Take these: you need them and we can do without them."

It was this spirit in the women of the Carolinas

that greatly helped the men in those times of stress and strain.

Greene gradually got together an army of about two thousand men, regulars and militia, half clad and half supplied. With these he faced the veterans of Cornwallis. With him were three excellent officers, Daniel Morgan, the famous rifleman, William Washington, cousin to the commander-in-chief, and Henry Lee, the daring "Light Horse Harry."

The first battle was fought on January 17, 1781, at Cowpens, South Carolina, where Morgan, with nine hundred men, met a larger force under the notorious Colonel Tarleton, and defeated them so completely that they were almost destroyed. Morgan's loss was very small.

When the news of this victory reached Greene and his army it filled them with joy and hope. But Cornwallis was now hastily advancing with his whole army, much larger and better equipped than that of Greene, who was too weak to meet him. Morgan hastened to join him, crossing the Catawba River just as Cornwallis appeared on the other side. That night a heavy rain swelled the stream and the British could not cross it for three days. It was a happy meeting when Greene and Morgan came together. Northward they marched, reaching and crossing the Yadkin. When Cornwallis came to this stream he was again vexed to find it swollen with rain. Still the two armies sped northward till the forks of the Dan River were reached. Again Greene was first and crossed over to Virginia soil, holding the fords so firmly that Cornwallis dared not follow him.

By this masterly retreat he had drawn the British commander two hundred miles from his base and

baffled him at every point. Washington wrote him when he heard of it, "your retreat before Cornwallis is highly applauded by all ranks."

Reinforcements reaching him, Greene soon felt strong enough to advance and at every point to harass the retreating British. When Guilford Court-House was reached the position of the invaders was so critical that Cornwallis was forced to turn and fight. Greene met him boldly. The militia were soon broken and fled, but the Continental regulars held their own with much courage. In the end they were driven back, but the British had been so roughly handled that they had no heart to pursue these unbroken troops. It was a defeat for Greene, but it had all the effect of a victory. Cornwallis found his army so cut up that it was in no shape for a further fight, supplies were sadly needed, and he retreated to Wilmington, North Carolina, which he reached in very bad plight.

South Carolina was abandoned in the retreat. Cornwallis never returned there, but made his way north into Virginia, where he met his fate at Yorktown. Greene pursued him for some distance towards Wilmington, then turned and made a march two hundred miles long into South Carolina. Here he was joined by the active partisan leaders, Sumter, Marion, and Pickens, and encamped at Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, where Lord Rawdon was in command.

Rawdon attacked and defeated him on April 25, but it was another defeat that had the effect of a victory, and Rawdon found Camden an unsafe place to hold. Greene went on taking post after post from the British, and on September 8 met the forces under Rawdon again at Eutaw Springs. Here a sharp battle

was fought, in which Greene lost heavily and was forced from his positions. Once more his defeat served as a victory, for Rawdon had got more than he bargained for and during the night he left the field, retreating towards Charleston.

It was during this battle that a soldier of Lee's legion, named Manning, while pursuing a flying regiment, found himself suddenly alone in the midst of the enemy. Not an American was near. Without hesitation he seized an officer by the collar, wrested his sword from him and backed off, drawing him along as a shield.

"I am Sir Henry Barry," cried the dismayed officer, "deputy adjutant-general, and captain in the Fifty-second regiment."

"That will do," said Manning, "you are just the man I was looking for."

Thus Greene went on, technically defeated, but winning everywhere by his skill and strategy, and before the end of the year he had the British shut up in Charleston and the States of the South freed from their hands. Shortly afterwards the gallant defender of the South was gladdened with the news of Washington's brilliant feat and the surrender of his old foe, Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

Practically the war was ended, but Greene was kept busy till the end of 1782, watching the British garrisons, while his own army was in the greatest distress. Food, clothing, money, ammunition were wanting; sickness broke out, and finally mutiny. His force grew so small that he proposed to enlist negro soldiers, but this the authorities would not permit, nor would they let the soldiers forage for food. Their condition was fairly desperate when the war ended and their

gladdened eyes saw the last of the British sail away from Charleston. Great was the rejoicing, while throughout the country the name of Greene was hailed as second only to that of Washington.

Congress had voted him a gold medal in honor of his services at Eutaw Springs, and the Carolinas and Georgia granted him valuable tracts of land. These he pledged to secure food and clothing for his soldiers, and most of his land was lost through the false dealing of a man whom he trusted. On the remainder he settled down in Georgia in 1785, and here, on the 19th of June, 1786, he died of a sunstroke, which attacked him while walking in his fields.

His widow remained there, and it was she who, in 1792, suggested to Eli Whitney the need of a cotton-cleaning machine, and encouraged him in that series of experiments which ended in the invention of the invaluable cotton-gin.

ANTHONY WAYNE, THE STORMER OF STONY POINT

“MAD ANTHONY” is the title of honor usually given to General Anthony Wayne of the Revolutionary War. Of honor, we say, for this title was used not in contempt but in compliment, to designate his daring and impetuous way of fighting. To apply an old saying, there was “method in his madness.” He knew no such feeling as fear, but his boldness was tempered with judgment, and his generalship usually led to victory.

This famous American warrior was born on the 1st of January, 1745, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. His grandfather had fought at the battle of the Boyne, under King William, in Ireland, his father had seen service as a soldier, and as a boy he, too, had a strong fancy for fighting. Educated in Philadelphia, he took up the art of a surveyor, and in 1773 engaged in public life as a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly.

From early manhood he took a firm stand as a patriot and vigorously opposed the tyrannous acts of the British King and Parliament. He became a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775, and after the day of Lexington and Concord he called on the patriotism of his friends and neighbors of Chester County, and soon had a regiment in arms, of which he took command. He was appointed its colonel by Congress in January, 1776, and in April was sent with his men to Canada in the expedition under General Thompson. Here he gave the British the first taste

of his quality in the battle of the Three Rivers. This affair ended in a defeat; General Thompson was taken prisoner and Colonel Wayne was wounded. But despite his wounds he took command of the shattered troops, collected them together, and led them off gallantly in the face of the victors.

This was Anthony Wayne's christening in war. His next term of service was at Fort Ticonderoga, where he held the command for six months, during which he gained credit alike for courage and skill as an engineer. His good service here won him the rank of brigadier-general and in May, 1777, he joined Washington in New Jersey, leaving the north on the eve of the Burgoyne expedition.

Washington soon found work for Wayne to do. The British from New York landed at the head of the Chesapeake and marched northward towards Philadelphia, then the seat of Congress. The Americans awaited them on the line of the Brandywine. The men under Washington at that time were far inferior to their foes in numbers, arms, and discipline, but the country was eager for a fight and the experienced commander did not deem it wise to abandon the capital without a blow in its defence. At this battle, September 11, 1777, Wayne was in command of the left wing of the army at Chadd's Ford, and held off the British for the whole day. When the line was broken elsewhere, and victory perched on the British banner, he still defended his post gallantly and led his men off safely in the evening shades.

Washington, though defeated, was not dismayed. He determined to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity to meet the foe in battle again, and detached General Wayne, with his division, with orders

to harass the advancing British in every way possible. Washington, indeed, was still full of fight, and on the 16th the advance guard of the two armies met again, Wayne in the leading columns. But battle was hardly begun when a very heavy rain came on, wetting the ammunition and making both sides unfit to fight.

Washington withdrew to the Schuylkill, leaving Wayne to execute the work laid out for him. On the 20th of September the British were encamped at a place called Tredyffrin and Wayne lay near the Paoli tavern, about three miles in the rear of their left wing. He took precautions against surprise, but the British scouts had learned his location, and about eleven o'clock that night Major-General Gray, having driven in his pickets, suddenly rushed upon him with a strong force with fixed bayonets. Taken by surprise, the Americans made what defence they could, but, broken and outnumbered, they were speedily driven from their ground, with the loss of about one hundred and fifty men in killed and wounded. This night attack became known in the army as the "massacre of Paoli," and in later fights the inspiriting shout of "Remember Paoli" was used as a war-cry by Wayne's men.

Blamed for allowing himself to be surprised, Wayne demanded a court-martial, which, when it had heard the evidence, acquitted him with honor, declaring that he had done everything to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer. It was the only time in his career that General Wayne's conduct was called in question. A marble monument has been erected on the battle-ground at Paoli, in memory of the men who fell that fatal night.

Washington was still determined to bring the enemy to account, and early in October, finding that Howe

had divided his army, the larger part of which was at Germantown, some miles above Philadelphia, the remainder in that city, he determined to take the Germantown forces by surprise. At seven o'clock in the evening of October 3d the Americans began to march from their camp about fourteen miles distant, Wayne in command of the right wing. It was daybreak before the battle began, mistakes occurred in the movement of the several divisions, and though Wayne greatly signalized himself by his spirited manner of leading his men into action, the surprise proved a failure and the Americans were repulsed. Wayne had one horse shot under him, and another fell as he was in the act of mounting, while he received slight wounds himself.

The frightful winter at Valley Forge followed, during which Wayne was kept active in foraging for provisions. When the British left Philadelphia in the following year and were hotly pursued across New Jersey by Washington, Wayne took active part. In the council of war held before the battle of Monmouth, he and General Cadwallader were the only officers decidedly in favor of attacking the British army. Washington agreed with them and took measures which brought the battle on. In the conflict that followed Wayne and Greene were especially ardent in the attack, and while General Charles Lee, by an uncalled-for retreat, imperilled the day, the impetuous Wayne did much to assure success. In Washington's report to Congress he gave General Wayne the highest credit for his splendid conduct through the whole battle.

In July, 1779, after Washington had shut up the British army in New York, and was constantly on the alert to prevent any dangerous movements on their

part, General Wayne performed the great exploit of his life, the most brilliant act of prowess in the Revolution, and one which especially brought him the title of Mad Anthony—the storming of Stony Point.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting into the Hudson River, which washes its base on three sides. On the fourth side is a deep marsh, with only one crossing place, though at low tide there is another pass along the sandy beach. On the summit of this hill the British had built a strong fort, well supplied with heavy guns, and defended by breastworks and strong batteries in front, while halfway down the hill were two rows of abatis. Guns were trained to command the beach and the marsh passes, while several warships in the river were stationed so that their fire could sweep the ground at the foot of the hill. The garrison consisted of about six hundred men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

To satisfy the demands of the people that something should be done, Washington determined to attack this strong post, and General Wayne, who commanded a body of light infantry in advance of the main army, was chosen as the man best fitted for so hazardous an enterprise. The only hope of success lay in a surprise, and the night of the 15th of July was selected for the attempt, twelve o'clock being fixed upon as the hour, as that in which the garrison would probably be most off their guard.

The infantry began their march from Sandybeach, fourteen miles away, at noon of the 15th, and, traversing a very rugged and difficult country, reached a point a mile and a half from the fort at eight o'clock in the evening, their presence unsuspected by the enemy. Wayne and his officers reconnoitred the

works, and at half past eleven the troops moved forward in two columns for the assault. The right column consisted of one hundred and fifty men, with twenty picked men in advance to remove the abatis and other obstructions. The left column consisted of one hundred men, with a similar body in advance.

Every man had a piece of white paper fixed in his cap, to prevent mistaking their own men for the enemy, and the strictest orders were given not to fire a shot, but to trust wholly to the bayonet. Complete silence was to be kept, and any man disobeying these orders was to be instantly killed, on the principle that the death of one might save the lives of hundreds. Rewards were offered for the man who should first enter the works.

The marsh was reached without discovery, but delay was experienced here and also at the abatis, and the assault did not begin till twenty minutes after twelve. By this time involuntary noises had alarmed the garrison, who rushed to their guns and poured a tremendous fire of musketry and grape-shot upon the advancing columns. But, inspirited by the example of their commander and their officers, the men rushed resolutely forward, with levelled bayonets, and in a few minutes the two columns met in the midst of the enemy's works, both arriving at the same moment.

The rush had been so impetuous that the garrison suddenly found itself in the midst of a circle of foes, not firing a shot but dealing death with the bayonet. Thrown into a panic they hastened to surrender, and in a moment more the proud British flag came down. In the rush Wayne was struck in the forehead by a musket ball, and fell to the ground. Believing that he was mortally wounded, he asked to be carried forward,

that he might die in the fort. But he proved to be only stunned, and in a few minutes he recovered and was one of the first to enter the works.

The success was complete and had been achieved with little loss, while sixty-three of the garrison were killed and the rest taken prisoners, all the munitions and stores being captured. These were soon removed and the fort was destroyed, Washington's purpose having been achieved and the country made hopeful by a gallant deed. From that time forward General Wayne was fondly designated "Mad Anthony" by the admiring people. Congress voted him the thanks of the nation and a gold medal, and we may be sure that Washington added his warmest commendation.

This was Wayne's greatest feat during the war. In 1781 he was in Virginia during the advance of Lord Cornwallis from the South, and was on the James River when the British were crossing. Deceived by false information, he supposed that all the British army but the rear-guard had crossed, and made a hasty attack. But on rushing through a marsh and wood, he was astonished to see Cornwallis's whole army before him.

It was a critical situation, but Wayne, conceiving that the boldest was the best course under the circumstances, impetuously led his small force, about eight hundred in number, to the attack. Some sharp and close firing ensued, in which he lost more than a hundred men, but his bold assault enabled him to draw off the rest in safety, under cover of the wood. Cornwallis looked on the attack as a feint, in order to draw him into an ambuscade, and would not let his men pursue.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown,

Washington sent Wayne to Georgia, where the enemy was making trouble. Taking command of the forces there, he soon had the British shut up in Savannah, and kept them there until the treaty of peace was signed. The Georgia legislature rewarded him with thanks and a farm, on which he lived for some years. As already stated, they rewarded General Greene in the same way.

Wayne, being given the brevet rank of major-general, retired to private life till 1793, his only public service in those years being in the Pennsylvania convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States. In the year named new military work was cut out for him. The western Indians had long been making trouble, and between 1783 and 1790 fifteen hundred soldiers were killed by them near the Ohio. General Harmar was sent against them, but met with a severe repulse. Then General St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, led a force of two thousand men into the field. He was ambushed by the Indians, and suffered much more severely than Harmar had done. In this dilemma, President Washington, knowing that their success would embolden the savages to still more murders, and having had enough of blunders, selected Wayne to lead an expedition against them.

He had the right man for the work. Wayne, profiting by the mistakes of Harmar and St. Clair, raised a large force, went forward deliberately, and took every precaution against surprise, all the skilled woodcraft of the red men failing to deceive him. His plan was to occupy their country by a chain of posts, and he wintered at a wilderness post called Greenville, it being the summer of 1794 before he was prepared to strike. Then, on August 20, he met the savages at

Fallen Timbers, near where Toledo now stands, rushed their camp as he had done Stony Point years before, and so utterly defeated them that they gave no serious trouble for years afterwards. As some of the tribes continued in arms, he laid waste their country and built forts to hold them in awe. A year later the chiefs of the tribes came humbly in and signed a treaty of peace, by which they ceded to the government an immense tract of land, lying in Indiana and Michigan.

The gallant Wayne was now near the end of his career. During his return to the East, after completing his work among the Indians, he was taken sick, and died in a hut on Presque Isle, Lake Erie, on the 15th of December, 1796. He was buried on the lake shore, but some years later his remains were interred at Radnor, Pa., and a handsome monument was erected over them in 1809 by the Society of the Cincinnati.

BENJAMIN LINCOLN, THE RECEIVER OF THE SWORD OF CORNWALLIS

BENJAMIN LINCOLN, one of the leading generals of the Revolution, spent his first forty years of life on a Massachusetts farm, being born at Hingham, in that colony, January 23, 1733. He did not quite confine himself to the tilling of the earth, for he was several times elected to the legislature, was a member of the provisional congress of Massachusetts, and was a colonel of militia when the Revolution began. As such he was active in organizing the State troops and aiding in the siege of Boston. Massachusetts in 1776 gave him the rank of brigadier-general, and in February, 1777, at the suggestion of General Washington, he was appointed by Congress a major-general in the regular army. This rapid promotion was a just reward for his military merit, which Washington was quick to recognize.

His first notable service was in June, 1776, when he commanded the expedition which cleared the harbor of Boston of British vessels. Thence he marched in October with a body of militia to New York, reinforcing Washington after his defeat on Long Island. For several months he commanded at intervals a division or a detachment of Washington's army, occupying positions in which courage, vigilance and caution were strongly demanded.

On one occasion, when in command of about five hundred men in an outpost position near Bound Brook, N. J., his patrols neglected their duty and permitted

a large body of the enemy to approach without discovery within two hundred yards of his quarters. Peril of capture was imminent. He had barely time to leave the house and spring upon his horse before the British swarmed around it. He succeeded in leading off his troops in the face of the enemy, though sixty of them were killed and wounded on the field. One of his aides was captured and his baggage and papers fell into the hands of the enemy, as also three small pieces of artillery.

In July, 1777, Washington sent Lincoln north to the army under General Schuyler, then engaged in the task of opposing General Burgoyne in his southward march from Canada to the Hudson River. Taking his station at Manchester, Vermont, he organized the New England militia as they arrived and engaged in a series of operations in the rear of the British army.

A detachment of five hundred men, under Colonel Brown, on the 13th of September, surprised the enemy at the Lake George landing, seized two hundred boats, and liberated a hundred American prisoners. Nearly three hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners, while Brown lost eight men killed and wounded. This successful enterprise in Burgoyne's rear was of great importance and contributed greatly to the glorious American victory.

Detaching other parties to work on the British line of communications, Lincoln now joined the main army, then under General Gates, to whom he became the second in command. He took an active part in the operations leading to the defeat and capture of the British army, but in the sanguinary conflict at Bemis's Heights, on October 7, met with a disastrous mishap.

At one o'clock in the morning General Lincoln

marched with his division to relieve the troops that had been engaged and to occupy the battle ground, the enemy having retreated. In this duty he had occasion to ride forward to reconnoitre, when an unexpected movement of the enemy brought him suddenly within musket shot of their lines. Before he could withdraw a volley was poured upon him and his staff, he receiving a dangerous wound by which the bones of his leg were badly fractured.

He was carried from the field and for some time it was feared he would lose his leg. For several months he lay in the hospital at Albany and it became necessary to remove a considerable portion of the main bone. His firmness and composure under this painful operation, in those days before anæsthetics were known, were phenomenal. Colonel Rice, one of his aides, says:

“I have known him, during the most painful operations by the surgeons, while bystanders were frequently obliged to leave the room, to entertain us with some pleasant anecdote or story, and draw forth a smile from his friends.”

For several years the wound continued in an ulcerated state, and its final result was a shortening of the limb, which left him permanently lame.

Lincoln’s wound kept him out of service for the greater part of a year, it being August, 1778, before he was in condition to rejoin the army. His coming was a pleasure and in some sense a relief to General Washington, who esteemed him as a man and had a high opinion of his talent as a soldier. He was in need of some one to command in the South, which was just then threatened by the British, and in Lincoln he saw the man for the place. Congress agreed with him

in opinion and the newly recovered general was sent to command in chief the Southern department.

It was a difficult task. Opposed to him there were veteran troops and officers of experience, but on his arrival at Charleston, in December, 1778, he found himself without an army and without supplies. The one had to be made and the other collected, and the whole department put in a state of defence. Only a man of unusual energy and ability could have succeeded, in view of the formidable obstacles which the new commander had before him.

The British forces were already in motion. About the 28th of December General Prevost, with a fleet and some three thousand troops, arrived off Savannah, of which he took possession after routing a small body of Americans under General Howe. General Lincoln made all haste to face the enemy with what troops he had collected, taking post on the river about twenty miles from the city, but it was late in February before he was strong enough to begin offensive operations.

In April he marched to Augusta for the protection of upper Georgia, but learning that Prevost had taken advantage of his absence to march on Charleston, he hastened in that direction. On reaching its vicinity he found that the enemy had withdrawn from before it the previous night, but had left a body of troops intrenched at Stone Ferry. These Lincoln attacked, and a hot contest ensued, in which each party lost about one hundred and sixty men. But the works proved too strong and his artillery too light, and learning that a British reinforcement was at hand, Lincoln withdrew.

The momentous event of General Lincoln's command in the South was the unsuccessful and sanguin-

ary attack upon Savannah in October, 1779. Count D'Estaing was in the vicinity with a French fleet and three thousand troops, and Lincoln joined the latter with about one thousand men, with the purpose of seeking to regain the city.

Fortunately for Prevost, he was reinforced and felt strong enough to attempt a defence of the place, but the allied army of Americans and French began a regular siege, with strong hopes of success. As it proved, however, the cannonade failed to produce the effect desired and, as the Count could not stay long on the coast, an assault was determined upon.

This took place in the early morning of October 9th, D'Estaing and Lincoln leading their united troops. A second column led by Count Dillon missed its route in the darkness, and the intended co-operation failed. The allies rushed forward through a terrible fire from the enemy, forcing the abatis and planting two standards on the parapet, but here they met the garrison massed in overpowering force and were driven back with heavy loss. In this unsuccessful attack the French lost seven hundred, the Americans two hundred and forty men. Among the slain was the brave Polish soldier, Count Pulaski.

The capture of Savannah proving hopeless, Lincoln sought to put Charleston in a state of defence, though Congress failed to send him all the reinforcements and supplies he demanded. General Clinton appeared with a fleet and army from New York in February, 1780, landed a powerful force, and on the 30th of March encamped before the American lines.

A successful defence of the city, in view of the great superiority of the British forces, seemed impossible, but Lincoln decided to make the attempt, having what



GENERAL LINCOLN RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

he thought good hopes of receiving reinforcements. These did not come and he was obliged to defend himself with inadequate forces. The enemy began a siege, and on the 10th of April summoned the garrison to an unconditional surrender. This was promptly refused and both sides opened a heavy cannonade, which was continued till May 11. By this time the enemy had completed his third parallel and the situation of the defenders had become hopeless. A second demand for surrender was made and Lincoln felt obliged to capitulate.

General Lincoln's career was an unfortunate one. Obliged to contend with insufficient forces against a strong position at Savannah and an overwhelming enemy at Charleston, failure and defeat attended his efforts, but he retained the confidence of those in authority and the esteem of the army, and was looked upon as a brave and able soldier.

Exchanged in the spring of 1781, he joined Washington on the Hudson, and took an active part in the siege of Yorktown and the final British defeat. In the articles of capitulation, the British were given the same terms as they had given the Americans at Charleston, and Lincoln was selected by Washington to receive the sword of Cornwallis as a recompense for having had to give up his own.

With the remainder of General Lincoln's career we must deal very briefly. He served the Government as Secretary of War from 1781 to 1783, and in 1787 was selected to command against what was known as the Shay Rebellion in Massachusetts. This he speedily put down, almost without bloodshed. He acted afterwards in several public positions, and died in his native town of Hingham, May 9, 1810.

It may be of interest to complete this story with an anecdote of an amusing character in which General Lincoln was incidentally concerned. While at Purysburg, on the Savannah River, a soldier named Fickling, who had several times attempted to desert, was sentenced to be hanged. As it happened, the rope broke twice and a cry for mercy was raised in the ranks. The general being applied to said, "Let him run. I thought he looked like a scape-gallows." He gave orders that the fellow should be drummed out of camp and threatened with death if he ever attempted to return.

Meanwhile the surgeon-general had sought his quarters, under the impression that Fickling was quietly reposing in his grave. Midnight found him busily writing, when, hearing a footstep, he looked up and saw before him the miserable wretch whom he supposed dead and buried. He sprang up hastily in alarm, thinking that a spectre stood before him.

"Whence come you? What do you want with me?" he ejaculated. "Were you not hanged this morning?"

"Yes," said the man in a hollow voice, "I am the poor wretch that was hanged."

"Keep your distance! Tell me what brings you here," cried the scared surgeon.

"I am here to beg for food. I am no ghost, doctor. The rope broke twice and the general pardoned me."

"Oh, if that is the case," said the relieved surgeon, "eat and be welcome; but the next time you are hanged do not intrude into the apartment of one who has every right to suppose you an inmate of the tomb."

DANIEL MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN OF THE REVOLUTION

DURING the disastrous campaign of the self-willed General Braddock against the French and Indians in 1755, there was in his army a young Virginia wagoner of hasty temper and independent spirit, who was little inclined to submit to military discipline. Though a boy of nineteen, he was a man in strength and spirit, and when a British officer insulted him he promptly knocked him down. This was an offence of the deepest dye and the hot-tempered youth was sentenced to the inhuman punishment of five hundred lashes.

The lashes were administered by the drummer of the corps. The unlucky culprit was by name Daniel Morgan, a name destined to become much better known. The lashes may not have been heavily laid on, for he had the composure to count them, and always asserted that the drummer was one short in his count, adding jestingly that "George the Third still owed him one lash." He got ample satisfaction out of the British for the four hundred and ninety-nine in Revolutionary times, though it is to his credit that the British officers who fell into his hands as prisoners were always kindly and generously treated. He did not hold them responsible for the cruelty of Braddock and his lieutenant.

Daniel Morgan was born in New Jersey in 1736, of parents so poor that he got no education and was obliged to work as a day laborer. This he continued after his removal to Virginia in 1755, afterwards becoming a wagoner, and it seems to have been in this capacity

that he took part in Braddock's campaign. Later on he served in the militia, and in 1758 was made an ensign.

After his return home to the village of Berrystown, he was fond of wild adventure and had some narrow escapes from the Indians. He was so pugnacious that he was frequently engaged in quarrels, and became notorious as a boxer and fighter. So much indeed was he given to pugilistic encounters, that the village became known, from his exhibits of pugnacity, by the name of Battletown.

Morgan was often overmatched in these fights, but his unconquerable spirit usually brought him out victorious. He never knew when he was whipped, and would return again and again to the contest until he rarely failed to defeat his antagonist. In after years, when his contests were on the battle-field, the same spirit animated him. Defeat he seldom knew, and when he did his retreat was sullen, stern, and dangerous. This the notorious Colonel Tarleton learned to his sorrow.

By 1775, when the first shots of the Revolution were fired, Morgan had married and was cultivating a farm, which he had purchased in Frederick County, Virginia. Patriotism at once impelled him to the front. A rifle company was raised in the vicinity, Morgan was chosen as its captain, and he marched away in haste to join the army then besieging Boston. He wanted to repay the lash which he owed George the Third.

By order of Washington, the commander-in-chief, Morgan and his men soon after joined the disastrous expedition against Quebec, under Arnold and Montgomery, and took part in the bold attempt to storm that fortress, in which Arnold was wounded and Montgomery fell dead. Morgan's daring valor

was so marked that it attracted the admiring attention of the defenders. He was in the assailing column led by Benedict Arnold, and when that officer was wounded and was being carried from the field, Morgan took the lead. Rushing impetuously forward, he broke with his men through the first and second barriers of defence. Victory seemed almost within his grasp. But the fall of Montgomery at this critical moment changed the aspect of affairs, the garrison took advantage of the confusion that followed to repel the assailants, and Morgan was among those who fell into their hands as prisoners.

Morgan's gallantry during the siege won him respect and not a little distinction as a prisoner. One British officer, indeed, sought to win his valuable services for the royal army by offering him the position of colonel, but the patriot rifleman hotly repelled the tempter, bidding him "never again to insult him in his misfortunes by an offer which plainly implied that he thought him a villain." After that, no one ventured to tempt him to treason.

Morgan was exchanged in 1776 and rejoined the army, being now, on Washington's recommendation, raised to the rank of colonel. He was placed at the head of a select rifle corps, in command of which, on various occasions, he attacked the enemy with terrible effect. His men, skilled sharpshooters, were the most dangerous in the American service, and to confront them in the field was sure death to many of the British officers.

He was especially active in the campaign against General Burgoyne, his exertions and the brilliant services of his men aiding effectively in the overthrow of the Burgoyne expedition. To him and his men

much of the glory of the capture of the British army belonged, but General Gates was so grossly unjust that he did not even mention him in his despatches. The cause of this is said to have been the following:

It is well known that Gates, intoxicated by his success, began to intrigue for the removal of Washington. He broached the subject to Morgan in a private conversation, telling him that the army was greatly dissatisfied with Washington's leadership, that his reputation was rapidly declining, and that several prominent officers had threatened to resign unless a new commander-in-chief were appointed.

Morgan's impatience barely permitted Gates to reach the end of his remarks, and he immediately broke out with stern indignation: "Sir, I have one favor to ask. Never again mention to me this hateful subject. Under no other man than General Washington, as commander-in-chief, will I ever serve."

This ended all intimacy between Gates and Morgan. The general gave a dinner a few days later to the principal British officers and to some of the American, but Morgan was left out of the list of guests. While the dinner was proceeding official business required Morgan to communicate with Gates, but as soon as he had completed his business he withdrew. His name was not announced, but some of the British officers, perceiving from his dress that he was of high rank, inquired his name. When told that he was Colonel Morgan, commander of the rifle corps, a number of them left the table, followed him from the room, and introduced themselves to him, expressing warm appreciation of his skill and valor.

From Saratoga Morgan made his way to Washington's camp at Valley Forge, and continued with him

till June, 1779, when, his health being greatly shattered, he resigned his command and sought his family and farm. Here he remained until after General Gates had been appointed to the command of the Southern army. Gates called upon him and requested his services in his new duty, but Morgan's indignation still rankled deeply and he spoke his feelings very plainly in regard to the treatment he had received. Motives of public good might influence him, he said, but friendship could not exist for one from whom he had experienced only neglect and injustice.

A few weeks later Congress promoted Colonel Morgan to the rank of brigadier-general, and at their request he set out to join the army of General Gates. He was not obliged to serve under his enemy. When he reached the Carolinas there was nothing that could be called an army to join. The battle of Camden had been fought, the army was scattered like leaves before the wind, and Gates was a fugitive without a soldier to keep him company.

It was not until after General Greene took the place of Gates and brought the scattered soldiers together again that the patriot forces made any show in the South, beyond the work of Marion and other partisan commanders and of the brave Tennesseans at King's Mountain. But early in 1781 Morgan had an opportunity for the greatest deed in his career, the exploit which has made him famous in American history.

General Greene dispatched him with four hundred Continentals, Colonel Washington's force of dragoons, and a small number of militia, amounting to about six hundred men in all, to take position on the left of the British army under Lord Cornwallis, he taking post himself about seventy miles to the right.

The movement of Morgan seemed to Cornwallis directed against the British posts at Ninety-Six and Augusta, and he sent Colonel Tarleton against him with a force of horse and foot nearly a thousand strong. He was ordered, if possible, to bring Morgan to battle, a command much to the taste of the warlike Tarleton, especially as he knew that he had much the stronger force. When aware of his menacing approach Morgan fell back rapidly. But retreat was not to his taste, and, being reinforced by a body of militia, and full of confidence in the valor of his regulars, he halted on the night of January 16 at a place called Cowpens, resolved to give Tarleton a chance to fight, if he wished.

Tarleton was following with the utmost speed, and was doubtless highly gratified in finding the Americans at bay. With his well-trained infantry and strong body of cavalry, he fancied that it would be a light task to dispose of Morgan and his men, half militia as they were. On the morning of January 17 the two armies came face to face. The chances seemed sadly against the Americans. Tarleton had every advantage, in point of ground, cavalry, and numbers, and of the two pieces of artillery he had brought. But Morgan faced him undauntedly and drew up his men in a position which military critics look upon as masterly. Two light parties of militia were posted in front, with orders to feel the enemy and fall back, firing as they did so, to the main line of militia under General Perkins. Back of this was a strong line of Continentals and militia, under Colonel Howard. The cavalry, under Colonel Washington, were held in reserve.

The conflict took place as Morgan had designed, the light troops and front line delivering their fire

and falling back when heavily pressed on the Continentals, who held their own with unyielding firmness. But a chance event threatened the Americans with defeat. Colonel Howard, his flank being threatened, ordered his right company to change its front. Mistaking the order, the company fell back and the whole line began to retire. The moment was critical but Morgan proved equal to the situation. He ordered the men to retreat to the cavalry, which was successfully done, and a new position was thus taken up in the midst of the battle.

The British, thinking that their foes were breaking up in dismay, rushed forward in disorderly haste, but were greeted as they drew near by a murderous fire from Howard's new formed troops. The unexpected volley staggered them and caused them to recoil in confusion, and Howard seized the opportunity to charge with the bayonet, while the militia on the wings poured a sharp shower of bullets into their ranks. This was far more than they had bargained for and they broke and fled.

Colonel Washington saw that the moment to act had come, and charged the British cavalry, more than three times his number, so impetuously, that they, too, broke and sought safety in flight. The whole British force was now in disorderly retreat, closely pressed by the victorious Americans, Tarleton himself receiving a wound from Colonel Washington's sword as he rode hastily away. The pursuit continued for twenty miles, nearly all the British infantry being killed or taken, the cavalry badly cut up, the artillery and nearly all the arms and wagons captured. Tarleton burned his own baggage to save it from capture. In this brilliant exploit Morgan lost only ten men killed

and sixty wounded. It was the most spectacular victory of the war.

Knowing that Cornwallis would soon be in motion with his whole army to retrieve this disaster to the doughty Tarleton, Morgan hastened to cross the Catawba with his prisoners and spoils. Fortunately heavy rains just afterwards swelled the river, and when Cornwallis reached its banks he was forced to halt for several days. Morgan continued his retreat to the Yadkin, which was also swollen with mountain rains just after he crossed, and the impatient Cornwallis was again delayed.

General Greene was meanwhile hastening to Morgan's aid and the two forces came together on February 9 at Guilford Court-House, in North Carolina, Cornwallis being then twenty-five miles distant. The Americans were not in condition to face his strong forces and the retreat continued, Cornwallis being drawn in the end to the borders of Virginia, where the river Dan ran between the two armies. Such was the brilliant retreat already spoken of in our sketch of General Greene. It led Cornwallis hundreds of miles from his base, and brought him into a position of danger from which he did not find it easy to escape.

The brave Morgan was now near the end of his military career. Frequent and severe attacks of rheumatism soon after forced him to retire from the army and he withdrew to private life on his Virginia farm. The remainder of his story is soon told. He left his farm in 1794 to take part in the expedition to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, and he was elected to Congress in 1795, serving there as a Federalist till 1799. He settled at Winchester, Va., in 1800, and died there on the 6th of July, 1802.

HENRY LEE, THE “LIGHT-HORSE HARRY” OF ’76

IN the youthful correspondence of George Washington, then a susceptible young man, he speaks of a “lowland beauty” with whom he had fallen in love but who would have none of him. A more attractive youth of the illustrious Virginia family of the Lees had won her maiden heart and she accepted his hand. Twenty years later the son of this “lowland beauty” was captain of a troop of light horse under Washington’s command, and by his daring and alertness during the war of the Revolution won the popular title of “Light-Horse Harry.” In his later years he had the honor of delivering the funeral oration over his old commander and of applying to Washington a phrase which has become historical. It is of this dashing cavalry leader that we have next to speak.

Henry Lee was born in Leesylvania, Virginia, January 29, 1756. Sent to the College of New Jersey to be educated, he graduated in 1773, and was on the point of completing his studies by a tour in Europe when the excited state of the country and the imminent danger of war with England caused him to pause. An ardent patriot, he followed with boyish enthusiasm the trend of events, and when the tocsin of war was sounded in 1775 he was one of the first to respond.

Then just past his nineteenth year, he went ardently to work to raise a troop of “light horse,” was quickly afterwards made captain in Colonel Bland’s legion, and in 1777, at the age of twenty-one, became a member of

Washington's army. He soon showed an alertness and vigor which Washington highly appreciated and his gallantry in battle won him the rank of major in January, 1778. This gave him the command of two troops, to which he soon added a third troop and a company of infantry, forming an independent partisan corps known as Lee's Legion. Admired for his dashing courage, and a favorite in the army, some one gave him the sobriquet of "Light-Horse Harry," a title of distinction which ever afterwards clung to him.

The duty of Lee and his men was to hang on the flank of the British army and annoy them in every possible way, whether on the march or in camp. This was done in a manner that won him high distinction. His most brilliant exploit came in August, 1779, shortly after Anthony Wayne's daring capture of Stony Point. The purpose of this movement was to show Washington's alertness to the British commanders at New York and draw them back from their invasion of Connecticut. Immediately afterwards he gave them a second example of his vigilance, of which Major Lee was the hero.

At a point on the site of the present Jersey City, opposite New York, a long, low neck of land known as Paulus Hook stretched out into the Hudson River. A sandy isthmus connected it to the main land, across which flowed a barely fordable creek. This narrow peninsula had been strongly fortified by the British. Within the line of the creek a deep ditch had been dug across the sandy neck, passable only by a drawbridge. Farther in two intrenchments had been raised, and the place was garrisoned by a force of five hundred men.

The commander of this stronghold and his men,

trusting to the strength of their works and the distance of the Americans, had grown somewhat careless. This the active Major Lee discovered and made known to Washington, volunteering to attempt to take the fort by surprise. There was no advantage to be gained by this. The fort could not be held for a day even if taken. It lay under the guns of the British fleet in the Hudson. But its capture would have a strong moral effect alike in alarming the enemy and in encouraging the patriots at home, and Washington readily gave Lee the privilege of making the attempt.

The time fixed for the perilous enterprise was the night of August 18, 1779, three hundred picked men being chosen for the daring exploit. During the day Lee succeeded in concealing his men without discovery in the vicinity of the works, and when the night had sufficiently advanced led them to the creek, which was crossed without difficulty or alarm to the enemy.

By good fortune a foraging party had been sent out from the fort that day, and the sentinels mistook the men they saw approaching for the returning foragers. Favored by this mistake the Americans seized and crossed the drawbridge without their identity being discovered, and by the time the sentinels learned their mistake the alert stormers were swarming into the intrenchments. In a twinkling they were masters of the fort, having taken it with as impetuous a dash as that which made Wayne master of Stony Point, only two or three men being lost in the enterprise. Of the garrison a number fell and one hundred and fifty-nine were taken prisoners, the remainder, with their commander, escaping to a blockhouse on the extremity of the fort.

Lee had no time to seek their capture. The firing

had given the alarm to the ships in the stream and the forts on the New York side, and a hasty withdrawal was necessary. But the prisoners were taken with them and carried in safety to the highlands. The skill and daring shown in this exploit in the very teeth of the British army, added greatly to the reputation of "Light-Horse Harry," and Congress rewarded him for his brilliant enterprise by voting him a gold medal.

In the following year Lee attempted an exploit which, if successful, would have added immensely to his reputation, no less a one than the capture of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, in the midst of the British army in New York. Washington had learned, through his spies in New York, that Arnold was occupying quarters near the river, with no precautions against danger, of which he did not dream. He thought it possible to seize him and carry him away from the midst of his friends, if a sufficiently shrewd agent could be found to manipulate the work.

Washington confided his project to Lee, asking him if he knew a man suitable for the delicate task. Lee suggested his sergeant-major, John Champe, a man of the greatest courage and persistence, of few words and a high sense of honor, safe to trust with any secret, and the most capable man he could think of for the work in view. The point to be overcome was his high sense of military honor. He must appear to desert and that he would object to most seriously. Lee, however, offered to see what could be done with him.

His task was a difficult one. Champe vigorously refused even to appear a traitor to his country and to win the scorn and hatred of his fellows by a show of desertion. Lee's powers of persuasion were almost exhausted before the worthy fellow would consent to

make the effort. And then a mischance came near to spoiling the whole project. Champe had hardly set out, at eleven o'clock at night, before he was seen and challenged by a patrol. He put his spurs to his horse and fled at full speed and the patrol hastened to report the incident.

Captain Carnes, to whom the story was told, hurried to Lee's quarters with the news that a cavalryman had deserted and asked for orders to pursue him. Lee affected to be half asleep and it took some time for the captain to make him understand. Then he would not believe the story, and the whole squadron had to be mustered to see if any one was missing. It was found that Champe was gone, and with him his arms, baggage and orderly book.

Lee had no excuse for delaying the pursuit. If he had done so it would have aroused suspicion of his object. He gave the necessary orders, therefore, but by the time the party started Champe had been an hour on the road. Yet it happened that there had been a shower at sunset, softening the road so that the tracks of the fugitive were easily followed, and the pursuers were able to gain on him during the night. In the end he was pressed so closely that he was obliged to leap from his horse and into the river, swimming towards some vessels that lay some distance off-shore. A boat from these picked him up and the pursuers returned disappointed, to report their failure to Major Lee.

We shall not here tell in detail the adventures of the seeming deserter in New York, since they have nothing to do with the biography of Henry Lee. It must suffice to say that he was well received, was enrolled into Arnold's corps of loyalists and deserters, and studied his habits. Arnold's garden extended nearly

to the river and he was in the habit of walking in it at night. A plot was formed to seize and gag him and carry him to the river, where a boat was to be held in readiness. The river once crossed, help from Lee's corps would be at hand. Unluckily, on the very day fixed for the project, Arnold changed his quarters and the nearly successful plot failed. Soon after he set out on his expedition to Virginia, with Champe as an unwilling member of his force. The plotter had been caught in his own net.

As soon as possible, the deserter again deserted and made his way into North Carolina, where he found his old corps, then in that State. Great was the surprise of his comrades when Sergeant-Major Champe appeared in their ranks and Lee received him with the utmost cordiality. But their surprise was turned to admiration when the whole story was told and they learned that the man whom they had cursed as a traitor was really a comrade to be proud of and esteem.

Champe was richly rewarded, but was discharged from the service, since it was known that if taken prisoner he would be hanged. Seventeen years later, when Washington was preparing for a threatened war with the French, he inquired for John Champe, whom he desired to make a captain of infantry. To his sorrow he learned that the gallant sergeant-major was dead.

Lee's mission in the South was to take part in the expedition of General Greene, sent there to operate against Lord Cornwallis. Promoted lieutenant-colonel, Lee reached Greene with his famous legion in January, 1781. His command now consisted of about one hundred well mounted horse and one hundred and twenty infantry. He was quickly engaged in his old inde-

pendent work, covering Greene's rear in his famous retreat, and then seeking a lurking place in the mountain from which he harassed Tarleton and the loyalists.

At Guilford Court-House Lee's legion proved more than a match for Tarleton's dragoons. When Greene afterwards marched south upon Camden, he despatched Lee and Marion on a secret expedition of great importance. They began their work by the capture of Fort Watson, an exploit which forced Lord Rawdon to abandon and burn Camden. They next crossed the Santee and captured Fort Motte. The story of this interesting capture is given in our sketch of General Marion.

Fort Granby, about thirty miles west of Fort Motte, was next taken, after a three days' siege, and the day after Lee marched to join Pickens, who was near Augusta, Georgia. After a short siege that place was captured, with Fort Cornwallis and three hundred men. These successes of Lee were of the greatest aid to General Greene in his purpose of loosening the British hold on the South. Lee afterwards took a prominent part in the siege of Fort Ninety-Six and the battle of Eutaw Springs, and on the retreat of the British to Charleston followed so closely as to capture a large number of Rawdon's rear-guard.

He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, and soon after resigned, becoming the master of Stratford House by marriage with his second cousin, Matilda Lee. In 1788 he was a member of the convention to ratify the Constitution, strongly supporting it, was elected Governor of Virginia in 1791 or 1792, and in 1794, as major-general, commanded the force sent to repress the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania. He married a second time in 1798, his wife

now being Ann Hill Carter. From this marriage was born the famous Robert Edward Lee, of the Civil War.

General Lee was again to win fame, this time by a phrase. Elected to Congress in 1799, he was selected, after Washington's death, to pronounce a eulogy on his great commander. In this he characterized Washington as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," a phrase which will not die while the memory of Washington lives.

On June 27, 1812, while visiting William Harrison, editor of the *Federal Republican*, at Baltimore, the office of this paper was attacked by a mob, infuriated by something in its columns. Lee aided in the defence of the office and as a result was severely injured, being left for dead in the street. He never recovered from the effects of this injury. In 1817 he went to the West Indies for his health and on his return stopped at the homestead of his old commander, General Greene, now occupied by the general's daughter, Mrs. Shaw. He died during this visit, in March, 1818.

FRANCIS MARION, THE SWAMP FOX OF THE CAROLINAS

IN the history of our country there is no more attractive figure than that of Francis Marion, the renowned hero of romance and adventure. His exploits form a story full of delight to all lovers of daring acts and skilled stratagems, of marvellous escapes and genius in partisan warfare. He had no rival in celerity of movement or in the art of concealment. Never once was he overtaken or traced to his hiding place, and so skilful was he in concealment that some of his own friends, well acquainted with his usual places of retreat, are said to have sought for days without finding him. Then at some unexpected point he would suddenly appear, pounce like an eagle upon the enemy, deal them a stinging blow and be away again before a superior force could reach him. An adept in the work of the scout and the partisan, he has ever been a favorite with lovers of the daring and romantic.

The history of the Revolution contains many thrilling stories of Marion's exploits. A small man, short of stature and very light in weight, he always rode one of the swiftest and most powerful horses the South could produce. When in pursuit no one could escape him; when in retreat no one could overtake him. His good steed saved him more than once from capture, of which we have a striking instance in the following story.

Once, when pursued and nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he leaped a roadside fence

into a cornfield. The dragoons followed and were close upon him. The field descended and was marshy at its lower side, there being here a ditch four feet wide and deep, while inside the ditch was a bank of mud on which stood a fence, the whole being over seven feet high. To leap this fence was Marion's only hope of escape, and its height seemed to make this impossible. The dragoons saw the dilemma he was in and pressed towards him, shouting and laughing in disdain and calling on him to surrender.

Marion did not hesitate for a moment. Spurring his gallant horse, he rushed him at the fence. The noble animal seemed to recognize the strait his master was in, came up to the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that seemed supernatural cleared the fence and the ditch and came down on his feet on the other side. Marion turned, fired his pistols without effect at his astounded pursuers, then, bidding them "good morning," wheeled his horse and vanished in triumph into a neighboring thicket, leaving them divided between admiration and chagrin.

. As to the band of Marion, the followers of this wild-wood hero, there is a story that clearly shows the kind of material with which he had to do his gallant deeds. In the summer of 1780 General Gates with his army had crossed the Pedee River and was marching towards Camden, South Carolina, where he was destined to meet with an annihilating defeat. On his way thither there rode into his ranks a volunteer detachment of such woe-begone aspect that the soldiers looked at them with astonishment and mirth.

About twenty in all, they were a mosaic of whites and blacks, men and boys, their clothes in tatters, their equipment a burlesque on military smartness, their

horses lean, half starved specimens of the war-charger. At their head rode a small, thin-faced man, modest-looking, but with a flash in his eye that admonished the soldiers not to laugh until behind his back. This was Marion and this was his band. Then but little known, he was soon to become the Robin Hood of warriors, the Swamp-Fox of romantic history.

He offered some modest advice to Gates, but the latter was too full of conceit to be open to advice from this or any other quarter, and was glad enough to get rid of his unwelcome visitor by sending him on a scouting expedition in advance of the army, to watch the enemy and report upon his movements. This was the work for which Marion's men were best adapted and they rode gaily away. But before they went Governor Rutledge, who was with the army and who knew Marion's worth, raised him in rank from colonel to general, and gave him a commission for guerilla work among the swamps and forests of the South.

Francis Marion was born near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732. A love for adventure was born in him, and at the age of sixteen we find him setting out in life as a sailor, on a vessel bound to the West Indies. On the way thither a gale of wind wrecked the vessel and the crew were forced to take to their boat without water or provisions, except a dog which had leaped into the boat and whose raw flesh supplied all the food they had for seven or eight days. Several of them died from hunger and exposure, young Marion being one of the few who escaped.

This adventure gave him enough of sea life and he engaged in farming until 1759, when he took part as lieutenant in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, under Captain Moultrie. He comes into history

again in 1775, when he was appointed a captain in the first corps of soldiers raised by South Carolina for the war of the Revolution. In 1776, now a major, he served under his old commander Moultrie in the intrepid defence of Fort Moultrie against the British fleet. The British here got enough of South Carolina to last them for several years.

Marion took part in the defence of Georgia in 1777, and as lieutenant-colonel was at Charleston when besieged by the British in 1780. Here, having broken his leg in an accident, he left the city and thus escaped being made a prisoner when the garrison surrendered. To avoid capture he was carried from place to place, but as soon as he was able to take the saddle he was in the field again. The British had by this time spread widely through South Carolina and held the State in an iron grip, and the only kind of warfare practicable was that which Marion undertook. Gathering about him a band at first containing only sixteen men, he crossed the Santee and began that system of bold attacks and swift escapes which gave so much trouble and annoyance to the foe.

It was the chosen work of the Swamp-Fox to keep alive the fire of liberty in South Carolina and pave the way for the reconquest of the South. Marion was not alone in this patriotic duty: Sumter, Pickens and others were engaged in the same work. But he was the most daring, persistent and successful, and has become far the most famous of them all.

His sixteen men soon grew to a larger corps, but it was constantly varying, now swelling, now sinking, never large. The swamps of the Pedee, which formed his chief abiding place, could not furnish shelter and food for any large body of men. In their thicket-

hidden depths he found plenty of hiding places, from which he could make rapid excursions against the foe in all directions, and in which safe shelter always awaited him. His men, like himself, were hardy, well seasoned fellows, used to a warm climate and marshy surroundings, bred to hardship and privation, and able to subsist and keep well in that sickly region where few not trained to the situation and mode of life could have retained health and strength.

Marion's headquarters were on Snow's Island, at the point where Lynch's Creek flows into the Pedee. Here he found islands of high land in the midst of the reedy swamps, with an abundance of game and the forest for covering. Wet thicket and cane-brakes spread around, with paths known only to the partisans, who kept their secrets well. Within was noble woodland growth, equal to that haunted of old by Robin Hood and his men, splendid moss-laden trees, and dry grassy soil, where the horses fed in content and on which the men dwelt in wild freedom like a band of forest outlaws.

There is a very interesting story about their mode of life, which has often been told but will bear telling again. A young British officer was sent from Georgetown under a flag of truce, to arrange with Marion about an exchange of prisoners. He was brought to the camp blindfolded, by way of devious paths through the swamps, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes he looked around with admiration and surprise on the magnificent woodland scene in which he found himself and at the ragged band who lay or lounged in rustic ease around. His surprise was doubled when he gazed on Marion, and instead of the burly giant his fancy had conceived saw before him a swarthy, smoke-

dried little man, dressed in the shabbiest of clothes, that seemed more rags than attire. The group of sunburnt, yellow-legged fellows around, some roasting potatoes, some stretched out asleep on the green sward, could these be the men that had so often vexed and defied the British forces?

He soon learned that this diminutive chap was the renowned Marion and quickly settled the business on which he came, the wildwood champion being willing enough to rid himself of his prisoners. The officer then signified his purpose to return.

"Not so, my dear sir," said Marion. "It is our time for dining, and I hope you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner."

"I shall be delighted," said the officer politely, but he looked round with wondering eyes. Where were any of the essentials of a dinner, the board, the table-ware, the food?

"We dine here in simple, woodland fashion, captain," said Marion, with a smile. "Pray be seated.—Come, Tom," he called to one of the men, "bring us our dinner."

Seating himself on a mossy log, he pointed to an opposite one for the officer. In a few minutes Tom appeared, coming from a fire of brushwood at a distance, and carrying on a large piece of bark some well roasted sweet potatoes.

"Help yourself, captain," said Marion, taking up a brown-skinned potato from the platter, breaking it in half, and beginning to eat with a forest appetite.

The surprised officer, a well-bred man, followed his example, though with more politeness than relish. He at length broke out into a hearty laugh.

"I beg your pardon, general," he said. "I was

thinking of the droll looks of some of my brother officers, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose, then, it is not equal to your usual style of dining?"

"No, indeed. And I judge it must be a sort of Lenten repast with you. No doubt, you usually live much better."

"Rather worse, usually," said Marion, "for often we do not get enough of these."

"But then you probably make up in pay what you lack in provisions."

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent."

"Good Heavens! You must be in a bad box, indeed. I don't see how you stand it."

"Why, captain," said Marion, smiling, "these things depend on feeling."

When the captain returned to Georgetown he was in a thoughtful mood. To his superior officer he said:

"Sir, I have seen an American general and his officers, serving without pay and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water: and all for liberty! How can we ever succeed against men like these?"

Of the exploits of Marion we can give but a few examples; they were too many to be told in detail. He was constantly darting about, striking detached parties, cutting off wanderers, breaking up convoys, always appearing where least expected, dealing sharp blows in such quick succession and at such widely separated points that it seemed impossible that a single band could give all this trouble. Not a detachment or a convoy could go abroad without danger of being cut off by the alert Swamp-Fox.

The annoyance grew so great that Colonel Wemyss, one of the best British cavalry leaders, was sent to try and take him by surprise during one of his distant raids. Wemyss got on his trail and hotly pursued him, but Marion led him such a dance, through grimy morasses and over deep streams, up into North Carolina and back again, always just beyond reach, that Wemyss at last gave up the chase in disgust, and sent out his men to harry the country. As soon as the pursuit ceased Marion, with only sixty men behind him, rode to the desolated district, where he found numbers of recruits among the incensed people. Quickly afterwards he fell on a large body of Tories near Georgetown and fairly cut them to pieces, while losing but a single man from his ranks.

The British, more angered than ever, now sent Tarleton, the hard-riding marauder, to run him down and crush him, but Tarleton found that he had taken the hardest task of his life. He could ruin the country, but he could not catch Marion, though he felt the sharp bite of the Swamp-Fox at a dozen points. At length he too gave it up, swearing hotly against this persistent fellow, who "would not fight like a gentleman."

In 1781, another cavalry leader, Colonel Watson, took up the same task, with a force of five hundred men. Marion was now at Snow's Island, and as active as ever. One of his movements brought him unexpectedly into contact with Watson and a fight ensued. Watson's field-pieces gave him the advantage and Marion was obliged to fall back. Reaching a bridge over Black River, he kept back the foe until he was able to burn the bridge and throw the stream between them. Then an odd sort of fight began. The two

forces marched down the sides of the river firing across the water, for ten miles, until darkness ended the fight. For ten days Watson remained there, not able to get at Marion, and so annoyed by the constant attacks of his active foe, that to escape complete destruction, he was forced to make a midnight flight. Like Tarleton, he came to the decision that Marion "would not fight like a gentleman or a Christian."

There is one other story of Marion's career, with which we must close. The mansion of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, a rich widow of South Carolina, had been taken possession of by the British and converted into a stronghold which they named Fort Motte. It was attacked in May, 1781, by Marion and Major Lee in conjunction. After some days of siege, word came that Lord Rawdon was approaching with a strong force. They must finish their work quickly or it would be too late.

Lee determined to try and burn the house, whose roof was then very dry from several days of hot sunshine. He suggested this to Mrs. Motte, not knowing how she would like it. But the patriotic woman took it cheerfully and even offered to provide for the purpose a fine bow and arrows of East Indian make, which she possessed.

Flaming arrows were shot at the roof and soon the shingles were in a blaze. The soldiers sent up to extinguish the flames were driven back by fire from a field-piece. There was no hope for the garrison but to surrender, and this they did. The firing ceased, the flames were extinguished and an hour afterwards the victorious and captive officers were seated together at an ample repast at Mrs. Motte's table, over which that lady presided with the utmost grace and urbanity.

Since then Mrs. Motte has been classed among the distinguished heroines of the Revolution.

During the remainder of the war Marion was untiring in vigilance and activity. He rendered good service in the battle of Eutaw Springs, pursued the British in their retreat to Charleston, and took care that no detachments should be sent out from that city with impunity. He disbanded his brigade after the withdrawal of the British in 1782, taking a tender leave of his followers, who dearly loved their commander, and returned to his farm almost in a state of poverty. He was subsequently elected to the State Senate, and in 1790 was a member of the convention for framing a new State Constitution. He died in 1795, South Carolina's most famous warrior.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, THE WINNER OF THE NORTHWEST

THERE were two brothers of the name of Clark, brave sons of Virginia, who won fame in the history of our country. One of these was Captain William Clark, who took part in the celebrated Lewis and Clark expedition, the first to cross the wide range of mountains and plains from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. The other was George Rogers Clark, an older brother of William. It is with his exploits that we are here concerned.

George Rogers Clark was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, November 19, 1752. Like Washington, he began his career as a land-surveyor, and like him also was soon engaged in military services, since he was captain of a company of militia in Governor Dunmore's war with the Indians in 1774. Before that time his love of adventure had led him to the wilderness of Kentucky, three years after Daniel Boone's first visit, and while it was still the "dark and bloody ground" of Indian warfare. He went there again in 1775. A few settlers had now made their homes there and for a short time Clark commanded a small body of them in their war with the Indians.

In 1776 he returned to Kentucky, now determined to make that thinly-settled wilderness his home and he soon called together at Harrodsburg a convention of the people, by whose votes he and Gabriel Jones were elected members of the Virginia assembly.

He did not know whether they would be admitted to that aristocratic body, for the position of Kentucky was still an anomalous one and its people were looked upon as semi-barbarous frontiersmen. They were correct in supposing that the assembly would not open its doors to representatives of the Wild West, but Patrick Henry, who was then governor of Virginia, received them kindly, and took steps for the formation of Kentucky into a county of Virginia. As such some provision for its defence was deemed necessary, and a supply of gunpowder was sent to Pittsburg and thence down the Ohio, reaching its destination after running the gauntlet of hostile Indians on both banks of the river.

Meanwhile the war of the Revolution, which was proceeding actively in the East, began to make itself felt in the West. The Indians north of the Ohio had become murderously hostile and Clark was satisfied that the British garrisons at the forts in the West were instigating them to this dreadful work, supplying them with arms and ammunition and paying them for scalps. Clark, when assured that this was the case, determined to do what he could to stop it.

There were three military posts—Detroit, on the lakes, and Vincennes and Kaskaskia, in the interior country, which were centres of the Indian incursions. Formerly French settlements, these now were under British control, and there was excellent reason to believe that their new masters were at the bottom of the cruel raids on the settlers.

Major Clark, to give him the title which he now bore, believed that these forts could be captured, and his spirit of adventure led him to undertake the enter-

prise. Hitherto, while the war had been going on in the East, he had been engaged in surveying, his leisure time being employed in hunting excursions with Boone and others of the settlers, but his ambition was now aroused in the interest of his struggling country.

Making his way back to Virginia, he called on his former friend, Governor Henry, told him about his plan and how hopeful it was, and asked his aid in an expedition against the British forts. Patrick Henry, a stalwart patriot, was highly pleased with the plan, and knew enough of Clark to be satisfied that he would make a suitable leader. He therefore supplied him with the necessary funds, and commissioned him as colonel, instructing him to recruit four companies among the daring hunters and pioneers of the frontier. His orders were to "proceed to the defence of Kentucky," this being a ruse to keep his real purpose a secret. Clark made all haste in his work and in the spring of 1778 set off with one hundred and fifty men in boats down the Ohio. When about fifty miles above the river's mouth the party left their boats and started on a long and difficult wilderness journey towards Kaskaskia.

On the 4th of July of that year, the second anniversary of American independence, a merry dance was going on in the fort at that border settlement. It was thought so far away and so safe that its defence had been left to a French officer and a company of French soldiers, and these light-hearted fellows were dancing gayly away to the sounds of a fiddle and by the light of torches thrust into the chinks of the wall. On the floor lay an Indian, looking on with lazy eyes.

Suddenly the savage sprang to his feet with a shrill

war-whoop. He had seen a tall young man, dressed in a woodland garb that was evidently not French, enter the door, and in an instant suspected something wrong. The dancers huddled together with alarm as the wild cry broke out, some of them running for their guns.

"Don't be scared. Go on with your dance," said the stranger quietly. "But remember that you are dancing under the rule of Virginia and not of England."

As he spoke a number of men dressed like himself glided into the rooms, spread quickly about, and laid hands on the guns of the soldiers. The fort had been taken without a blow. The French officer, Rocheblave, was in bed while this was going on. But his wife was wide awake and was quick to learn what was afoot, and hastened to thrust his papers into the fire. Enough of them was found, however, to prove what Clark suspected, that the English were seeking to stir up the Indians against the settlers. The papers were sent to Virginia, and with them went Rocheblave and perhaps his wide-awake wife.

The capture of Kaskaskia was but the beginning of Clark's enterprises. About one hundred and fifty miles to the east, in what is now the State of Indiana, was another fort called Vincennes. It lay on the Wabash River, far to the south of Detroit.

Colonel Clark wanted this fort, too, but had not men enough to take it by force, so he tried the effect of stratagem. By the aid of a French priest he persuaded the people of Vincennes that they would find the Americans better friends than the English. This they were ready enough to believe, for they had not much love for the English, who had conquered them not many years before. Persuaded by the priest, they

forced the commander of the fort to surrender, hauled down the British flag and raised the stars and stripes, and Vincennes became an American fort. Colonel Clark went back to Kentucky, leaving only two men in charge of the fort, and thinking that he had won the Northwest for the Americans very easily.

He might have known what he soon found out, that the British would not let themselves be driven out of the country in this easy fashion. When Colonel Hamilton, the English commander at Detroit, heard of what Clark had done, he led his men down to Vincennes and easily took back the fort with its garrison of two. He proposed the next spring to recapture Kaskaskia and then march south and drive the American settlers out of Kentucky. Such was the disturbing news that reached Colonel Clark that winter.

The tidings gave him great concern. He was in danger of losing all he had won. And this Colonel Hamilton was said to be the man who hired the Indians to murder the American settlers, so if he were left alone the dreadful work of the savages would go on worse than before. Something must be done quickly or it might be too late to do anything at all.

But the task before the bold Colonel Clark was far worse than before. The winter was nearly over when the news reached him, and with it came the tidings that the Wabash River had risen and overflowed its banks and the country for hundreds of square miles was under water. Vincennes lay in the centre of a great shallow lake of chilly water and could only be reached by miles of wading. But Clark had to act quickly if he was to act at all. Hamilton had only eighty men with him and it was easy to raise twice

that many against him. Now was the time to strike, before he could be reinforced from Canada.

Clark had no money to pay his men, but a merchant of St. Louis offered to lend him all he needed, so he got together his company of hardy Kentuckians and set out on his long and difficult journey. As the sturdy fellows, dressed in hunting garb and carrying their trusty rifles, trudged onward through wet woods and over soaking prairies, the heavens poured down rain day after day, and they had to dry and warm themselves every night by blazing bivouac fires.

When they reached the "drowned lands" of the Wabash it was still worse. Water spread everywhere and only by wading through this great lake could the fort be reached. There were miles of it to cross, now ankle-deep, now knee-deep, and in places waist-deep. And shivering water it was, for the freezing chill of winter had barely passed. No doubt there were faint hearts among them, but Colonel Clark led the way and his men followed, for they had confidence in his courage and ability. For nearly a week they trudged dismally onward, finding here and there islands of dry land to rest their limbs on by day or to build fires upon at night. Game was very scarce and their food ran short, so that for two days they had to go hungry.

At the mouth of White River, where it enters the Wabash, they met Captain Rogers, who had been sent with forty men and two small cannon up stream to that point. Here they joined company, dragging or rowing the boat through the overflow. They had still the worst of their journey to make, for around the fort lay a lake of water four miles wide and deeper

than any they had passed. Some of the men hesitated, but Colonel Clark sternly bade them to go on.

"Yonder lies the fort," he said. "We have come too far to turn back. Follow me." He plunged into the cold water, telling one of his officers to shoot any man who refused to follow. His example and threat were enough; they all plunged in.

The tramp before them was a frightful one. Much of the water reached to their waists. Some of it came to their necks. Yet they trudged resolutely on, holding their guns and powder above their heads to keep them dry. When dry land at length was reached some of the men were so worn out that they fell to the ground, and had to be raised and made to run up and down on the land till animation was restored.

A night's rest was here taken and the next morning, February 19, 1779, they set out for the fort, crossing the river in a boat they found and soon coming near. Meeting a Frenchman, who stared at them as at men dropped from the skies, they sent him with a letter to Colonel Hamilton, telling him that they had come to take the fort and that he had better surrender and save trouble.

The colonel was utterly astounded. Where had these men come from? That they had crossed those miles of icy water seemed impossible. But whoever they were, he had no notion of surrendering and sent back a defiance. Soon the fort was surrounded, Clark's two cannon were thundering at it, and the Kentucky sharpshooters were making havoc with their rifle balls. All day long and far into the night this work was kept up, the wooden stronghold being much the worse for the bombardment, and early the next morning Hamilton surrendered. He asked permission

to march back to Detroit, but this Clark refused, saying:

"I will not again leave it in your power to spirit up the Indian nations to scalp men, women and children."

Such was the outcome of this wonderful adventure, one of the strangest in American annals. Colonel Hamilton's papers showed that Clark was right and that he had been stirring up the Indians to their dreadful work. Even while the fight was going on some of these red demons came up with the scalps of white men and women to receive their pay. They received it in the form of bullets from the furious Kentuckians. Hamilton and his officers were sent as prisoners to Virginia, where they were confined in fetters for their work of murder.

At the end of the war, which came a few years later, it was decided that all the land which each country then held should be theirs still. The English held Canada, and they would have held the great Northwest Territory if it had not been for George Rogers Clark. To him this country owes that splendid region, out of which several large States have since been made.

This was not the end of Colonel Clark's work. A strong force of Canadians and Indians afterwards invaded Kentucky, and Clark retaliated by leading a thousand men into the Ohio country and destroying one of the Indian towns. In December, 1780, he made plans for the capture of Detroit, but the invasion of Virginia by the British prevented him from carrying them out. He was however made a brigadier-general, and in 1782, after a battle with the Indians at the Blue Licks, Kentucky, he marched against the Indians of the Miami and the Scioto, destroying five of their towns.

In 1782 he took part in an expedition against the Indians on the Wabash and about 1794 he accepted from Genet, the French minister to the United States, a commission as major-general in the French army, to conduct an expedition against the Spanish settlements on the Mississippi. Nothing came of this, and in later years infirm health put an end to General Clark's activity. He continued to live in feebleness and poverty, dying in his sixty-sixth year near Louisville, Kentucky, February 13, 1818.

WINFIELD SCOTT, THE VICTOR AT NIAGARA AND IN MEXICO

THROUGH two of our country's wars, those with Great Britain in 1812-15 and with Mexico in 1847, Winfield Scott proved himself one of the ablest of soldiers, and his name stands high in the annals of military fame, as being for many years the most distinguished of American generals. He was a native of the Old Dominion, being born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786. Of Scotch descent, he came from a family of soldiers, his grandfather being one of that brave band of Highlanders who sought to place Prince Charles, the grandson of James II., on the English throne. After the disastrous defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, in which his elder brother was killed, he made his way to the safer land of America, becoming a lawyer in Virginia. His son William married Ann Mason, a lady of good Virginia family, Winfield Scott being the younger of their two sons.

William Scott died when his son was five years old and the mother when he was seventeen. The boy meanwhile was sent to school in Richmond and afterwards entered William and Mary College, Virginia's oldest institute of education. Here he studied the law, and at twenty was admitted to the bar, but his early efforts at practice were not profitable and he soon left the law for the army.

Those were the days when English war vessels were seizing seamen on American merchant ships, on the

pretence of their being British subjects, an injustice that roused much warlike feeling in this country. In 1807, after the attack on the frigate "Chesapeake," President Jefferson issued a proclamation closing the ports of the United States against British warships, and young Scott volunteered in a troop of horse called out under this proclamation.

In the following year the army was increased and Scott was appointed a captain in the artillery service. As such he was ordered in 1809 to New Orleans to join the division under General Wilkinson, whose duty it was to protect the frontiers of the new territory of Louisiana from British aggression. Here the youthful captain, who had not yet reached years of discretion, got himself into trouble through lack of wisdom. Wilkinson had commanded in the Southwest at the time of the treasonable acts of Aaron Burr, and Scott openly gave vent to his opinion that Wilkinson had been connected with Burr in his conspiracy.

For this indiscreet freedom of speech Scott was arrested, tried by court-martial for disrespect to his superior officer and punished by being suspended from the army for one year. It was a well-deserved punishment and taught him a useful lesson in military discipline. But as for his year of disgrace, he made excellent use of it, entering earnestly upon the study of military art and laying the foundation of that thorough knowledge of his profession for which he afterwards became distinguished.

The war which had been long foreseen broke out in 1812, and the young soldier, then twenty-six years of age, was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and stationed upon the Canada frontier. Here began the long record of his military service.

In October, 1812, an attack on the British forces at Queenstown Heights was planned and while the battle was in progress Scott crossed over from Lewistown to the field. Soon after Colonel Van Rensselaer, the American commander, was severely wounded and Scott succeeded him in command. By earnest exhortations and daring leadership he gave his men such spirit that they drove back the enemy with heavy loss, and even after the British had been strongly reinforced the Americans held their ground.

But at this critical juncture the main body of the Americans, who had not yet crossed the river, were seized with a panic and no persuasion could induce them to enter the boats. In consequence Scott, left unsupported, and outnumbered more than three to one, was obliged to surrender with the men under his immediate command, doing so with the honors of war. Thus his first military enterprise ended in failure, but through no fault of his.

He was exchanged in the early part of 1813 and, with the rank of colonel, joined General Dearborn's army, of which he was made adjutant-general. In May, after a desperate fight, in which he had braved the utmost perils, he stormed and captured Fort George. A piece of timber flung by an exploding magazine hurled him from his horse, but in an instant he was on his feet and leading his men in the charge, being the first to enter the fort, the flag of which he pulled down with his own hands.

The anecdote is told that while he was a prisoner a British officer asked him if he had ever seen the Falls of Niagara. "Yes, from the American side," he replied. The officer rejoined, "You must have a *successful* fight before you can see them in all their

grandeur"—the finest view being from the Canadian side. Scott, incensed by this slur, replied, "Sir, if it be your intention to insult me, honor should have prompted you first to return me my sword."

This officer was among the prisoners taken at Fort George, and Scott treated him with marked attention and kindness, obtaining permission for him to return to England on parole. This generosity quite disarmed the man, who humbly said to Scott: "Sir, I have owed you an apology. You have overwhelmed me with kindness. You can now at your leisure view the Falls in all their glory."

Scott was made a brigadier-general in 1814 and placed in charge of a "camp of instruction" at Buffalo, where he thoroughly drilled three brigades of troops in the French system of tactics, then first introduced into America. His lessons proved of the highest value in the campaign that followed. Hitherto our troops had been little better than militia. Those under Scott now first gained a thorough military training.

The advance was made early in July, the American army crossing the Niagara on the 3d and capturing Fort Erie. On the 5th took place the battle of Chippewa, which ended in General Riall and the British forces under him being driven across the Chippewa River. But the most important battle in which Scott was engaged in that war took place on the 25th at Lundy's Lane, the engagement known as the Battle of Niagara.

Scott was the hero of this battle, one of the most stirring and hard-fought engagements of the war. He led his men in almost every charge, with ardent daring and unflinching courage, the men catching his spirit and fighting with the utmost bravery. Though he lost

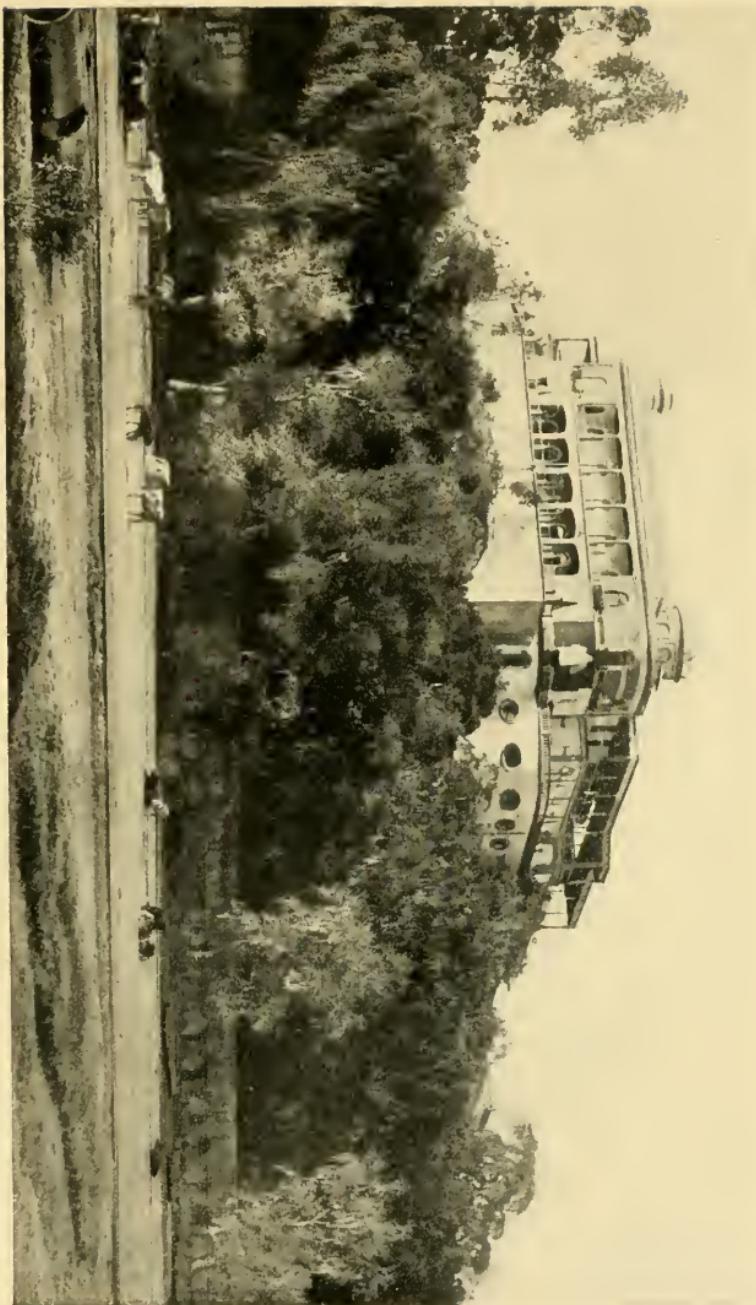
a quarter of his brigade, he would not yield an inch of ground. Two horses were killed under him and he was twice wounded, the second time severely by a musket ball through his shoulder.

The British were not lacking in courage, renewing the attack again and again, thinking every time that the broken Americans must give way. But the only response of the latter was the repeated, "Charge again!" and as Scott, bleeding from his wound, was carried to the rear, and every regimental officer was killed or wounded, he vigorously shouted, "Charge again!"

The persistence of the Americans told. When the firing ceased, at eleven o'clock at night, they held the field, though the lack of water obliged them to abandon it the next morning. Scott's wound prevented him from rejoining the army for several months, but the President rewarded him with the rank of major-general and Congress gave him a vote of thanks, requesting the President to bestow on him a gold medal for his "uniform gallantry and good conduct in sustaining the reputation of the arms of the United States."

A treaty of peace was soon after made, Scott's wound preventing him from taking any further part in that war. After the treaty was ratified by the Senate he was offered the cabinet position of Secretary of War, but he declined on the plea of being too young. When asked to take it temporarily, he again declined, saying that the greater age and longer service of General Brown and General Jackson made them more deserving of the post.

Many years passed before Scott had any more important military service to perform. He was sent to



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, CAPTURED BY GENERAL SCOTT, SEPTEMBER, 13, 1847.

the field during the Black Hawk War of 1832, but it was at an end before he reached there. Yet, though unable to show his valor, he displayed still higher traits of character. The cholera broke out among his troops with fearful ravages. Though the disease was then considered contagious Scott went among the sick, comforting them and attending to their wants, and by his words of cheer and his humane example inspiring the well with hope and courage. He was practically head nurse during the progress of the infection.

On his return he was sent by President Jackson to Charleston, where the "nullification" excitement was then in full swing, with instructions to take proper measures to prevent an insurrection, or to quell it if it should break out. Fortunately no military service was needed, the President's prompt action ending the trouble. In 1841, on the death of General McComb, he succeeded as commander-in-chief of the army of the United States.

Another war awaited Scott, that with Mexico, which broke out in 1846, General Taylor being the hero of its early engagements. In 1847 preparations were made to invade Mexico on a larger scale and Scott was directed to take command. No better man could have been chosen. He had proved himself a gallant and daring fighter at Chippewa and Niagara; he was now to show strategy of the highest order and win himself a place among the ablest soldiers of the age.

In March, with an army of twelve thousand men, he besieged and captured Vera Cruz, the chief Mexican seaport, taking five thousand prisoners. From this point he set out on the long march to the City of Mexico, and on April 18 attacked and took by storm the strong mountain fortress of Cerro Gordo, defended

by fifteen thousand Mexicans under Santa Anna himself.

The journey to the Mexican capital went on slowly, Scott being obliged to wait for reinforcements and supplies. On approaching the city the regular roads, bristling with forts, were avoided, the troops making themselves a new way of approach by an undefended route and nearing the city in August with little opposition. Hard fighting began on the 20th of August at Churubusco, ten miles from the city, five separate victories being won on that day and the large Mexican army driven back on the capital.

The Americans followed until the immediate vicinity of the city was reached. Here on September 8 was fought the battle of Molino del Rey and on the 13th the troops charged up the steep hill of Chapultepec and captured the fortress on its summit. Immediately afterwards the city was attacked and two of its gates were taken before night. In the early morning of the 14th Scott led his army into the city, from which Santa Anna and his troops had fled, and at 7 o'clock the American flag was floating above the National Palace. There was little more fighting, a treaty of peace being signed February 2, 1848. Scott was naturally proud of his success, and justly claimed that his campaign had been "successful as to every prediction, plan, siege, battle, and skirmish."

The remainder of Scott's life must be briefly passed over. In 1852 the Whig party chose him as its candidate for President, but he was badly defeated by a far more obscure opponent, Franklin Pierce. The Whig party was then in a state of decay and Scott proved himself greatly lacking as a politician. The rank of lieutenant-general, previously borne only by

Washington, was conferred on him in 1855, and in 1861, when the Civil War broke out, he remained true to his allegiance to the Union after his native State seceded, and held nominal command of the army till November, when he retired to private life, being then seventy-five years old. He died May 29, 1866, at West Point, and was buried there.

General Scott was a man of imposing presence, six feet four inches high. He has been charged with undue vanity and pompousness, but he was a sincere patriot and a man of admirable character. He was open-hearted, forgiving, frank, and manly in war, careful of his men, never sending or leading them recklessly into danger, and always ready to share their hardships. Severe in discipline and exacting strict obedience from his men, he made them his warm friends by his thoughtfulness and care for their comfort and his devotion to them in sickness and pain.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE OLD HICKORY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

ANDREW JACKSON was one of those who began life at the bottom of the tree and ended it in its topmost branches. He was born, the son of a poor Irish settler, near the western border of North and South Carolina, probably in the latter State, on the 15th of March, 1767. His father died before Andrew was born, leaving his mother miserably poor and with a large family on her hands.

Her son Andrew grew up to be an active, stirring, and mischievous lad, used to hardships from infancy, always up to some prank or other, and getting a mere smattering of education. When he was thirteen years old the Revolutionary War, which had gone on for years in the North, shifted to the South, and the tide of invasion swept over the Carolinas. Young as he was, the boy was full of patriotic fire, and hated the British with all his heart. He was too young to join the patriotic forces, but Hugh, his eldest brother, did so and was killed. Mrs. Jackson fled with her children to the town of Charlotte for safety, and when some time later this town was raided by the British, Andrew and his brother Robert were among the captives taken.

The boys, with their fellow-prisoners, were carried to Camden, forty miles away, and there thrown into a wretched prison, with miserable food and utter lack of care and humanity. Smallpox broke out among them and dead and dying lay together on the ground.

The story is told that a British officer ordered little

Andy to clean his muddy boots, to which the boy patriot replied, "I am a prisoner of war, not your servant." The officer, enraged at the boy's insolence, as he deemed it, drew his sword and aimed a blow at the lad's head. It did not kill him, but he carried the marks of the wound as long as he lived. The imprisonment of him and his brother ended when Mrs. Jackson made her way to Camden and by her appeals managed to get her boys set free. But she contracted the prison disease and was not long home before both she and Robert died.

Thus at fourteen years of age Andrew Jackson was left without parents or brothers, with little education and with no moral discipline or restraint. He became a wild, reckless youth, a drinker, gambler, and haunter of horse-races and cock-fights, and was looked upon as the worst character in the country round. He began to study the saddler's trade, but soon left it. Later he taught school for a time, though he could not have known much more than his pupils. Finally, thinking that it was high time for him to be learning some business, he decided to study the law and went to a little town in North Carolina, where he spent two years in a lawyer's office.

By this time the native good sense of the boy was making itself felt and he saw that if he wished to succeed in life he must make himself respected rather than detested and feared. At twenty he was a tall young man, over six feet high, was a splendid horseman, an expert sportsman, fond of rough adventures, of fiery temper and fearless spirit, profane in speech and with many bad habits, but graceful in bearing and dignified in manner. At twenty-two he had gained

some knowledge of the law and was ready to begin life for himself.

In deciding where to open his office the young man's love of wild life and adventure induced him to leave the Carolinas and cross the mountains into Tennessee, then being settled. The journey was made on foot with a party of pioneers, who travelled nearly five hundred miles over the mountains and through the dense forests until they reached the little settlement on the Cumberland River which has grown into the city of Nashville.

The journey was one full of peril. The acts of lawless whites had made the Indians bitterly hostile, and safety was only to be found in wide-awake vigilance. On one occasion the party was saved by the alertness of the young lawyer. When the others had gone to sleep in the night camp, Andrew sat up by the fire smoking his pipe, and as he did so the hooting of owls around the camp attracted his attention. One especially loud hoot struck him as suspicious. He listened a while longer, then quietly roused some of the men, saying, "Indians are all around us. I have heard their signals on every side. They mean to attack us before daybreak."

The remainder of the party were quietly awakened and they moved away to a safer locality. Soon after they had gone a party of hunters came to their deserted camp and went to sleep there. Shortly before daybreak they were attacked by the Indians and only one of them escaped. Jackson's keenness and caution had saved the lives of his party.

Opening his office in Nashville, Jackson was soon appointed public prosecutor of the district. The office was one of small pay, little honor, and great peril, and

one which few were ready to accept. It was not a popular thing in that frontier region to be engaged in punishing the breakers of the law. People carried weapons everywhere and did not hesitate to use them even in the courts. In going from place to place to attend court, or in debt-collecting excursions, he was in danger alike from desperadoes and Indians. He had many escapes from deadly peril, but his fearless disposition and his native caution carried him through and he won the reputation of being one of the ablest and most daring of the men in that wilderness region.

When Jackson reached Nashville the new Constitution of the United States had recently been adopted and it was expected that Washington would be elected President. The new Territory of Tennessee grew and Jackson with it, he making much money by purchasing large tracts of land and selling them off to the settlers. In 1796 Tennessee was made a State and the people showed their appreciation of him by electing him as their first representative to Congress. He rode to Philadelphia on horseback, and on entering the halls of Congress was stared at as a genuine oddity. He is thus described: "A tall, lank, uncouth personage, with lots of hair around his face, and a queue down his back tied with an eelskin, his dress singular, his manner and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman." He was a new sort of customer to appear among the polished members of Congress.

But he seemed to have won great favor in his own State, for he was soon after elected to the United States Senate, and carried his eelskin queue into its dignified halls. He probably found this body much too dignified for a man of his frontier habits, for he did not stay long in the Senate, leaving it to become a

justice of the supreme court of Tennessee. It was a long step upward from the lawless habits of his boyhood to be thus judged worthy the highest honors of his State.

We may pass over the story of Jackson's marriage to Mrs. Robards, a divorced woman, who made him one of the best of wives; and of his giving up the judgeship and becoming a storekeeper. His hot temper grew no cooler as time passed on, but went with him through his various occupations and led him into many brawls and not a few duels, which were very common in the West in those days.

One of the worst of his affrays came from a duel between William Carroll and Jesse Benton, in which Jackson was Carroll's second. Benton was severely wounded, and his brother, Colonel Thomas H. Benton, afterwards a famous senator, was furious at Jackson, on whom he had conferred favors. Jackson met the Bentons in a tavern soon after and a fight took place in which Jackson was terribly wounded, his arm and shoulder being horribly shattered by two balls and a slug from Jesse Benton's pistol.

It was an unfortunate affair for Jackson, for the war with Great Britain was now going on and his services were soon demanded. He had raised twenty-five hundred troops for the needs of the Government early in the war, but their aid was not called for until late in 1813, when the Creek Indians broke out in insurrection, attacked the settlers and murdered all the people in Fort Mimms, Alabama. Action, quick and vigorous, was needed, but Jackson, the leading military man of the State, was then stretched a wan and haggard invalid upon his bed, slowly recovering from his terrible wounds.

The news lifted him at once from his bed. With his arm in a sling, the wounded bones just beginning to heal, and needing to be fairly lifted to his horse, he took hold of the situation with extraordinary energy, and soon had a force in the field, with orders to rendezvous at Fayetteville, on the Alabama border. Here he joined them, weak from his wounds, scarce able to sit on his horse, but resolute as a Titan. After much marching and fighting, on the 27th of March, 1814, he attacked the Indians in their well-fortified stronghold on the Tallapoosa River, where a desperate battle took place, the savages being defeated so utterly that hardly a man of them escaped. The blow was a terrible one and forced the warriors to beg for peace. Jackson's prompt energy and quick success showed the people that in him they had a soldier of marked ability, and in May he was made a major-general in the army of the United States.

Throughout the whole campaign he had suffered terribly from his wounds, often undergoing agony, and leading his men like a pale and haggard spectre, only kept in the saddle by his indomitable energy. By the later months of the year he had fairly well recovered, and his services were demanded in the most momentous event of his life. The British had determined to try and take New Orleans and Jackson was ordered to collect an army and defend that city.

The British expedition was a formidable one. It consisted of sixty ships, carrying a thousand cannon, manned by nearly nine thousand sailors and marines while it transported ten thousand veteran soldiers from the Napoleonic wars. Jackson's army consisted of little more than four thousand men, raw as troops, but many of them skilled marksmen of the frontier.

New Orleans at that time contained about twenty thousand people, and many of these were made use of in the defence. Jackson himself was still feeble, but his old resolute will kept him in the field.

The British landed on the 10th of December, 1814, and marched from Lake Borgne toward the city, coming on slowly and cautiously, and not reaching the city front until the 23d. The delay gave Jackson time to throw up a line of intrenchments, in which he freely used the cotton bales from the city warehouses. The British used sugar hogsheads from the plantation storehouses for the same purpose.

Several fierce encounters took place and it was soon found that cotton bales and sugar hogsheads could not stand against cannon. They were replaced with earth. Pakenham, the British commander, made his first vigorous attack on the 28th, eight thousand veterans marching against the less than three thousand militia then behind Jackson's works. The British advanced with rolling drums and resolute men, but they were facing riflemen who knew how to make every shot tell, and the redcoats were hurled back like the shattered ranks at Bunker Hill.

Other assaults were made, the final one on January 8. It was a terrible scene. The British fought like heroes, but it was impossible to face the storm of bullets and cannon balls that rent their ranks. In a brief time it was all over, the British had lost their commander and twenty-six hundred men in killed, wounded and prisoners. Jackson's whole loss was the surprisingly small one of eight killed and thirteen wounded. Not long afterwards the news reached America that a treaty of peace had been signed at

Ghent before the battle took place, though a month and more passed before news of it was received.

This great victory made "Old Hickory" famous. Never had there been a more brilliant and decisive one, and till the day of his death General Andrew Jackson was one of the most popular men in the United States. He was still kept in command, and when the Seminole Indians of Florida made attacks on the frontier, he invaded that country, quelled the Indians, attacked a Spanish post, and hung two Englishmen whom he suspected of stirring up the savages. Jackson was sharply criticised for his arbitrary acts, and the affair nearly led to a war with Spain. But Congress and the President sustained the general, and soon afterwards the difficulty was settled by Spain ceding Florida to the United States.

From this time on, as may well be imagined, there was no place in the country too good for Andrew Jackson, the most admired hero of the war with England. He was made governor of Florida. Then Tennessee a second time elected him United States senator. In 1824 he was a candidate for President and received the largest electoral vote, though, not having a majority over all, he was not elected. In 1828 the people made sure that their favorite should be placed in the Presidential chair.

Jackson was made by nature for a general, not for a President. His obstinacy was unconquerable, and though he doubtless meant well he did things which were not to the advantage of the country. His temper often overruled his judgment. But when his native State of South Carolina took steps towards seceding from the Union, Jackson stood firmly by the Government and put a quick stop to the secession movement.

On the other hand, he ruined the Bank of the United States and brought a business panic upon the country. And he introduced a system of selecting office-holders on the basis of party activity, not of merit, which it took many years to get rid of.

But with all his faults as a statesman the people admired and loved Jackson. They elected him a second time in 1832, and in 1836 they put in the Presidential chair Martin Van Buren, the man of his choice.

In 1837 he retired to the Hermitage, his home near Nashville, still one of the most popular men in the country. But he had suffered a terrible loss eight years before in the death of his beloved wife, a shock from which he never recovered. Her death made him a changed man, subdued in spirit and seldom using his old profanity, except when roused to anger. He suffered from sickness severely in his later years, but bore his pains with manly fortitude, never complaining. He died June 8, 1845, and was buried by the side of his deeply-loved wife.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE

VIRGINIA has well been called "The Mother of Presidents," for seven of the occupants of the White House, more than one-fourth of the total number, were born in that State. Among these was William Henry Harrison, who, though he was elected from Ohio, was born on the banks of the James River, Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. The Harrison family is one that has played a leading part in American public life, having given two Presidents to the Republic, while one member of the family was in that noble band of patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence.

This was Benjamin Harrison, father of the man with whom we are now concerned. A burly, good-natured fellow was Benjamin Harrison, and when his friend John Hancock, a very small and very modest man, was elected president of the Congress, Harrison picked him up bodily and carried him to the chairman's seat, saying as he set him down, "Gentlemen, we will show Mother Britain how much we care for her, by making our president a Massachusetts man whom she has refused to pardon by a public proclamation."

William Henry, the son of this jovial giant, received a good education, and after his father's death went to Philadelphia to study medicine. His studies there soon came to an end. Born with a love of adventure, and learning that an army was being raised by General St. Clair to fight the Indians of the North-

west Territory, who were murdering the settlers, young Harrison left the medical college for the army, in which he was given the rank of ensign. His friends tried to dissuade him from this act, he being then slender and frail and apparently unfit for hardship, but his love of an active life prevailed and he marched away to the Indian war.

History tells us the fate of the St. Clair expedition, how it was ambushed by the Indians and almost totally destroyed. Ensign Harrison was one of the few who escaped from that field of blood. He was afterwards put in command of a pack-train, carrying supplies to the frontier posts, and did this in the face of constant danger from prowling bodies of savages. His courage and ability in this perilous work won him promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

When General Wayne succeeded St. Clair and marched against the savages, Lieutenant Harrison, then only twenty-one years of age, had his second experience in battle, taking a very active part in that bloody contest in which "Mad Anthony" utterly vanquished the savage foe. There was no braver man on the field than the young lieutenant, of whose courage Wayne spoke in the highest terms, and rewarded him for his fine conduct by making him a captain and putting him in command of one of the frontier posts.

The boy, for he was yet little more, was making his way. After the Indians had been quieted, a regular territorial organization was formed for the Northwest, a governor and secretary being appointed. Harrison, then twenty-four years of age, left the army to accept the post of secretary of the Territory. Three years later the great Territory was divided into

two, one of them being named Indiana. Of this Harrison was made governor, and given unusual powers, as he had to deal with an unusual situation, the management of the Indians being a difficult problem. During the twelve years in which he held this position he made thirteen treaties with the Indians and acquired for the Government many millions of acres of land.

The great Louisiana Purchase of 1803 added very largely to his duties, for the immense district thus acquired was for the time being added to Indiana Territory, and Harrison became governor of a district larger than all the remainder of the United States, though it was mainly a wilderness, inhabited chiefly by wandering tribes of Indians.

The quelling of the savages by General Wayne was only temporary. About 1809 they became unquiet again, stirred up to hostile acts by two men of remarkable powers, the daring warrior named Tecumseh and his brother, the eloquent orator known as "the Prophet." These two men, indignant at the treatment of the natives by the whites and inspired by a wild dream of driving the pale-faces from the land, went among the tribes, doing their utmost to stir them up to revolt.

Governor Harrison, hearing of what these men were doing, invited them to a council, to be held on the 12th of August, 1809. The proud Tecumseh came, with four hundred armed Indian warriors at his back. Harrison met them with a score or more of soldiers and citizens. As the council went on the Indians grew haughty and hostile in demeanor and vowed that they would give no more land to the whites and would drive the intruders from their territory.

Tecumseh grew so angry at the resolute demeanor of the whites that he sprang furiously to his feet and the warriors brandished their arms threateningly. Harrison was not troubled by their hostile display. He rose and drew his sword and his guard got ready to fire, but he ordered them not to do so and told Tecumseh that he could go away unharmed. This bold and spirited behavior cowed the savages and four hundred of them marched away in the face of a score with a man of resolution at their head.

For two years there was no more trouble. Tecumseh and his brother continued their insidious work, but the tribes feared to rise. Meanwhile settlers were pouring rapidly into the Territory and it began to look as if the hunting-grounds of the Indians would soon be lost to them. There is reason to believe that about this time British agents, foreseeing the coming war, stirred up the tribesmen, for their old ravages against the settlers began again. Tecumseh, inspired perhaps by hopes of British aid, grew more active than ever in seeking to form an alliance of the tribes, and in 1811 sought the Southern States to bring the Indians of that region into his organization.

During his absence Governor Harrison, determined to put an end to the attacks on the settlers, gathered a force of nine hundred men and marched against the hostile tribes, encamping at a place called Tippecanoe, where a body of several thousand Indians had gathered. Tecumseh, a skilled and able leader, had forbidden his followers to take any action before he gave them the word, but his excitable brother, the Prophet, now stirred up his followers to war, telling them that by his charms he could protect them against bullets and bayonets.

The chiefs had visited Harrison's tent, pretending to be peaceable, but on the night of November 7 they crept covertly on his camp, expecting to find the soldiers asleep and defenceless. Fortunately Harrison had not trusted them. The soldiers lay with their guns beside them and at the first savage yell were up and in line. The fire of the Indians was met by a withering volley, against which the charms of the Prophet proved useless, and after a severe struggle, in which they lost heavily, they broke and fled to the swamps, leaving Harrison the victor of Tippecanoe. Thirty years later, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, this battle became famous, and "Old Tippecanoe" was the war-cry of his followers.

When the war with Great Britain broke out in the following year Harrison was commissioned a brigadier-general, and was raised in rank to major-general in 1813. Of the three divisions of the army operating against Canada, Harrison was put in command of that acting against Detroit, which General Hull had surrendered to the British early in the war. The troops under him were volunteers, effective in scattered fights and operations against the Indians, but unfit to stand in battle against disciplined soldiers. His attempts to expel the British from Detroit were therefore ineffectual. When the winter of 1812-13 came on and the swamps and lakes of the Northwest were sufficiently frozen to bear the weight of marching soldiers, a second demonstration was made against Detroit. But in this Harrison's advance, under General Winchester, was attacked by the British under Proctor, and Winchester surrendered as promptly as Hull had done before him.

The disaster forced Harrison to retreat to Fort

Meigs, where he successfully sustained two sieges by General Proctor, who was repulsed on both occasions. Harrison's opportunity came in October, 1813, after the victory of Perry on Lake Erie. Perry took Harrison's troops on board his vessels and carried them to Canada, where they advanced against their old antagonist, General Proctor. The latter retreated to the line of the Thames River, where he selected a good battle-ground and awaited the Americans. In addition to his regulars, he had with him fifteen hundred Indians, under their famous chief Tecumseh, who had been made a brigadier-general in the British army.

The Americans attacked on the 5th of October, and one of the most important battles of the war began. Proctor, who seems to have been a thing of show and bluster rather than a man of valor, fled early in the fight, leaving his soldiers to hold their ground as they could. The regulars fought bravely, and so did the Indians, under their skilled and daring leader. But in the thick of the battle a bullet laid low brave Tecumseh and his disheartened followers broke and fled. The regulars, their support lost, were obliged to surrender, leaving the Americans full masters of the field. This victory was quickly followed by the capture of Detroit, with which event the war ended in the West.

Some anecdotes are told of General Harrison's lack of ostentation and his popularity with his soldiers, one or two of which will bear repeating. Once when he, with a small force, was making his way through the forest, night and rain came on together. They had no axes, the ground was water-soaked, and they could build no fires. Food also was lacking, and they passed the night in hunger, Harrison with no more comforts than his men, leaning against the trees or sitting on

fallen logs. In the middle of the night, to cheer them up, he asked one of the men to sing a comic Irish song, and the laughter that followed acted like a tonic upon their weary frames.

Another story reminds us of Marion's sweet-potato feast with the British officer. Harrison had captured four British officers and asked them to take supper with him. To the surprise, and somewhat to the disgust, of the Britons, the best he had to offer them was beef, roasted in the fire, and eaten without bread or salt.

The war ended, Harrison was elected in 1816 to represent Cincinnati in Congress, and there proved that he was as good a speaker as he was a soldier. He was voted a gold medal for his services in the war. In 1824 he was elected a member of the Senate, and in 1828 was sent as minister to the republic of Colombia, but was recalled by President Jackson in the following spring. After that he passed years in private life on his farm at North Bend, on the Ohio River. Though a great man in the eyes of his countrymen, he was content to take up the simple duties of farm life, and when one of his relatives left him a whiskey distillery, he refused to accept it, though at a great loss to himself. His temperance principles would not permit him to make and sell liquid poison.

In 1836 the Whigs of the country took up this North Bend farmer as their candidate for President, and gave him seventy-three electoral votes, though he was defeated by Van Buren. He ran again in 1840, this campaign being the most original and spectacular in the history of the Presidency. Van Buren was again his opponent, and early in the campaign the *Baltimore Republican* made the slurring remark that if some one

would pension General Harrison with a few hundred dollars and give him a barrel of hard cider he would sit down in his log cabin and be content for the rest of his life.

The foolish slur proved the keynote of the campaign. Log cabins and hard cider were the ammunition of the Whigs. In every city and every village and at the country cross-roads log cabins were built and enough hard cider was drunk to float a battleship. Scores of campaign songs were written and sung, "Old Tippecanoe" being the burden. A disgusted Democrat said that from the opening of the canvass the whole Whig party went on a colossal spree on hard cider, which continued until Harrison was installed as President in the White House; he being triumphantly elected, with an electoral vote of two hundred and thirty-four against sixty for Van Buren.

Harrison was now sixty-eight years old, and was far from strong. He wore no hat or overcoat while delivering his inaugural address, and felt the effect of his imprudence, despite his long seasoning in hardships. To the weakening effect of the severe cold which he caught was added the persistent annoyance of office-seekers, who buzzed around him like pestilent bees and almost drove him frantic. The result of all this was an attack of pneumonia, and he died on the 4th of April, 1841, just one month after his inauguration. He was the first President to die in office, and an immense concourse attended his funeral, his remains being interred near his home at North Bend, Ohio.

SAMUEL HOUSTON, THE WINNER OF TEXAS INDEPENDENCE

THERE are few of us who have not read, with bounding pulses, the story of the heroic defence of the Alamo, and with bitter indignation of the martyrdom of the heroes by the base Santa Anna. This was a spirit-stirring episode in the history of the Texan struggle for independence, in which the leading figure was General Samuel Houston, or Sam Houston, as he preferred to be called. The story of this hero, which we have next to tell, was one full of the elements of romance. Half Indian and half American in his career, he ended by making himself famous in American history.

In the early days of the republic of the United States the wild region of Kentucky and Tennessee was the paradise of the hunter and the pioneer. Thither came hundreds of the strong, hardy, adventurous sons of the older settlements, and with them came a Virginia matron with her nine fatherless children, one of them, Samuel Houston, born near Lexington, Virginia, in 1793.

A daring, impulsive, roving fellow was young Houston. He was only thirteen when his mother settled in a new home on the banks of the Tennessee River, then the boundary between the frontiersmen and the savages. Beyond it lay the country of the Cherokee Indians, and among these the adventure-loving boy soon learned to rove. During much of his boyhood, indeed, he fairly lived with the redmen, learning their

language and falling into their ways of life. He lived among them in later years also, as we shall state farther on, and they grew to look upon him as one of their chiefs and leaders.

In this regard there is an interesting anecdote extant. In 1846, when Houston was in Washington as a member of Congress, a party of forty Cherokee braves was brought to that city by General Moorhead. These sons of the wilds looked about them with suspicion and distrust, but when their eyes fell upon Houston their expression changed. They ran to him, hugged him like bears in their brawny arms, and with high delight greeted him as "father."

Houston, as we have said, was a stirring and daring fellow, with a hand in all that was going on. When General Jackson called for volunteers in the war with the Creeks, he, then in his early manhood, joined the ranks, and was desperately wounded in the war that followed. He remained in the army until 1818, rising from private to second lieutenant, then left the army, studied law, and soon began to practice, making Nashville his home. To all appearance he had a quiet life before him, but the Fates decided otherwise.

The bright young lawyer rose rapidly in his profession, soon had a large practice, was elected district attorney, and in 1823 was chosen to represent his district in Congress. Four years he spent in Washington, as a national legislator, and made himself so popular in the State that in 1827, when thirty-four years of age, he was elected governor of Tennessee. His progress had been remarkably rapid; he had become one of the leading men in the State; he might aspire to any position; but now came an event that changed the

whole current of his life and sent him adrift as a wanderer among his old friends, the Indians.

The trouble came from marriage. He was by no means the first man who came into difficulty through getting a wife, but his was of a peculiar kind and led to a strange result. He married in 1829, his bride being Miss Eliza Allen, a young lady of excellent family and of the highest character. What was the trouble between the governor and his wife no one knew, but the union proved short and unhappy. In less than three months they separated. Society was filled with excitement. For a governor thus quickly to set aside his wife was unprecedented and stirred up the whole State. Reports of various kinds rose and spread. The people of the State divided into two parties, one for Governor Houston, the other for his wife, and popular feeling was highly strained. The lady's friends charged the governor with odious faults; his friends supported him as warmly; ignorance of the real cause of the separation trebled the excitement that prevailed.

Meanwhile Houston kept silent, not offering a denial of any calumny, not seeking to vindicate himself in any particular or permitting his friends to speak for him. Whatever the mystery, he would not permit a word to be said in his presence that cast a shadow on the lady's character. Silence was preserved on both sides, and the public was left to rumor and conjecture.

In the end, the situation grew so painful that Houston could bear it no longer. He determined to forsake the haunts of civilization and seek the wilderness. He resigned his office as governor and left the city for the forest, taking refuge among his old friends, the Cherokees. In his boyhood days, while a rover among

the Indian villages, their chief Oolooteka had become his warm friend and had adopted him as a son. This chief and his tribe were now dwelling in Arkansas. The old friendship had not died out. Though for more than ten years they had not met, tokens of kind feeling had passed between them, and when now the heartsick wanderer sought the wigwam of his redskin "father" he was greeted with the warmest welcome.

For the three years that followed the late governor lived the life of an Indian, dwelling in the villages of the tribe, going with them on their hunts, taking part in their councils, making himself one of them. He had cut loose from the life of the whites and it seemed as if he would never return to it again.

But during these years he kept in close touch with what was going on in the country to the south, that broad and fertile land of Texas, which was then an unquiet part of the republic of Mexico. Texas was an outlying section of the Spanish republic, in which few of the Mexicans had settled, and the almost unoccupied region proved a strong attraction to the neighboring Americans, numbers of whom crossed its borders and settled on its plains. By 1830 there were about twenty thousand American settlers on the fertile Texan soil.

These hot-blooded Southerners had no love for the Mexicans. They had not cut loose from allegiance to the starry flag, had no idea of submitting to the rule of the "greasers," as they contemptuously designated the Mexicans, and were in a state of chronic revolt. They rose in rebellion in 1832, fought with the Mexican troops, and drove them all out of the country.

This state of affairs appealed strongly to Houston, whose soldierly instincts were aroused. Like many of the Southerners, he had learned to detest the Mexicans,

and there now seemed an opportunity of winning that fine country, nearly all of whose people were Americans, for the United States. In this he was probably in accord with his old friend and leader, General Jackson, then at Washington as President, who is thought to have encouraged him in his desire to win new territory for the South and its institutions. At any rate, in December, 1832, Houston left the wigwam of Oolooteka and crossed the Texan border. He was the man that was needed. The settlers were fairly ripe for a warlike leader.

Texas was comparatively quiet during the two years that followed, but immigrants kept pouring over the border and the sentiment for independence grew daily. It was brought to a head by an order from the Mexican government, to the effect that all the people should be disarmed. This was like throwing fire into gunpowder. A company of Mexican soldiers was sent to the little town of Gonzales to remove a small brass six-pounder. Near the town a party of Texans met and put them to flight, killing several of them. This battle was called "the Lexington of Texas."

On all sides the Texans sprang to arms, and it was not long before all the Mexican troops were driven out of the country. They were few in number and were under weak leaders, while the Texans had arisen in their might, Houston chief among the men in arms. He knew well that there was a war before them that must be prepared for, and he was not mistaken, for Santa Anna himself, the President, or rather Dictator, of Mexico, a skilled and ruthless soldier, was quickly in the field, with an army of several thousand men.

Houston, who had been made commander-in-chief by the Texan patriots, hastened to dispose effectively

of the small force under his command. The town of Bexar, on the San Antonio River, was defended by a garrison of about one hundred and seventy-five men, under Colonel W. B. Travis. In his company was the renowned pioneer, David Crockett, the famous duellist, Colonel James Bowie, and other daring frontiersmen. At Goliad was a party of over four hundred, under Colonel Fannin. Houston was at Gonzales, with less than four hundred men under his immediate command.

Santa Anna crossed the Rio Grande early in 1836, and marched against the Texan volunteers. Bexar came first in his line of march. It was hopeless for the few men there to face his thousands, but not a man of them was ready to retreat. They took refuge in the Alamo, an old mission station near the town, surrounded by walls three feet thick and eight feet high. Within these walls were a stone church and several other buildings.

For two weeks the brave little garrison defended their fortress. Bombs and balls fell in showers within the walls and many of the defenders were slain, but the assailants suffered far more seriously. At length the Texans grew too few to defend the extended walls, over which on the morning of March 6th the Mexican stormers swarmed. Travis, Crockett, and the others left alive fought them like lions, but when the fight ended all still alive were massacred by Santa Anna's command.

A few days afterwards the cruel Mexicans appeared at Goliad and began a siege of that place. Colonel Fannin, knowing that he was too weak to defend it, and solemnly promised protection by Santa Anna, soon surrendered. The tigerish nature of the Mexican dictator was quickly revealed. False to his pledge, he

had his captives divided into several companies, marched a short distance out of town and shot down like dogs by the Mexican troops, not a man escaping. Santa Anna was garnering a harvest of wrath against himself.

These savage atrocities discouraged the patriots and Houston now found it difficult to gain recruits. The country was in a state of panic. Settlers abandoned their homes and fled in fright at the approach of the Mexicans. Houston's few hundred men were all that remained in arms and terror invaded even these, so that desertions were frequent. To gain time to fill his ranks he was forced to retreat, slowly falling back, watching the foe, and finally taking position on Buffalo Bayou, a deep and narrow stream flowing into the San Jacinto, about twenty miles southeast of the present city of Houston. Here he formed his lines and awaited the Mexicans, determined to make a desperate stand for his cause.

The Texans numbered less than seven hundred and fifty men. The Mexicans, who soon approached, were nearly eighteen hundred strong. But the patriots had heard of the bloody work at Goliad and the Alamo and were burning with indignation. "There's the enemy," said Houston: "do you wish to fight?"

"We do!" they roared in reply.

"Then bear in mind that it is for liberty or death; remember the *Alamo!*"

'At this moment a lieutenant galloped up, shouting, "I've cut down Vince's bridge."

Both armies had used this bridge in approaching. Houston had ordered its destruction, thus cutting off the main channel of escape for the vanquished. Like Cortez he had "burnt his ships behind him." Forward

the patriots marched until within sixty paces of the Mexican lines. Then a shower of balls greeted them, but with little harm, for the Mexicans had fired high. But one bullet struck General Houston's ankle, inflicting a very painful wound. Yet though bleeding and suffering he kept resolutely in his saddle till the end of the day.

The Texans reserved their fire and dashed on furiously, not firing a shot till they could deliver their volleys in the very faces of the foe. There was no time to reload, for they were on the war-path of vengeance, and they rushed forward, clubbing their rifles, for they had no bayonets. This fierce assault took the Mexicans by surprise and threw them into an instant panic. Falling on every side, they broke and fled, hotly pursued by the infuriated Texans. It was now half past four of April 21. The pursuit ended only with the shades of night, and not until the victory was complete. Of Houston's men only seven had been killed and twenty-three wounded. The Mexicans had six hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded, and more than seven hundred of the remainder, including Santa Anna himself, were made prisoners.

The victory of San Jacinto set Texas free. Houston was its hero and was hailed as the father of the young republic, which was organized into an independent nation, he being elected its first President. He was re-elected for a second term in 1841. He had married again in 1840, and lived very happily with his second wife, to whom he was deeply attached, often saying that to her he owed his chief honor and happiness. The secret cause of his separation from his first wife he never revealed.

Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845, an



Courtesy Harper & Bros.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO
From a painting by the Texan artist, S. Seymour, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1898

event which led to the war with Mexico. In this Houston took no part, but sought to avert it in the United States Senate, to which he had been elected. He was returned for a second term in 1853, and in 1859 was chosen governor of Texas. In the following year the secession excitement came on, a movement which he warmly deprecated, using argument and illustration in opposition. Thus while he was speaking on this subject at Galveston, he was interrupted by a restive horse, that tried to kick itself loose from its harness. "That fellow is trying a little practical secession," remarked the speaker, much to the amusement of his audience. Finally the horse quieted down and the teamster began beating it. "You see how secession works," said Houston dryly. After the beating, the teamster began to fasten the harness. "See the fix in which he is brought back into the Union," concluded the orator. By this time the audience was in a roar of laughter.

But all his efforts were in vain; the secession sentiment was too strong to combat. A Confederate State government was formed, to which he was bidden to take an oath of allegiance. This he declined to do and was deposed from office.

"It is perhaps meet that my career should close thus," said the old soldier. "I have seen the statesmen and patriots of my youth gathered to their fathers, and the government which they had reared rent in twain, and none like them are now left to reunite them again. I stand almost the last of a race who learned from them the lessons of human freedom."

In less than two years afterwards, on the 26th of July, 1863, he passed away.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, THE ROUGH AND READY OF BUENA VISTA

THERE were two leaders who won fame in the war with Mexico, General Scott, the tall, handsome, dignified soldier, and General Taylor, the short, dumpy, plain-faced fighter, blunt as a handspike and brave as a lion. "Old Rough and Ready" his men called him, and the name fitted him well, for he put on no more airs than the plainest man in the ranks. A faithful, kindly, true-hearted old fellow, who knew his work and did his duty, he was a success as a soldier, but it was a sad mistake to make a President of the rough old warrior.

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange County, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1784, but he lived there only a year, for his father and mother, with their three children, set out in 1785 to make a new home in Kentucky, a wild country, in which Daniel Boone was still hunting game and fighting Indians. The father, Colonel Richard Taylor, had been an able soldier in the Revolution, and had won admiration for courage and patriotism. He settled down on a farm near the present city of Louisville, built a rude cabin, and began to till the ground for a living.

There was not much chance there for education, and Zachary, as he grew up, got very little. He was a daring fellow, who feared neither wild beasts nor Indians, and when old enough he was eager to fight the latter, who were then making frequent attacks on the frontier settlers. Colonel Taylor had become a man

of influence in Kentucky, and seeing that his son wanted to be a soldier, he succeeded in getting him a commission as lieutenant in the United States army. His first service was in New Orleans, where in 1808 he was sent to join the army under General Wilkinson. General Scott, then Captain Scott, served there at the same time.

In 1812, when the war with Great Britain broke out, Taylor was promoted to the rank of captain, and sent to command an outpost station called Fort Harrison, on the Wabash River. General Harrison had built this fort before the battle of Tippecanoe; it consisted of a row of log huts surrounded by high pickets and with a block-house at each end. The garrison was no more than fifty men.

Fort Harrison was in the heart of the Indian country and Captain Taylor needed to be very vigilant, especially as about two-thirds of his men were on the sick list. One night a large body of Indians crept stealthily up and tried to surprise the fort, but Taylor was on the alert and was not taken unawares. The first attack repulsed, the savages set fire to a hut containing a large store of whiskey, the mounting flames lighting up the scene like the light of day. The savages, excited by the flames, again attacked the fort viciously, but the garrison, invalids and all, fought with splendid courage the whole night through. At six the next morning the enraged assailants withdrew in savage disappointment.

Captain Taylor did other work on the frontier during the war, and was promoted major, but after the war, indignant at being reduced to the rank of captain again, he left the army. He was not long out, the army was his true home, and in the years that followed

he was again employed against the Indians. In 1832 he took part in the Black Hawk War in Illinois, and in 1837, now with the rank of colonel, was ordered to Florida, where the Seminole Indians were giving the Government no little trouble.

The cause of this war was the attempt to make the Seminoles give up their old home in Florida and move to a new region in the West. This they resisted bitterly, and under their celebrated chief Osceola gave the white soldiers no little trouble. The daring chief defeated several detachments that were sent against him, but he met his match in Colonel Taylor. The Indians had been badly treated by the whites and the honest soldier did not relish the work given him. But he had his orders and it was his duty to obey. A soldier may think what he pleases but he must do what he is told.

The Seminoles were hard to get at. The swamps of Florida were their place of refuge, to which they could retire when attacked and from which they could break out suddenly on marching parties of soldiers. Taylor saw at once that the only way to deal with them was to invade the swamps and follow them to their strongholds. The country was devoid of roads and paths and in a state of utter wildness, and the little army of one thousand men had to make its own road as it advanced, cutting down trees, clearing the under-brush, wading across shallow streams, bridging wider ones, and sleeping on the wet ground. They had to carry their own provisions and were often confronted with the greatest difficulties.

Their chief trouble was to find the Indians. This wilderness was the native home of the Seminoles and they could traverse it like so many deer. For nearly

one hundred and fifty miles Taylor's men hewed their way through the thicket and forest, and at length found the Indians in force in a fort which they had built on an island in the swampy region around Lake Okeechobee. The soldiers sought to take the fort by storm, but the Seminoles held their works with the courage of desperation and drove back the assailants. The stronghold was finally taken by an attack on another side, many of the Indians being killed and the remainder surrendering. This battle took place on Christmas Day, 1837. The Indians captured were sent west, but those still in the swamp kept up the war for years later.

This victory won Taylor the rank of brigadier-general. He spent two years more in Florida, and then was put in charge of the department of the Southwest, which included the States of Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. He had married long before and now bought a plantation near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and moved his family there from the North. For the first time in years he had a settled home, and lived in peace and home comfort in that southern country for nearly five years.

It was the trouble between the United States and Mexico over our new State of Texas that called General Taylor again into duty as a soldier. There was a wide belt of unsettled country between the Rio Grande and Nueces Rivers which both countries claimed. Taylor received orders to protect Texas from invasion, and sailed for Corpus Christi, in Texas, where he gathered a force of four thousand regular soldiers. It was the purpose of President Polk to have Taylor occupy the disputed territory. But the old soldier knew this would bring on a war and did

not care to make himself responsible for such a result. So he held back until direct orders came from Washington in March, 1846, when he at once marched to the Rio Grande, and built Fort Brown opposite the Mexican town of Matamoros.

The expected consequences followed. The Mexicans ordered Taylor to retire, and when he refused they crossed the Rio Grande to drive him out. They soon found that they had the wrong man to deal with. Two small fights followed on the 8th and 9th of May, in both of which the Mexicans were defeated, and when they retreated across the river Taylor followed and seized the town of Matamoros. Congress had voted him its thanks and made him a major-general for the two victories he had won.

President Polk, who wanted war, had hastened to declare that American soil had been invaded and to call for volunteers. But it was September before any of these reached Taylor and made him strong enough to march into the country of the enemy. As soon as the men reached him he advanced to Monterey, a strongly fortified and garrisoned Mexican town. The struggle here was a severe one. After forcing the walls, the Americans found the streets so strongly defended that they had to enter the houses and break a passage through from house to house until the centre square was reached. This done, the Mexicans retreated, leaving the town in Taylor's hands.

Another long and vain wait for troops followed, lasting seven weeks, when Taylor, weary of waiting, again advanced and on December 2 occupied the city of Victoria. He was now in a dangerous situation, having marched far from the frontier and having a long line of communication to defend with a meagre

force. He waited still for reinforcements that did not come. The administration at Washington was jealous of him for political reasons and held back troops until in the end he was obliged to fall back upon Monterey. During this reverse movement his regulars were taken from him to join the new expedition under General Scott, leaving him only five thousand volunteers.

The politicians at Washington had put Taylor in a position of the greatest danger. Santa Anna, Mexico's ablest general, had learned of Taylor's weakened condition and advanced against him with a force of more than twenty thousand regular troops. Marching with the utmost haste, he overtook the small American force near the mountain pass of Buena Vista, where Taylor, brought to bay, selected a strong position and stationed his men and guns to the greatest advantage.

Clouds of dust soon revealed the coming of the Mexicans, and Santa Anna, confident in his numbers, sent a staff-officer with a flag of truce demanding a surrender.

"General Taylor never surrenders," was the blunt answer the veteran sent back.

Then, mounted on his favorite white horse and in the rusty uniform he usually wore, he rode along the ranks and said to his men: "Soldiers, I intend to remain here, not only as long as a man remains, but as long as a piece of a man is left."

The battle that followed was a long and fierce one, the mountain defiles reverberating with the roar of artillery and volleys of musketry, and with the thunder of hoofs as the clouds of Mexican cavalry rushed upon the thin American lines. But the volunteers held their ground bravely.

"Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg," was Taylor's famous order to a captain of artillery at a critical moment in the battle, and the torrent of grape-shot hurled the Mexicans back in dismay.

The struggle was fierce and hotly contested, but in the end Taylor won. Over seven hundred of the Americans had been killed or wounded, but the Mexican loss was nearly three times as great, and Santa Anna was glad to withdraw with his shattered troops. He had cornered old "Rough and Ready" but had found him prepared to fight like a bulldog for his ground. This battle was fought on the 22d of February, 1847, the anniversary of Washington's birth.

The news of Taylor's victory at Buena Vista was received with the wildest enthusiasm in the United States. Taylor was praised as one of the greatest soldiers and became the most popular man in the country. There was something spectacular in his dogged stand against his foe and the hurling back of a force four times his numbers. The sobriquet of "Rough and Ready" given him by his soldiers endeared him to the masses, and when he returned home in the following November he was received like a Roman general returning to a Triumph.

Taylor was a Whig in politics, which had been the reason of the opposition to him of the Democratic Polk administration. In June, 1848, when the Whig nominating convention was held, the leaders took advantage of his popularity and nominated him for President. In the November election that followed he was triumphantly elected over two opponents. General Harrison, an old soldier, had been the first Whig President; General Taylor, another old soldier, was the second and last.

The whole business was an error, and Taylor was made a victim of his political supporters. He was a good soldier, but not fit to be a President, as he himself declared. His education had been very little, his life had been spent in the army, and he had not cast a vote for nearly forty years. He knew almost nothing of history or of international affairs. Statesmanship was an unknown field to him, and the burden of his new duties was too heavy for him to bear. There were friends ready to write his speeches and prepare his public documents, yet the persistence of office-seekers, the slavery quarrel then going on in Congress, the weight of public duties, worried him greatly, and probably hastened his death. As President he had the welfare of the country at heart, but his term was not long, for after he had been in office little over a year, a severe cold led to a fatal sickness, and he died July 5, 1850.

Thus the kindly and faithful old soldier laid down the burden of life in the President's chair as another old soldier had done nine years before. They were both made the victims of political self-seekers, borne down with the weight of duties for which Nature had not intended them.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, FIRST COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

AFTER the disastrous battle of Bull Run, the first great engagement in the Civil War, when the frightened officials at Washington looked anxiously around for some man suitable to take command of the beaten and disorganized army, they selected the general who had been winning brilliant successes in Western Virginia, George Brinton McClellan, the only man who had yet made his mark in the war.

They could not have done better under the circumstances, for McClellan thoroughly knew the art of making soldiers out of raw material, and nothing at that time was more needed. It was in July, 1861, that he took hold, and before the year ended he had so fully drilled, equipped, and organized the broken troops that he had under his command a well-disciplined body of soldiers made out of an untrained mob of militia. He had also won the love and admiration of his men to an extent not attained by any other general in the war, for he possessed in a high degree the power of inspiring those around him with such feelings, and no man who served under McClellan ever lost his esteem for "Little Mac," as they loved to call him. On the 1st of November, when the veteran General Scott gave up his post as commander-in-chief of the armies, General McClellan was appointed to take his place. He had reached the highest military command the Government had to give.

George B. McClellan was at that time thirty-four years of age, having been born in Philadelphia, December 3, 1826. The son of a distinguished physician, he received a civil education in the University of Pennsylvania and a military one at West Point, where he graduated in 1846 and was made a second lieutenant of engineers. His services were quickly called for on the field of battle, for the war with Mexico was going on and General Taylor was leading his men to victory.

In 1847 he was in Scott's army in its advance from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico and served gallantly in the battles fought by it, winning promotion to the rank of captain for his services in the battles around the Mexican capital.

Some years later, while the Crimean War was going on in Europe, the United States sent a military commission to the seat of war, to study the organization of European armies. McClellan was on the commission, and on his return in 1856 made a valuable report on what he had seen and learned. The next year he resigned from the army for engineering work of a different kind, being appointed chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Such was the work on which McClellan was engaged when the tocsin of war again sounded and armies began to gather, not for battle in foreign lands, but to fight one another upon our own soil. He was then president of a section of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, but at once joined the Army of the North as major-general of Ohio volunteers and was quickly at work in Western Virginia, where in July he won victories at Rich Mountain and Cheat River, saving that region from the Confederacy, to become soon a new State of the Union.

In the midst of his victories he was called to a broader field of duty, that of commanding the beaten and fugitive Army of the Potomac. The labor of drilling and organizing the new recruits went on slowly, until the authorities at Washington grew so impatient that in January, 1862, President Lincoln ordered a general advance of all armies, to begin on the 22d of February. Secretary of War Stanton was especially eager and was constantly urging a forward movement. The general's slowness exasperated him. His opinion of him was thus expressed on a later occasion: "Give McClellan a million men and he will swear the enemy has two million, and will sit down in the mud and yell for three million."

McClellan was no longer commander-in-chief, but only in command of the Army of the Potomac, when on the 10th of March he began the movement ordered, transporting his army down the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay to the peninsula between the York and James Rivers. Here he spent about a month besieging Yorktown, which was evacuated as soon as a movement on it in force was made. There followed a brief fight at Williamsburg, and soon afterwards the Chickahominy, the stream which flows north of Richmond, was reached and crossed by part of the army, rains swelling it so that the remainder could not cross. General Johnston, then in command of the Confederate forces, took advantage of this separation of the Union forces, and made a sharp attack at Fair Oaks on the 31st of May. A severe battle ensued, but reinforcements saved the day for the Union army and Johnston was repulsed, after receiving a disabling wound. General Robert E. Lee was appointed to replace him.

For several weeks afterwards the army lay inactive in the swamps of the Chickahominy, losing more men by sickness than might have been lost in a battle. McClellan continued to demand more men, and especially asked for McDowell's forces, which covered Washington. As the authorities feared to expose the capital, these were not given him. On the 26th of June the new Confederate commander forced the fighting, making a sharp and sudden attack on the troops at Mechanicsburg and driving them back on the remainder of the army. Thus began the memorable seven days' battle. Lee had adroitly withdrawn Stonewall Jackson's division from the Shenandoah Valley and with its aid made a series of furious attacks, rolling the Union army back until it took a stand on the strong position of Malvern Hill, where it made a gallant defence, defeating Lee with heavy loss.

Many of the officers thought that now was the time to advance, claiming that, by taking advantage of the confusion and disorganization in the Confederate ranks, Richmond could easily be captured. General McClellan did not share in this view. He held that the men were in no condition for an offensive movement, that he must gain a place of safety, and the only use he made of the victory was to continue his retreat to Harrison's Landing on the James River, where the army was intrenched. The campaign against Richmond was for the time abandoned.

McClellan in bitter terms charged the administration with his defeat. He wrote to Secretary Stanton: "If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you nor to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

It soon became evident that the administration did not agree with him, and that he had lost its confidence. No new reinforcements were sent him, but a strong army was gathered in front of Washington, under command of General Pope, who had been doing some good work in the West, and was thought to have the aggressive qualities that were wanted. Lee was alert. He saw that the Union forces were divided and took advantage of McClellan's inaction to launch Jackson, with a strong force, upon Pope's army. In quick alarm the officials at Washington sent peremptory orders to McClellan to move his forces in all haste to Washington.

A retrograde movement at once began; but as soon as the alert Lee saw what was being done, he marched in haste to Jackson's support. His great lieutenant had already been victorious over Pope and the aid of Lee enabled the Confederates to deal the Western general a crushing blow. It might have been more disastrous still but for the fact that McClellan's advance had already reached Washington and was in position to cover the retreat. General Lee, seeing that Washington was secure against capture, and also that Richmond was for the time safe from attack, now made a new and threatening movement, invading Maryland, with the hope of gaining recruits in that semi-southern State.

In this dilemma the Government turned again to McClellan, as the one general to be trusted in an emergency. He was placed in command of Pope's army in addition to his own and ordered to check the invasion. The soldiers were filled with joy when they heard that "Little Mac," their favorite, was again in command. New hope filled their hearts and they followed their old

commander with confidence as he led the way to Maryland in rapid pursuit of Lee.

The first encounter of the hostile forces took place on the 14th of September, at a pass in South Mountain. McClellan was victorious and continued his hasty pursuit of Lee, who, seeing his foe so sharply on his track, was making a rapid movement of concentration at Antietam, on the western Potomac. Here the two armies came into contact on the 16th and one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought, continuing for two days. This has often been called a drawn battle, but Lee's retreat across the Potomac stamps it as a victory for McClellan, though, as he maintained, his men were in no condition to pursue.

The army had lost more than 11,000 men in the battle. The soldiers needed supplies of all kinds, mostly clothing. Their shoes were in such a condition that they were quite unfit for marching. Supplies were urgently demanded, but the shoes and clothing, so badly needed, did not come. It is said that, through some mistake, they were given to the troops around Washington and not sent where most needed. That such an error could take place under such circumstances seems incredible, but worse blunders than this are not unknown in war.

There were those at the time, bitter critics of McClellan, who said that Lee's army was more ragged and barefooted than his, and that if they could retreat, he could follow. However that be, he did not, and it is to be presumed that McClellan knew better the state of his army than the paper generals at home. It is now known that he had no authority to make an offensive movement into Virginia. He himself declared that he fought the battle of Antietam "with a rope around

his neck," indicating that a defeat might have brought him a severe punishment. Victory has saved more than one general from the rope.

What we know is that the Union army lay in its camp on the Potomac for more than a month, then the river was crossed and an advance made on Warrenton, Virginia. Here came a further delay, McClellan apparently deliberately preparing for battle, while Stanton and Halleck, then commander-in-chief, fretted and fumed. President Lincoln also shared in their dissatisfaction, and on the 7th of November, when McClellan had about finished his preparations for a battle with Lee, a messenger from Washington reached his camp with orders relieving him from command. He was bidden to turn over the army to General Burnside, which he quietly did, and prepared to "repair to Trenton, New Jersey," as ordered.

The news of his dismissal aroused intense indignation in the army. We are told that the men were ripe for a revolt, and that some officers advised him to march upon Washington, turn out the Government, and make himself dictator. If any such foolish counsel was given it was not obeyed. McClellan went to Trenton, as ordered, and his military career came to an end, he taking no further part in the war.

He was severely criticised, though the temperate judgment of history has placed his conduct in a better light. If he had made many enemies, he had a host of friends, and when, in 1864, the time for the next Presidential election came round, he was placed in nomination against Lincoln, as the candidate of the War Democrats. Though his chance for an election was very small, he received a popular vote of 1,800,000 against 2,200,000 for Lincoln.

The war feeling has long since passed away and though McClellan is not classed among the world's great commanders, he has won a place among the leading generals of the war. He could fight well when he had to, but deliberation and over-caution seem to have been his bane. The Confederate commanders appreciated his abilities, and it is said that when Lee was crossing the Potomac into Maryland, one of his officers saw him, with knotted brow and serious look, reading a despatch.

"What is the news?" he ventured to inquire.

"The worst news possible," was the grave reply.
"McClellan is in command again."

McClellan resigned his commission as major-general November 8, 1864, and made a long visit to Europe, remaining there till 1868. After his return he was appointed superintendent of docks and piers in New York City, holding this position till 1872. He was elected governor of New Jersey in 1877, and in 1881 was appointed by Congress on the Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Soldiers. Many tempting business offers and invitations to accept the presidency of colleges were made him, but he declined them all.

It is difficult to find a man in military history, beside the first Napoleon, who equalled him in personal magnetism over his men. They fairly made an idol of him, and would obey him when all other control failed. As a student of military history and tactics he had no superior, and as a man he was of irreproachable character. He died at his home in Orange, New Jersey, October 28, 1885.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNION

DURING the six years preceding 1861 a poor Illinois farmer, with a wife and two children and without trade or profession, was doing his best to make both ends meet and was succeeding very poorly. He worked hard. He raised wheat and potatoes, cut the trees on his farm into cordwood, and tried to sell this in St. Louis. Finding that this did not pay, he tried auctioneering, bill collecting, real estate dealing, but all to no purpose. Then, deeming himself a failure as a business man, he went to work in his father's leather and saddlery establishment, at Galena, Illinois.

He was not a failure. He was simply a good man out of place. In the next four years he made himself a phenomenal success, for this poor farmer and incapable business man was Ulysses Simpson Grant, the famous commander-in-chief of the Union armies in the Civil War, who is acknowledged as one of the greatest military men of modern times.

Soldiery was not a new business for Grant. He had been a soldier before he was a farmer, but had made no special mark. He was then only a minor officer and had no chance to show what was in him. He needed a broad field and a fair opportunity, and they came.

Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. His father obtained him admission to the West Point Military Academy, where he did not especially shine, though he got the credit of being a fine horse-

man. Yet one, at least, of his teachers must have seen a good promise in the young man, for he said, "If the country ever hears of any of these students, it will be of young Grant."

He graduated at the age of twenty-one and was made brevet second lieutenant in a regiment stationed in Missouri. Two years later came the Mexican War and with it a chance for active service. This he gained in Texas under General Taylor, and later in Mexico under General Scott, distinguishing himself in several battles. At Chapultepec he was in the line of skirmishers that led the attack, and showed a courage and alertness that won him praise from Colonel Garland and promotion to the rank of first lieutenant. Discovering a church that commanded the rear of the gate to San Cosme, he broke into it with a few soldiers, carried a mountain howitzer into the steeple, and opened a disastrous fire on the defenders of the gate. This act was further rewarded in 1850 with the brevet rank of captain.

Four years later, after serving at several stations, Grant grew tired of the monotony of barrack life and resigned. He had married Miss Julia T. Dent in 1848, and now entered upon the difficult work of making a living above spoken of. He was clerking in the leather store when the tocsin of war again sounded and President Lincoln called for volunteers. Grant was among the first to offer his services, but by no means the first to be accepted. His modesty stood in the way and he held back while civilian generals, home-guard soldiers, were pressing to the front in the line of promotion.

A meeting was called at Galena on the night of the President's proclamation, April 15, 1861, and Grant, being known for a West Pointer, was called upon to

preside. This was a kind of work in which he had no experience. He was too modest to make a good talker and had some trouble to get through. A company was raised on the spot. The members wished him for their captain, but he declined, though he promised to help them all he could.

Doubtless he felt, when colonels and generals were being made from raw material on all sides, that his experience fitted him for a higher position than that of captain of volunteers. But no notice was taken of the offer of his services to the Government; he went to Cincinnati and tried to get on the staff of General McClellan, but failed; for some time he was engaged in the machine work of mustering in the State's quota of volunteers; finally Governor Yates rewarded him for his efficiency in this by making him colonel of the Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers. Thus only with difficulty did the man who was to prove the ablest of all succeed in getting into the service at all.

On August 1, 1861, Grant was raised to the rank of brigadier-general and put in command of the district of Southeast Missouri. The Confederates were astir and in November he had a fight with them at Belmont, Missouri, which he captured after four hours' hard fighting. Soon afterwards the enemy received reinforcements and Grant's small force was in danger of being cut off.

"We are surrounded!" cried the men.

"Well," said Grant, with grim determination, "we must cut our way out then, as we cut our way in." They fought their way back to the boats, which Grant was the last to enter, and made their way out of the ugly situation.

Grant's district was soon after increased, so as to

include all that part of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River. In this section were two Confederate strongholds, Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. His military judgment told him that these forts ought to be and could be taken, but he had difficulty in getting the consent of General Halleck, his superior officer, to proceed against them. No time was lost after the consent was given. A fleet of iron-clad gunboats, under Commodore Foote, took part in the expedition, and so effectively that it captured Fort Henry by the time Grant reached it. He immediately marched against Fort Donelson, where there was a garrison of twenty thousand men, under Buckner and other generals. The gunboats went round by the Ohio to join in the assault.

For three days Grant, aided by Foote, kept up a close siege, extending his lines so as to cut off escape, and repelling every attack; then Buckner, finding that his case was hopeless, sent out a flag of truce to ask for terms of surrender. Grant's reply was brief, stern and to the point:

"No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

That settled it; Buckner immediately surrendered. Fifteen thousand men, three thousand horses, and a great quantity of arms and military stores were captured. The country was electrified by the news. It was the first great victory for the North. U. S. Grant was said by the people to mean "Unconditional Surrender Grant," and he sprang at once from comparative obscurity into a popular hero of the war. Grant was never again left out of sight. The eyes of the whole nation followed his every move. The Govern-

ment rewarded him by making him a major-general.

Donelson was taken in February, 1862. In April Grant was at Shiloh, on the Tennessee River, where, on the 6th, he was attacked by surprise by Albert Sydney Johnston and came seriously near a disastrous defeat. All day Sunday the battle raged, several thousand Union prisoners were taken, and Grant's army was driven back a mile from its first position. The night that followed was one of gloom to the army. The brave Johnston had fallen, but he had left able leaders behind. Grant was one of the few whose spirit was unshaken. When he came to his tent that evening he said to his staff:

"Well, it was tough work to-day, but we will beat them out of their boots to-morrow."

His cool composure and stirring words were like a breath of balm to the weary and depressed officers, who now saw that they had a fighter at their head.

He kept his word. Reinforcements under Buell came up during the night and the next day the battle was resumed as hotly as before. It ended in the Confederates being broken and driven back. Nightfall found Grant and his army in possession of the field and the enemy in full retreat. It was the first great field fight of the war, and Grant was again a victor. His stock was rising fast. He had proved himself, as his wife once said of him, "a very obstinate man."

Little of importance was done in the West during the remainder of 1862, but when the spring of the next year opened Grant began active operations against the strong Confederate post at Vicksburg, a fortified town on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi. How to capture it, and by so doing open the great

river to Union gunboats, was the problem he had long in mind. For eight months he worked at it. Sherman made an attack on it and failed. He could not get at it in the rear; he could not attack it in front; swamps and bayous defended it; he tried to get at it by cutting a canal across a bend of the river, but a storm spoiled his work; great numbers of his men were sick, and many of them died; there was a clamor at Washington to have Grant removed, but the President, who had faith in him, refused, determined that this persistent fighter should have his chance.

In the end Grant determined to attack Vicksburg from below. On a dark night in the spring of 1863 the gunboats ran past the batteries. Then the army marched down the west shore of the river, crossed it below the city, and was at length in the rear of the stronghold, having cut loose from all communications. A series of battles followed, in all of which Grant was successful. General Pemberton was driven back into Vicksburg, his supplies were cut off, and the place was besieged. For two months the siege was kept up. Several attacks were made, with much loss of life and little gain, but the grim besieger never let go his hold and fought off the enemy in his rear. In the end famine came to his aid. The garrison and the people were starving. At length, on the 3d of July, 1863, Pemberton asked for terms, and on the 4th surrendered his whole army, thirty thousand strong. It was the day of Lee's retreat from Gettysburg and the North was in exultation. The general feeling was that the backbone of the Confederacy was broken. Yet its broken backbone did not prevent it from keeping up the fight for nearly two years more.

The two years of war through which the country

had passed had taught President Lincoln and his advisers one thing: that they had one general who could conduct campaigns and win battles. When some fault-finders complained to the President that Grant drank too much whiskey, that long-headed humorist replied that he wished he knew what brand of whiskey General Grant used, as he would like to send some of the same brand to the other Union generals.

Grant had been major-general of volunteers. He was now raised to the same rank in the regular army, and in October, 1863, was given command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, having under him such able commanders as Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, and Burnside. The point of interest was now the town of Chattanooga, in the valley of the Tennessee River, where this stream bends down into Alabama. Here in September the Union armies had been badly beaten in the hard-fought battle of Chickamauga, and General Thomas was now in Chattanooga, hemmed in by the Confederate forces, with his men and horses in danger of starvation. Overlooking the town is the lofty Lookout Mountain, two thousand feet high, and two miles eastward rises Missionary Ridge, five hundred feet high. General Bragg, with the victorious Confederate army, held both these positions, which were strongly fortified.

Grant lost no time. He had been hurt by a fall from his horse, but as soon as he could get out of bed he set out for East Tennessee, telegraphing to General Thomas from Nashville: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible."

Thomas's answer showed the type of man he was: "We will hold the town till we starve."

Grant's work was prompt and decisive. He put new spirit into the men by the quickness with which he broke Bragg's hold on the river and opened the way for supplies. In a month after his arrival he had everything ready and then he launched his army against Bragg's mountain posts. On November 24 was fought the "battle above the clouds" and Look-out Mountain was taken. On the 25th Grant's men charged up the face of Missionary Ridge, swarmed into the strong Confederate works at the summit, and drove out Bragg's army, capturing many prisoners and guns. Since the war began up to this time Grant had taken about ninety thousand prisoners and nearly five hundred guns.

It was evident to the whole country by this time that a great soldier had come in Ulysses S. Grant. "Grant is the first *general* I've had," said the President. "He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know and don't want to know; I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without asking me to be the general as well as the President."

The demand of the country now was that Grant should be made commander-in-chief of all the Union armies, and this demand President Lincoln was very glad to accept. He was promoted lieutenant-general, a rank which only General Scott had borne before him, and on the 12th of March, 1864, he was appointed commander-in-chief. He had work cut out for him. Hitherto he had not met in battle the greatest of the Confederate commanders, Robert E. Lee. Since the battle of Gettysburg the two armies in Virginia had been facing each other, Lee on the defensive, Meade moving up and down, hesitating to strike.

Grant did not hesitate. He took hold with vim.

Sherman was put in command at Chattanooga, with orders to march upon Atlanta. He took command himself in Virginia, with Richmond for his goal. On May 3 the advance began. There was no going around by water now; his course lay straight forward over all obstacles of men and nature. In General Lee he had an opponent such as he had not yet met, and nothing but the policy of "hammering away" would answer. On May 5 and 6 was fought the terrible battle of the Wilderness. As Grant could not drive Lee from his ground, he marched around his flank and went on, leaving Lee to do what he pleased.

Lee faced him again at Spottsylvania and here fighting continued, with intervals of cessation, for five days, a whole Confederate division being captured on the 12th. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," read Grant's famous telegram.

Thus it went on, a second flank movement and a battle at North Anna; a third flank movement and a battle at Cold Harbor, in which Grant's men were terribly slaughtered. But still he went straight on, crossed the James River on June 14 and 15, and began the long-continued siege of Petersburg. He might fairly have been called "Grant the Hammerer."

"The great thing about Grant," said the President, "is his cool persistency. He is not easily excited and has the grip of a bulldog when he once gets his teeth in; nothing can shake him off."

"I think there is no doubt that Grant is retreating," said General Gordon to Lee, during a pause in the battle of the Wilderness.

"You are mistaken," said Lee, shaking his head. "Grant is not a *retreating* man."

There were no wasted days in the siege of Peters-

burg. Lee tried his old tactics of a threatening move upon Washington, but Grant sent Sheridan to deal with Early and kept on. Not only "all summer," but all winter and into the next spring, the siege continued. At length, on the 1st of April, 1865, the steady pressure won. The fort at Five Forks was taken, with five thousand prisoners. On the 2d the works of Petersburg gave way and other thousands were taken. That night Lee began his last retreat. On the 7th he was rounded up at Appomattox. On the 9th he surrendered. The war was at an end and Grant was hailed as the great hero of the North.

A noble-hearted man, he proved a generous victor. Officers and men of the Confederate army were paroled, the officers being allowed to retain their side arms, baggage and horses, and the cavalry, with generous consideration, being given their horses, that they might use them for the spring plowing. "The United States does not need the horses," said Grant, "and these men, most of whom are small farmers, do." They had ceased to fight; they needed to live; every man who claimed to own a horse or mule was allowed to take it and no questions were asked.

Whatever we may say or think about the ethics of war, a great soldier is always the world's hero, and such was General Grant—the more so as he had fought, not for ambition and power, but to preserve the unity of a great country. Such proved to be the case when he made the tour of the world in 1877, his journey being a continual ovation of the nations from its start to its close.

In 1866 Congress revived the grade of "general of the army" and Grant was appointed to that high position. He served as secretary of war for a few months

in 1867 under President Johnson, and in 1868 was nominated as the Republican candidate for President. The last words of his letter accepting this nomination were, "Let us have peace," and this phrase became the watchword of the campaign. He was elected by two hundred and fourteen against eighty electoral votes. In 1872 he was again a candidate, and this time received two hundred and eighty-six against sixty-three electoral votes.

Grant was a soldier, not a statesman, and like the great soldiers who had been elected to the Presidency before him there were mistakes in his administration. His loyalty to his friends made him refuse to believe anything that was said against them and some shrewd and dishonest politicians traded upon this and brought his management of affairs into disrepute. His trust in his friends led to serious personal disaster in his later life. After his two years' triumphal journey round the world, where people flocked to see and honor him as if he had been a Napoleon or a Cæsar, he settled in New York, and at the solicitation of his son joined the brokerage firm of Ward & Fisk and put all his savings into it.

Grant's trust in his partners was such that he paid no attention to their operations. The business seemed so prosperous and such glowing statements were made that he grew to believe himself worth a million dollars. A sudden exposure came in May, 1884. Ward absconded and the business proved to be ruined. Grant had been used as a decoy by the swindler. Only a few days before, at Ward's suggestion, he had borrowed one hundred thousand dollars from William H. Vanderbilt. All was gone, his money, his house, and, as he thought, his honor. But it was soon proved

A. J. Shewell



LAST BATTLE-LINE OF LEE'S ARMY.

that he was a victim, not a culprit. He had been deceived by villains. A great success as a soldier, his whole private life proved him unfitted to be a man of business.

His only hope of making provision for his family was by the writing of his "Memoirs," which he was assured would have an enormous sale. But a new trouble came upon him. A pain in his throat developed into a cancer, and he went on with the work under intense physical torment. His one comfort during this suffering was that Congress passed a bill placing him on the retired list of the army, an act which taught him that the act of his villainous partner had not ruined his reputation and that his good name and fame were secured. He had barely time to write the last page of his work when, on the 23d of July, 1885, death came to relieve him of his agony.

The body of the great soldier was interred, after a funeral pageant such as had never before been seen in America, in a noble mausoleum at Riverside Park, New York, which has ever since been a place of pilgrimage for his admiring countrymen.

ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES

THE Lee family long played an important part in Virginia and in the country at large. While the Washingtons gave us one great name, the Lees were prolific in names of prominence. Three leading members of the family date from Revolutionary times, Richard Henry Lee, who had the honor of offering the resolution in Congress that led to the Declaration of Independence; Henry Lee, the "Light-Horse Harry" of the patriotic army, and the eulogist of Washington, author of the famous "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" and Arthur Lee, who was Franklin's fellow-envoy in obtaining the treaty of alliance with France. Another, Francis Lightfoot Lee, joined his brother, Richard Henry, in signing the Declaration of Independence.

In the Civil War there were three generals of the Lee family, one of them, Robert Edward Lee, being one of the greatest soldiers our country has known, as well as one of its greatest and most pure-minded men. The son of the famous "Light-Horse Harry," he was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 19th of January, 1807, being fifteen years older than his great antagonist, General Grant.

Lee was entered as a cadet at West Point and graduated at the head of his class in 1829. Appointed lieutenant in a corps of engineers, he was engaged for a number of years in harbor and fortress and other

engineering work, being made captain in 1838. He married in 1832 the daughter of George Washington Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and with her obtained the Arlington House on the Potomac opposite Washington.

Lee's first field service came in the Mexican War, where he was chief engineer of General Scott's army and won high honor by his superior ability. The capture of Vera Cruz was said by Scott to be due to Captain Lee's skill. In the operations around the City of Mexico there was no better or braver man, and once, when wounded at Chapultepec, he kept steadily at his work until he fainted from the effect of his wound. Scott admired him so much that he made him his warm personal friend, and at the end of the war he held the brevet rank of colonel. We are told that one day, while a party of officers were enjoying their wine in the City of Mexico, some one proposed the health of Lee, the brave engineer who had found the way for them into the city. On looking round for him he was not to be seen, and the man sent for him found him hard at work over a map which he could not be persuaded to leave to join the wassailers. Duty with him came first; pleasure last, if at all.

The war ended, he was variously engaged. For three years he was superintendent at West Point. Then he went to Texas as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment. He lived quietly at home for two years before the Civil War, and when the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry was made in 1859 Lee was sent there with a body of troops. He battered down the door of the engine house, in which Brown and the other raiders were intrenched, captured them and turned them over to the authorities.

In 1861 he was for a time in doubt what course to pursue. He did not approve of the secession movement in the States, but the feeling of State loyalty was strong in him, as it was generally in the South, and when Virginia seceded he deemed it his duty to join her. General Scott and others urged him to remain in the Union but he could not be persuaded. He wrote to his sister: "With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my position in the army and, save in defence of my native State, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

His sword once drawn, no evidence of a divided feeling of allegiance was shown in Lee's conduct. He fought for the South with the earnestness and energy of a patriot defending his home and his native land. He had been appointed a colonel of cavalry in the United States army in March, 1861. On the 20th of April he resigned his commission, and was immediately appointed by the authorities at Richmond major-general of all the forces under their control. In July his rank was fixed as brigadier-general in the Confederate army. As such he was at first opposed to General Rosecrans in western Virginia, and then was sent south, where he planned the defences of the South Carolina coast. These proved impregnable until the march of Sherman's army in 1865.

Lee continued in a subordinate position until the wounding of General Johnston at Fair Oaks in June, 1862, when he was given chief command of the army defending Richmond, the Confederate capital. He was not long in demonstrating that a new hand was at

the helm. Calling upon "Stonewall" Jackson to join him from the Shenandoah Valley, on the 26th of June he attacked the forces of General McClellan at Mechanicsville with such force and vigor that they were driven back in dismay. Day after day the attack was repeated, McClellan retreating from point to point, until July 1, when he made a stand in a strong position on Malvern Hill and repulsed Lee with heavy loss. But the desperate fighting had continued for a whole week, thousands had fallen on the blood-stained field, the Union commander had the fight taken out of him and continued to retreat to the James River, intrenching himself against his dashing antagonist.

Lee now made a very daring move. Feeling safe against danger from McClellan, he sent Jackson north to deal with the army which had been gathered under General Pope in front of Washington. As soon as the alarmed Union authorities saw this they recalled McClellan in haste to Washington and the Union forces began to return. Lee at once took advantage of this opportunity, cut loose from Richmond, marched hastily north, and joined Jackson, then fiercely battling with Pope. The result was a disastrous defeat of the Union army, the second Bull Run battle, as it was called, being as decided a victory for the South as the first, of the year before.

Learning that the whole Union army was withdrawn from the James and that Richmond was safe, and learning also that Washington could not be taken, Lee's next step was to invade Maryland, in the hope of gaining recruits in that semi-Southern State. Sending Jackson against Harper's Ferry, that stronghold was quickly captured, with eleven thousand men and seventy-two guns. McClellan meanwhile, at the head

of a powerful army, was hot in pursuit, and on September 17 the two armies met at Antietam, where one of the most desperate battles of the war was fought. Both sides claimed victory, but Lee retreated to Virginia, McClellan moving very deliberately in pursuit.

In the months that followed the authorities at Washington seemed at their wits' ends where to find a general who could be trusted to face the redoubtable Lee. Grant was winning battles in the West, but he could not be spared from there. McClellan had shown that he could fight, but between battles he took his time too decidedly to please Lincoln and Stanton, and was now removed, General Burnside being chosen in his place. Burnside knew that he had been put at the head of the army to fight, and lost no time in doing so. He attacked Lee in his strong intrenchments at Fredericksburg on December 13, and was thoroughly punished for his temerity, being driven back with terrible loss in killed and wounded. General Hooker was selected to succeed him and next May attacked Lee in force at Chancellorsville, in the Wilderness region. He, too, was soundly beaten and forced to retreat with heavy loss.

The drama of Lee's career now shifts to Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, which State he invaded with his victorious veterans shortly after Hooker's repulse. Here the Union army faced him under Meade, a third new general, and the great three days' battle of July 1-3 took place. Lee fought like one struggling for life or death, but the strength of Meade's position enabled him to withstand the desperate assaults of his antagonist, and on the 4th Lee began his retreat. Both sides had lost heavily, but the North had far greater recuperative powers than the South and it

has ever since been recognized that Gettysburg was the turning point in the war. Until then the tide had been rising. Then it began to recede.

Lee had hitherto been fighting eagerly on the offensive, and the brilliancy of his marches and suddenness of his blows had attracted the attention and admiration of the world. It was felt that a new great soldier had come, one with much of the Napoleonic dash and fervor. In the spring of 1864 the scene changed. Grant came up from his victories in the South and pitted himself against the great Southern commander, giant against giant. Thenceforth Lee's warfare was a defensive one, but he showed himself as brilliant in this as in the offensive, and continued to win admiration from the world.

"General Lee is a phenomenon," said "Stonewall" Jackson. "He is the only man I would follow blindfold."

This praise was not misplaced. Lee had shown himself able in the first two years of the war, and only the fact that he was attempting an impossible task stood in the way of far greater success. In the final years he was to show himself as able, in meeting the blows of Grant, the hammerer. It was now a question of endurance, not of brilliant movements and stunning strokes. Lee's army had lost heavily and it was impossible to bring it back to its strength. Grant had a vast population to draw from and unlimited sources of food and supplies. This last year was a death struggle. Yet the devotion of the Confederate veterans to their commander and their confidence in his skill and genius enabled them to bear up against Grant's stern and sturdy campaign.

On May 5, 1864, the struggle between the two

giants of the war began, in that rugged Wilderness where Hooker had been beaten a year before. For two days the battle was kept up, then Grant, finding that Lee could not be driven from his hold, cut loose himself and made a flank march towards Richmond. "Grant is not a *retreating* man," said Lee. He must face him or all would be lost.

He did face him, sternly and unyieldingly, at Spottsylvania; again at North Anna; still again at Cold Harbor, where Grant hurled his columns to death and destruction against Lee's inflexible lines. Grant had learned by this time that Lee was a tower of strength in defence. His lines simply could not be broken. Nothing remained but a renewal of the flank movement, and the Union armies swung across the James River and marched in force upon Petersburg. As before, Lee was there to meet them, this time effectively, for the policy of the flank movement had reached its limit. It was now brought to a question of steady pounding, and this for the greater part of a year Grant kept up.

Vast and mighty were the earthworks that rose between Richmond and Petersburg, with an army behind and an army in front of them, hammering away incessantly through summer, autumn, and winter, until spring came again. But the hammering was steadily wearing out Lee's strength. His army decreased; his food supplies fell off; at length came the day when the long line could be held no longer and Richmond had to be abandoned. Then the swift Union cavalry swept round in front of the starving veterans of the Confederacy, the army was surrounded and nothing but surrender remained. It was a heart-breaking day to General Lee when he had to lay down his arms at

Appomattox to the conqueror, on that April 9, 1865, which witnessed the fall of the Confederacy after its strenuous four years' struggle.

This is a very brief statement of the record of Robert E. Lee in the Civil War. History tells the tale of his life during that period. All we need say further is that he proved himself a soldier of extraordinary ability, a daring, impulsive, energetic man, great alike in attack and in defence, utterly unlike Grant in his methods and character. Only when these two men came together was the fate of the Confederacy decided. Had they been equal in resources it is impossible to tell which would have won. Grant with his bulldog tenacity, Lee with his brilliancy in attack, his unyieldingness in defence. He was overmatched, and he fell. That is the utmost that can now be said.

General Lee was a man of kindly and generous nature. Many tales are told, revealing qualities which endeared him to all who knew him. Once, while inspecting some batteries near the Union lines, he ordered the soldiers back out of danger. He had to be there; they were not needed. On his way back he stopped, despite the danger, to pick up a young sparrow that had fallen from the nest and put it back into its home. After Chancellorsville, when loudly cheered by his men, he refused to take credit for the victory; he said it belonged to Jackson, who had fallen. Many anecdotes have been told showing his kindness of heart and the generosity of his nature, and he is everywhere looked upon as a pure-minded, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing man, devoted to what he deemed his duty, and one of the great soldiers of modern times.

The war over, General Lee sought a quiet, modest

home in Powhatan County, Virginia, and lived there in simple retirement with his family. Many positions which would have given him liberal salary with little labor were offered him, but he declined them all. He wanted no money which he did not earn. Finally he accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, believing that he could there make himself of use and influence. His task was a difficult one, but he managed it ably and conscientiously. His reputation brought hosts of students to the college, which prospered greatly under his control.

He did not govern the college like an army, but was kind and indulgent in his treatment of the students and won their respect and affection as he had formerly done that of his soldiers. His appeal to their higher sentiments brought from them the best that was in them, they being ashamed to do less than their best when they felt that General Lee's eye was upon them.

Here he died October 12, 1870, five years after the war which had given him world-wide fame. Upon his death the name of the college was changed to Washington and Lee University, as a monument to the great soldier who had served as its president. Since those days the bitterness of the Civil War feeling has passed away, and men now give General Lee credit for honor and integrity in the feelings that made him oppose the Union, however much they may feel that he took a narrow and sectional view of his duty to his country.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, HERO OF THE MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA

IF General Grant had not risen to the position of commander-in-chief of the Union armies General Sherman might have done so, for the American Civil War produced no abler or more popular soldier. Grant looked upon him as his right-hand man, and while he was hammering away at Lee in Virginia, Sherman was fighting his way from Chattanooga to Atlanta and making his spectacular march "from Atlanta to the sea" and from Savannah to Raleigh. A man of nervous temperament and intense energy, with a genius for war, Sherman rarely struck without something giving way, and among the famous heroes of the Civil War the North had no greater favorite.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 8th of February, 1820. His father, Charles R. Sherman, had once been a judge of the superior court of Ohio, and his brother, John Sherman, became an American senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary of State. After his father's death in 1829, leaving a large family and small income, William was adopted as a son by Senator Thomas Ewing, a devoted friend of his father, and grew up in his family. Here he formed a warm attachment for the senator's daughter Ellen, then a charming girl, whom he continued to love and who in time became his wife.

Senator Ewing gained him admission to the West Point Military Academy in 1836. Here he was a dili-

gent student, though he showed no special desire to be a soldier. Graduating in 1840, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the artillery service, and during the years that followed was kept busily engaged, at first against the Seminoles in Florida, and afterwards at Fort Moultrie and in California. His marriage with Ellen Ewing took place in Washington in 1850, he was made captain in 1851, and in 1853 he resigned from the army and became a banker in San Francisco.

During the eight years that followed Sherman was not very successful in business. The bank went out of existence in 1857; then he vainly tried his hand as a lawyer in Kansas, and in 1860 got a position as superintendent of a new military academy in Louisiana. In January, 1861, the Southern States were seceding and Sherman was warmly implored to serve under the flag of the South. His reply was warm with patriotism: "I will maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives."

In March he went to Washington, where his brother John was just taking his seat in the Senate. The two tried in vain to induce the President to prepare for war; but when Fort Sumter was fired upon there was a sudden change, seventy-five thousand three-months' men were called out, and Sherman was sent for. When he reached Washington he told the authorities that they were making a great mistake by enlisting short-term men. "You might as well try to put out the flames of a burning house with a squirt gun," he said, and refused to go to Ohio to enroll three-months' volunteers. He was one of the few men in the army who saw from the start that the government had a great war, not a temporary rebellion, on its hands.

In June Sherman was commissioned colonel of an

infantry regiment, and at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, he commanded a brigade, doing his utmost to save the army from defeat. On August 3 he was made brigadier-general of volunteers and in September was sent to Kentucky. In October he was given the chief command of that department, and the secretary of war asked him how many men he needed. He replied, with a keen prevision of coming events, "sixty thousand to drive the enemy out of Kentucky and two hundred thousand to finish the war in this section." This was considered so wildly extravagant that he was removed from the command, as an unsafe, if not mentally deficient man, and was put in a subordinate position under General Halleck. It was not long before they learned that the man they had deemed insane was wiser than they.

It was not till April, 1862, that Sherman, as commander of the fifth division of General Grant's army, was able to show the metal of which he was made. On the 6th and 7th of that month the desperate battle of Shiloh was fought, and here his coolness, skill, and energy went far to save the day. Grant wrote of him, "At the battle of Shiloh, on the first day, he held, with raw troops, the key-point of the landing. . . . To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle." Halleck also wrote to the effect that Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th. On the 7th he led his battered troops with heroic energy into the fight, and after the victory he pushed out and whipped the enemy's cavalry, capturing a large supply of ammunition. Rousseau said of him, "He fights by the week." During the battle he was wounded in the hand and had three horses shot under him.

It was evident that in Sherman the North had a fighting soldier, and in May he was raised in rank to major-general of volunteers. A few days later he took an active part in the siege of Corinth, which was evacuated on the 29th. Sherman's next important work was in Grant's operations against Vicksburg, which began in December, 1862, and continued till July, 1863. He led the division that made the first direct assault upon Vicksburg, striking at the stronghold from the mouth of the Yazoo River, on the north side. The attempt was unsuccessful, not from any lack of courage or skill, but simply because the place was too strong to be taken by assault. Only a siege could reduce it, and this Grant recognized when he cut loose from his base and "swung around to the south."

In the battles that followed in the rear of Vicksburg Sherman was active; he took part in an assault on the city on May 22, and after its fall on July 4, he marched against General Johnston and drove him from Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. About this time he expressed his sentiments as follows: "The people of the North must conquer or be conquered. There can be no middle course." The event proved that he was correct in this as in his former utterances.

Chattanooga, on the Tennessee, was the next point of interest. Here General Thomas, after the day of disaster at Chickamauga, led his troops and held the place, threatened by Bragg in front and by starvation in the rear. Grant hurried to his relief, and sent for Sherman, then in command at Memphis, four hundred miles away. He responded with his usual promptness and by a forced march reached Chattanooga about November 15. It was the men under his command who, on the 25th, led by him, made that phenomenal

rush up the steep face of Missionary Ridge, which swept Bragg and his men from their strongholds, and put an effectual end to the siege. Immediately afterwards he marched to the relief of Burnside, who was besieged at Knoxville, his cavalry reaching there on the 3d of December, to find that the enemy had not waited for his coming. He wrote in his official report:

"The men had marched for long periods, without regular rations of any kind, through mud and over rocks, sometimes barefoot, and without a murmur. Without a moment's rest, after a march of over four hundred miles, without sleep for three successive nights, they crossed the Tennessee River, fought their part in the battle of Chattanooga, pursued the enemy out of Tennessee, then turned once more one hundred miles north and compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville, which had been a source of anxiety to the whole country."

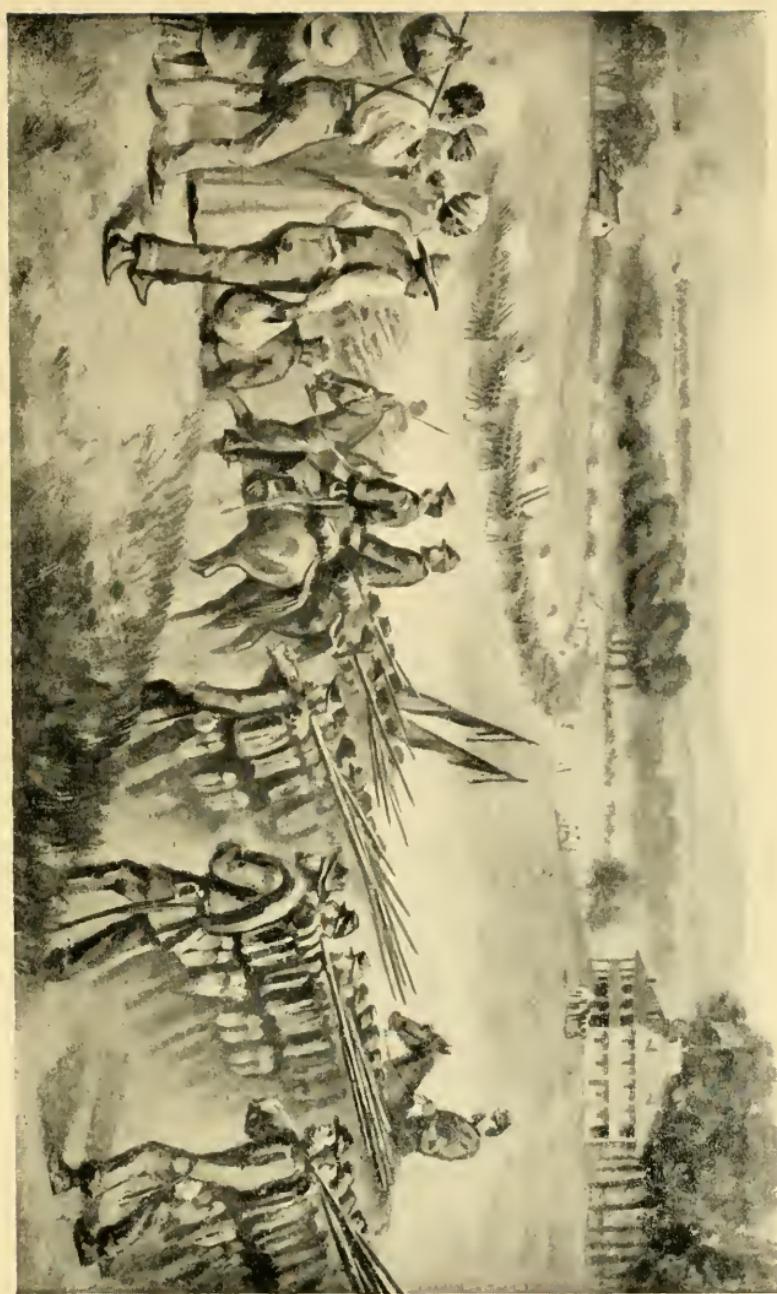
During the winter that followed Sherman made a raid to Meridian, in central Mississippi, destroying railroads and capturing large quantities of stores. But the great opportunity in his career came after March 12, 1864, when Grant was made commander-in-chief of all the armies. The forces between the Mississippi and the Alleghanies were put under Sherman, and when Grant projected his great movement against Lee in the beginning of May, he ordered Sherman to move at the same time against Johnston, then commanding the Confederate forces in his front. Grant wrote to him with warm commendation, saying: "I express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

On May 5, the movement began. Of its purpose

Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says, "Neither Atlanta, Augusta, nor Savannah was the objective, but the 'army of Joe Johnston,' go where it might." Against that army he moved, Johnston retreating, striking as he went, Sherman persistently advancing. For several months marching and fighting were almost continuous. The country was broken, and covered with brush and woodland, its roads or tracks, mean at the best, becoming quagmires whenever it rained. At every available spot Johnston impeded the march. Battles were fought at each defensive point, the hardest that at Kenesaw Mountain, where Sherman lost twenty-five hundred men. Sherman's progress resembled that of Grant. When his opponent could not be driven out he was flanked and forced to retire to another strong point.

The Fabian policy of the cautious Johnston did not please the cabinet generals at Richmond. They wanted a more aggressive general, a man who would seek to drive Sherman back, and about midsummer they removed Johnston and put the hard fighter Hood in his place. They lost rather than gained by the change. Hood made furious attacks, lost men by the thousands, but met with continued defeat, and on the 1st of September, fearing to be surrounded in Atlanta and cut off from his base of supplies, he evacuated that town, leaving it to Sherman's troops.

The news of the fall of Atlanta filled the North with delight. Sherman was the hero of the hour. At all the chief military posts a salute of one hundred guns was fired in his honor. He had won the first great success of the year. Grant highly praised the brilliancy of his campaign. His official reward was a promotion to major-general in the regular army. There he lay, in



SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

the heart of the Confederacy, his work only begun, not ended. Before taking another step he awaited the movements of his antagonist. When they came Sherman was delighted. Hood, finding himself helpless before his strong foe, and knowing it to be useless to strike in front, decided to strike from the rear, to cut Sherman's long line of communication, and by threatening his base of supplies, to force him to retreat. He could not have done anything more to the liking of his shrewd antagonist. "If Hood will go to Tennessee," said Sherman, with a chuckle, "I will supply him with rations for the trip." All he did was to send General Thomas to Nashville to protect his rear while he himself prepared for a new and daring project, to perform which he wanted Hood and his veterans out of the way.

Georgia lay before him, the greatest source of supply for the Confederate armies, "the workshop and corn-crib of the South." Savannah lay on the sea, nearly three hundred miles away. The withdrawal of Hood had left the field open before him. He could let go of his base of supplies. Georgia was able to feed him and his army. Savannah once reached, the ships of the North could bring all he needed. It was a great and spectacular plan, the device of a soldier of genius.

None knew of his project, north or south. Nothing so bold was dreamed of. He and his army simply disappeared from view and for a month nothing was heard of them. There was intense anxiety in the North about his fate, many fearing that he had walked into a trap from which he might never escape. President Lincoln did not appear to share this anxiety. He had as much confidence in Sherman as in Grant and simply said to anxious inquirers, in his humorous

way, "I know which hole he went in at, but I do not know which hole he will come out at."

Meanwhile Sherman was "marching through Georgia," with hardly an enemy to oppose him, with scarcely an obstacle in his path. He set out from Atlanta on November 16, with an army sixty-two thousand strong. Through Georgia he swept, with a front thirty miles from wing to wing, cutting a broad swath through the centre of the State, gathering food from the country, rendering it incapable of furnishing supplies to the Confederacy. It was to the soldiers like a holiday march. To the slaves it was the "day of jubilee." Thousands of them followed the army, flocking from every plantation, keeping on for miles when told that there was no food to give them. They were content to starve, if they could only gain freedom.

On December 13, Fort McAllister, near Savannah, was captured. On the 21st the city surrendered. Two days afterwards Sherman sent the President a dispatch that has become famous: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." The success of the daring march was brilliant. Sherman wrote, "We have not lost a wagon on the trip and our trains are in a better condition than when we started."

The news of this great march filled the North with exultation. There was a strain of the romantic and unusual in it that riveted men's attention. Sherman's enterprise had proved an easy and safe one, but it seemed as if he had plunged through a sea of danger, and men looked on him as if he was one of the daring knights-errant of old. For a time nothing was talked of but Sherman's wonderful march, and the song in

which it was commemorated is still a favorite marching tune.

But the work of dissecting the Confederacy, which he had set out to do, was but half accomplished. After giving his men a thorough rest in Atlanta, he set out on January 15, 1865, to cut it in twain from south to north. Northward he went, opposition melting away before him. Town after town was occupied. Columbia, the beautiful capital of South Carolina, took fire from burning cotton and was more than half consumed. Charleston, which had held out for four years against all attacks from the sea, surrendered without a blow and without Sherman's going near it. North Carolina was reached and here Sherman for the first time found a strong force, under his old opponent, General Johnston, gathered to meet him. Only one battle was fought, at Bentonville, on March 21, in which Johnston was beaten with heavy loss. He fell back on Raleigh, and Sherman was pursuing him when, on April 11, news reached him of General Lee's surrender two days before.

Further fighting would have been murder. The Confederacy was conquered. Its leaders recognized this, and on April 26 Johnston surrendered, being granted the same terms as were given to General Lee. The last appearance of Sherman's army in history was on May 24, in Washington, where it took part in the great two days' review. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says of it as it appeared that day: "It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence, sixty-five thousand men in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles in a hostile country."

With this review the spectacular portion of Sher-

man's life ended. He remained a soldier, honored and revered, seeking no political honors, asking for no place or privilege. When, in 1868, Grant was appointed general of the army, Sherman succeeded him as lieutenant-general. When Grant was inaugurated as President, March 4, 1869, Sherman was raised to the rank of general. He was relieved at his own request, November 1, 1883, and was succeeded by Sheridan. He then took up his residence in St. Louis, afterwards removing to New York, where he died February 14, 1891.

An able critic thus sums up Sherman's qualities as a soldier: "Above all his other excellencies shone his promptitude, celerity, and immeasurable activity. What for some commanders were winter-quarters were to him a bivouac. Always ready for the start, indefatigable on the march, omnipresent in battle, relentless in pursuit, General Sherman made himself not only more feared but more respected by the enemy than any general in the national armies save, perhaps, the one who commanded them all."

Sherman was able not only as a soldier but as a writer. His "Memoirs" tell admirably the story of his military career and have given him a high literary reputation. As a speaker he was ready and apt, and said so many striking things that Chauncey Depew declared that "he never ought to be permitted to go anywhere without being accompanied by a stenographer." He was not partisan either in politics or religion. In politics no one could tell which party he favored, while in religion he expressed his creed in the following pithy sentence:

"If men will only act half as well as they know how, God will forgive them the balance."

THOMAS J. JACKSON, THE STONE WALL OF THE CONFEDERACY

THERE was no great amount of piety among the generals of the Civil War. They were engaged in a business which called for other qualities than that of religious devotion. But one of the greatest of them was an ardent Christian, a man of prayer and conscience, of religious earnestness alike in war and peace. This was Thomas Jonathan Jackson, General Lee's right-hand man, who aided his superior in his great successes as much as Sherman and Sheridan aided Grant. The fall of Jackson on the field of Chancellorsville was a more serious disaster to Lee than the loss of that great battle would have been.

This famous soldier was born in Clarksburg, Virginia, January 21, 1824. He was of that hardy Scotch-Irish stock which has given so much of strength and resolute virtue to the population of our Middle States. He entered the military academy at West Point in 1843 so poorly equipped in education that he never took a high standing in his classes, though earnest and conscientious in his studies. He showed there the same qualities which he afterwards exhibited, courage, patience, constancy of purpose, faithfulness to duty, and a simplicity of character which won everyone's confidence.

Though looked on as a dull and slow student, he graduated in 1846 seventeenth in a class of fifty-nine, and at once was sent as an artillery lieutenant to the war in Mexico, where he distinguished himself in

to serve in any position, and as he had borne the brevet title of major in the United States service, the governor at once appointed him colonel of an infantry regiment and sent him to Harper's Ferry, where on May 3 he took possession of the United States arsenal.

Such were the events preceding Jackson's two years of active life as a Confederate soldier. As a commander of men the shyness he exhibited before college students left him, and he displayed the dignity and self-possession necessary to success as a soldier. On the 21st of July he found himself in command of a brigade on the field of Bull Run, the first important battle of the war. Here, while the Confederate line was wavering before the Federal attack and the result seemed in serious doubt, Jackson held his men with immovable firmness, repelling all assaults. General Bee, who was trying to rally his broken brigade, pointed to Jackson's men and called out: "Look at those Virginians! They are standing like a stone wall."

This is the story told of the origin of the famous appellation of "Stonewall" Jackson, which clung to him for the remainder of his life, while his men came to be known as the "Stonewall brigade." Wounded in the hand during this battle, he would not leave the field till the fight was over, and then would not permit the surgeon to attend to him till those worse hurt were relieved. He sat down on the bank of a small stream and refused any assistance until "his turn came."

In September he was made a major-general and sent to the Shenandoah Valley, the locality in which he was to gain much of his fame. His genius for war was quickly displayed and the Federal troops found him an ugly foe to deal with. On March 23, 1862, he

was defeated by General Shields near Winchester and retreated rapidly up the valley, pursued by General Banks. Reinforcements reaching him, he suddenly turned, sent Banks whirling backward, and drove him to the Potomac, striking in rapid succession the converging columns of Milroy, Shields, and Banks, beating them separately and forcing them from the State. Then, on the approach of General Fremont with a strong force from the west, he moved hastily up the valley to Harrisonburg. Fremont overtook him at Cross Keys, where on the 8th of June, an indecisive battle was fought. In that brief campaign Jackson had proved himself a soldier of exceptional ability and was looked upon with admiration alike in South and North. He had cleared the valley of his foes by movements of the greatest brilliancy, and then deftly baffled the attempt to cut him off by moving upon his rear.

In this "campaign of the valley" he had, by vigilance, sagacity, celerity of movement, secrecy, and faultless tactical skill, achieved the greatest results with the smallest means and had made himself a terror to the Federal authorities. McDowell, commanding an army between Washington and Richmond, was held back from McClellan through fear of uncovering Washington to this thunderbolt of war. Lee and Jackson took quick advantage of the situation. Hastening from the valley, where there was no foe to hold him, Jackson joined Lee in that series of movements and assaults which drove back McClellan's army through a week of battles and forced it to take shelter at Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

The Government at Washington, losing faith in its generals, now called to its aid General Pope, who had done some good fighting in the West, and put him to

cover Washington. Here was fresh work cut out for Lee and Jackson. "Stonewall" was sent against this force and on his way north encountered his old antagonist Banks at Cedar Run and signally defeated him. On August 25 he passed round Pope's right flank and forced him to fall back from the Rappahannock.

Pope, reinforced from McClellan's army, made a stand on the old battlefield of Bull Run, and here Jackson held him by stubborn fighting until Longstreet, sent by Lee, came to his aid, when the two effectively routed Pope, after one of the most desperate battles of the war.

Richmond now was safe. McClellan's men, hastily recalled, had made their way with all speed to Washington. That city was secure and Lee now made his celebrated invasion of Maryland, detaching Jackson with his corps for an attack upon Harper's Ferry, then garrisoned with twelve thousand men. Jackson's success in this movement was remarkable. He invested the place, and a few days sufficed, aided by faint-heartedness on the part of the Union commander, to force a surrender of the garrison and the valuable munitions of war, including many stands of arms and seventy-two guns.

Great was the success of Jackson in this movement. Yet brilliant as it was, the movement was highly perilous. Lee had run a serious danger in dividing his army in the face of McClellan's vigorous pursuit. Before a junction could be made McClellan had attacked Lee at Antietam and forced him to accept battle under great disadvantage. His escape from utter rout depended upon Jackson, and old Stonewall proved equal to the occasion. By a severe night march he reached the field of battle with two of his divisions on Septem-

ber 16 and by his presence saved the Confederate army from imminent peril of destruction. The stars had fought for Lee. A day's more detention of Jackson at Harper's Ferry might have brought complete destruction to the Confederate army, pushed back with its rear on the river. But Stonewall Jackson never failed to be on hand when needed. With his thin line he faced the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, repulsing them all successively and saving the day. The next day Lee crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

Jackson remained with Lee's army during the brief remainder of his career and took part in two more great battles. At Fredericksburg, on December 13, he commanded the Confederate right wing and did his share so well in repelling Burnside's fierce assaults that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

The last battle of this famous soldier was that of Chancellorsville, May 1 and 2, 1863. Lee's great victory here was largely due to his able lieutenant, who suggested and made the movement that resulted in Hooker's severe defeat. Executing a flank movement on the right wing of Hooker's army, he suddenly struck the flank of the eleventh Federal corps and drove it in utter confusion before him. As he was making a reconnaissance with his staff in the dusk of the evening, with a view of pressing the pursuit, he was fired on by mistake by some of his own men and received several wounds. One of these, in the arm, was so severe that amputation was necessary. An attack of pneumonia followed and he died May 10, 1863. The battle was won, but at a cost no single victory could pay for. In the fall of Stonewall Jackson it was as if an army had been annihilated.

Stonewall Jackson had few equals as a general. In all his career no one could accuse him of a tactical mistake. He was fearless, but not reckless. He had wonderful power over his men, who loved him and would fight for him as for no other. He knew when he could strike a telling blow and knew as well when it was time to hold back. He carefully planned all his movements and made none which he had not fully matured. His loss was a terrible blow to Lee, who felt that in Jackson he had lost his right arm.

In his religious fervor, his serene and indomitable courage and his extraordinary influence over his soldiers, he reminds us of the great Puritan leaders who fought under Cromwell. On the field of battle he was never known to lose his self-possession or to be surprised by any sudden change of fortune. His quick eye would detect the moment to act and his keen judgment tell when and how the stroke should be made.

As a man he was modest, upright and remarkably pure-minded. In conversation he was frank and firm in manner, looking straight at and seemingly through you as he talked. None of his opinions or convictions was languidly held, he being intensely earnest in all his beliefs and rules of conduct. He was strictly temperate in his habits. On one occasion, when wet and fatigued, his physician gave him some whiskey. He drank it with a wry face and the doctor asked him if it was not good whiskey.

"Oh," said he, "it's good enough. I like liquor.
That's why I don't drink it."

GEORGE H. THOMAS, THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA

GENERAL THOMAS was one of the great generals of the Civil War who was too modest to blow his own trumpet. He kept quiet and stayed behind while smaller men crowded to the front. He was not only a man of modesty, but also a man of conscience. After the battle of Shiloh he was given the position which belonged of right to Grant, but would not accept it, feeling that Grant had not been justly treated. In the same way, before the battle of Perryville he was put over Buell, but he declined for the same reason, saying that a soldier ought to have the right to fight a battle for which he had made preparations. Men of this type are rare phenomena in war or peace.

There was thus no self-seeking in General Thomas. He was a true gentleman, a man who would not consent to rise through injustice to others. As a soldier there was not his superior in the army. He was of the slow and sure kind; he would not strike until he was ready, and when he did strike something was sure to fall. He was deliberate in his motions and cautious in his character. His men called him "Old Reliable," "Old Pap Safety," "Old Slow-Trot," and also "Pop Thomas" and "Uncle George." He never joked or was familiar with them, yet few commanders in the army had more the confidence and affection of their men. He was not of the class of men who seek to shine, but of that class with whom duty stands before glory.

He was ever modest. After the war he could rarely be induced to speak of the great military movements in which he had taken part. One might know him for years and yet never learn from him that he had won great victories. Yet as a soldier he bore the highest reputation, and an able critic has said, "He was one of the very few commanders who never committed a serious military error, who never sacrificed a command, and who never lost a battle."

Personally he was a peculiar character. He hated to change habits or even his clothes, and it was a sore trial to him to give up his old coat. In the early part of the war he rose rapidly in rank from colonel to brigadier-general, but he was long a general before he quit wearing his colonel's uniform. So, six months after he was made a major-general, he still wore the old brigadier coat and would have kept on wearing it had not one of his aides, helped by his servant, slyly abstracted the rusty coat and replaced it with a new one, with the stars suited to his rank.

George Henry Thomas was a Virginian, born in Southampton County, July 31, 1816. As a boy he spent many years in school, but by watching workmen he learned how to make saddles, boots, and furniture, thus cultivating a useful habit of observation. He was twenty years old and was studying law under his uncle when he was offered a cadetship at West Point. This hit his fancy and he gave up law for the army, in which the remainder of his life was passed.

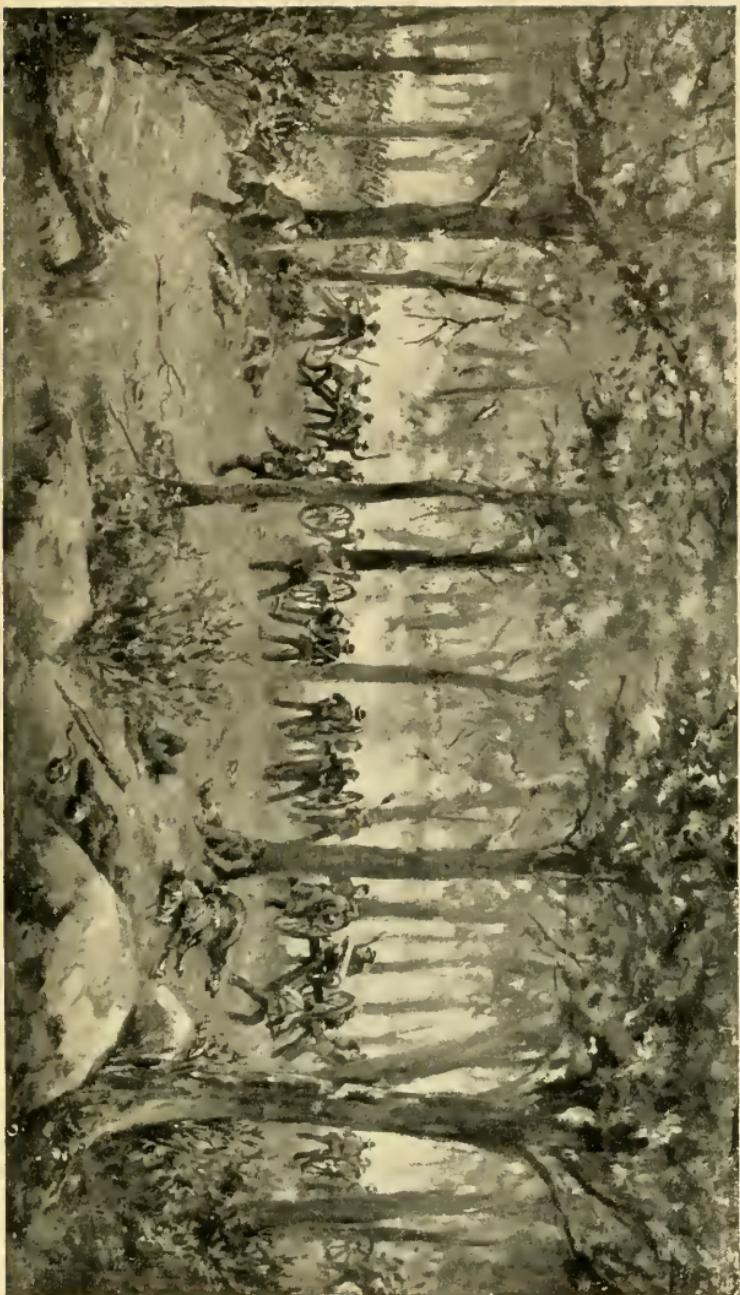
Graduating in 1840, he was made a second lieutenant in the artillery service and sent to Florida, where war with the Seminole Indians was still going on. His second chance for active service came under General Taylor in the Mexican War. Here he fought so gal-

lantly at Monterey and Buena Vista that the citizens of his native county, proud of his bravery, presented him with a sword. The war department gave him the brevet rank of captain.

Made a major in the cavalry in 1855, Thomas was sent to Texas and remained there for five years, seeing some service against the Indians. In one skirmish an Indian's arrow pierced his chin and sank into his breast, but he pulled it out and went on fighting. He found life more dangerous when at home in 1860 on leave of absence, since he was caught in a railroad accident, in which his spine was injured. This was perhaps the cause of his slow riding and deliberate manner of moving in the war that soon followed.

In 1861 the secession movement in the South filled the land with rumors of war and the military men of North and South began to line up with their respective sections. Lee and Stonewall Jackson prepared to draw their swords for their native State and it was supposed that Thomas would do the same, especially as, early in 1861, he had asked for a position as instructor of cadets in the Lexington Military Academy, in which Jackson was a professor. But Major Thomas did not view his duties to the Union in that way, and when the State seceded he remained in the old army.

His first duty was on April 21, when he helped put down a secession riot in Maryland. On May 5 he was made colonel of his regiment, the fifth cavalry, and took part in the fight between Stonewall Jackson and General Patterson at Falling Waters. In August he was made brigadier-general and sent to Kentucky. Here he soon found himself opposed to the Confederate General Zollicoffer, who had invaded Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap.



BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

It was not long before Thomas was actively at work against his enemy, a force sent out by him driving Zollicoffer's men back into the Gap. He proposed to follow up this advantage and invade east Tennessee, but an order from General Buell called him back to Lebanon, Ky. Here he organized the first division of the army of the Cumberland, for which he found work very quickly. Zollicoffer had crossed the Cumberland in spite of opposition and intrenched himself at Mill Spring. Thomas at once took the road against him, making a difficult march to a point ten miles from the Confederate works, where he halted to wait for some expected reinforcements.

The over-confident Zollicoffer, thinking he had a good opportunity to win an easy victory, left his lines on January 19, 1862, drove in Thomas's pickets, and made an attack upon his line. But the affair did not work according to his plans. The vigilant Thomas was ready for him, checked his advance, and made a brilliant charge which drove the Confederates back to their works. The reinforcements coming up, he proposed to attack these works the next day, but when day dawned Zollicoffer was gone. He had crossed the river so hastily during the night that his artillery and supplies were left for the victors. In this way Thomas won the first Union victory in Tennessee. Thanks came to him for it, but no promotion.

We must go on now till October, 1862. Thomas had found plenty of marching but no fighting to do, but recently General Bragg had invaded Kentucky in an impetuous way that caused Buell to hasten back to Louisville, fearing it might be captured. The authorities at Washington were dissatisfied with this movement, which looked like giving up the State to the

enemy, and an order was sent taking the command from Buell and giving it to Thomas. This the gallant fellow did not like. Buell had increased his army to one hundred thousand men and was prepared to face his foe, and it did not seem just to rob him of his chance under the situation. The generous Thomas declined the promotion and contented himself with the command of Buell's right wing when, on the 7th of October, he moved out of Louisville. On the 8th the battle of Perryville was fought, but the right wing was so placed that it took little part in that fight. It ended in Bragg's retreat.

The authorities at Washington were still dissatisfied. Buell did not make the active pursuit they expected, so he was again removed, General Rosecrans being now ordered to replace him, an injustice to Thomas, who should have had the post. The two armies again came together near the end of the year at Murfreesboro, Ky., where on December 31, a battle of the utmost fierceness was fought. The Union right was viciously attacked and driven back and the left met with the same fate. Only the stubbornness of the centre, commanded by General Thomas, saved Rosecrans from a disastrous defeat. While his supports were retiring in confusion the brave fellow held the enemy at bay with calm and unyielding firmness, changing his front and shifting his position in the face of a victorious foe.

That night a council of war was held at which it was decided to retire upon Nashville. Thomas went sound asleep during the deliberations, at the end of which Rosecrans wakened him, saying, "Will you protect our retreat?" He looked up in amazement. "This army can't retreat," he said, and fell asleep again.

It did not retreat. A new line was formed, and when the next day dawned the Confederates were amazed to find the supposed beaten army facing them in a fresh line of battle, well posted on good ground and as steady and firm as on the day before. Bragg hesitated to attack, and it was not until the second day that he did so. This day's battle was as fierce as the preceding one and, as before, Thomas was the mainstay of Rosecrans, continuing to baffle Bragg's attacks. A cavalry and infantry charge at length ended the day, Bragg losing so heavily that he retreated during the night of January 3, leaving two thousand sick and wounded behind.

As yet, however, Thomas had not had a great opportunity. One came to him at Chickamauga, where he saved the Union army from a ruinous defeat. For months after the battle of Murfreesboro the armies were engaged in strategic movements, Bragg in Chattanooga, Rosecrans operating against him. At length, by getting south of him and threatening to cut off his lines of supply, Rosecrans forced him to leave that place and hurry back through the mountain passes. Here, on the 19th of September, Bragg suddenly turned and attacked the ill-concentrated Union army, taking it at a disadvantage. A terrible two days' battle ensued, in which Rosecrans was decisively beaten and his army might have been practically destroyed but for the indomitable Thomas. For his brilliant services on this occasion, he gained the deserved title of "the Rock of Chickamauga."

It was largely through his stubborn defence on the first day that the fierce onslaughts of Bragg's veterans were repulsed. On the second day he saved the army from destruction. Reinforced by Longstreet during

the night, Bragg hurled his brigades against the Union lines in the hope of piercing them and rolling them back. The supports of Thomas's flanks were broken and the corps of Crittenden and McCook routed, the fugitives streaming back to Chattanooga in such confusion that Rosecrans hastily telegraphed that he had been defeated, and made active efforts to get the dismayed troops in some posture of defence.

But none of Thomas's men were among the fugitives. They were still fighting like lions in the field. Wheeling his lines within the defile of Frick's Gap, whose steep sides protected his flanks, and throwing up a hasty breastwork of logs and rails in his front, the man who "did not know when he was whipped" fought on, repelling every attempt of the foe to break his stubborn lines. General Garfield, chief of staff to Rosecrans, hearing the roar of battle, halted in his flight and rode back to see what it meant. His surprise was extreme. "Never," he said, "will I forget my amazement and admiration when I beheld that grand officer holding his own, with defeat on every side."

Nightfall found him still in his position, the unyielding rock that held back the tide of victory. During the night he led his men back to Rossville and the next evening marched them in perfect order into Chattanooga, to the astonishment of the broken troops.

Such was the exploit to which Thomas owed his greatest fame. A month later Rosecrans was removed from his command and Thomas appointed in his place. The task before him was a terrible one. Hemmed in by Confederate troops, the army on quarter rations, the horses almost starving, ammunition nearly exhausted, the troops half clad, the army mules dragging scant supplies along a difficult path, dying by thousands on

the way, Bragg daily bombarding the city from the heights around it, the case looked desperate. It needed a Thomas to hold firm in such a situation. Grant, on his way thither, telegraphed from Nashville, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards." "We will hold the town until we starve," was the grim reply.

In the story of General Grant we have told what followed and how Thomas aided in the defeat of Bragg. When Grant was called to Virginia in 1864 and Sherman put in command of the division of the Mississippi, Thomas became one of his chief lieutenants and fought with all his old vim in the series of battles that took place in the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Then once more he was given a separate command. General Hood, after vainly trying the effect of hard fighting on Sherman's ranks, resorted to strategy. He moved from Atlanta and led his troops to the north, his purpose being to cut the Union lines of communication and force Sherman to retreat. He did not know the man he had to deal with. Sherman sent Thomas with about thirty thousand men to Nashville to deal with Hood and himself prepared for his grand march to the sea.

The story of how Thomas now dealt with Hood shows clearly the kind of man he was. During the battle at Chickamauga, when Steadman reported to him and asked him how the battle was going, "I can't tell," he replied; "the scoundrels are fighting without any system." He was not the man to fight without system. He did nothing without knowing just what he was about. Whatever anyone might think or say, he would not move until he was ready. This was especially demonstrated at Nashville. Stationing himself at that point, he sent Schofield out to impede

Hood's advance, with instructions to fall back on Franklin if hard pressed. Schofield did so, and when Hood attacked him at Franklin, drove him back with a loss of six thousand men. During the night Schofield fell back to Nashville and the same day reinforcements reached Thomas under General A. J. Smith.

Meanwhile his superiors had been growing impatient. Why did he not strike Hood? Grant, Sherman, and Secretary Stanton were alike anxious for him to act, but he told them all that he was not ready and refused. Grant, out of patience, called him "slow." Sherman, in a letter to Grant, spoke of his "provoking delay." Stanton wrote to Grant that "this looks like the McClellan and Rosecrans policy of do nothing and let the enemy raid the country." But all their demands were wasted on Thomas, who gave them to understand that he would fight when the proper time came, and not before. An order was soon issued for his removal, but it was not sent, fortunately for Thomas and the country.

On December 15, the time came and all was ready. He issued from his works, struck Hood a terrible blow, rolled up his lines from left to right, and drove him back eight miles, where he took a new position at a point he had previously selected. Thomas's men spent the night in front of this new line and the next day attacked again, carrying Hood's works, driving out his troops, and following them until darkness stopped the pursuit. Hood acknowledged an utter defeat, afterwards saying, "Our line was broken at all points, and, for the first and only time, I beheld a Confederate army abandon the field in confusion."

They were given no opportunity to rally. Thomas followed them with the alertness of a Napoleon and

kept up the pursuit without cessation until the 29th, by which time Hood had crossed the Tennessee at the head of "a disorganized and disheartened rabble of half-armed barefooted men." The army was not alone defeated ; it was dispersed and destroyed. It never came together again ; the men straggled to their homes ; nobody was left to fight in that quarter of the land. Its guns, its stores, eight thousand of its men, four of its generals and more than two hundred and fifty officers remained in Thomas's hands. No one called him slow after that.

Hard fighting in the West was at an end. Some raiding bands were sent out, and one of these captured Jefferson Davis after his flight from Richmond. Thomas remained in command in the Tennessee district till 1867, when he was put in command over Georgia, Florida and Alabama. The rank of lieutenant-general was now offered him, but he declined it, saying that it came too late as a reward for his services during the war, and that since then he had done nothing to deserve it. After May, 1869, he commanded the military division of the Pacific, and died at San Francisco, March 26, 1870.

General Thomas was a man of spotless character, a hater of ostentation, reserved, self-poised, steadfast. He was deliberate in all he did, and believed in carefully maturing his plans before putting them into effect. He was courteous and dignified in manner and his heavy form and slowness of motion fitted well with his character. "No man in the army," says Colonel McClure, "more perfectly completed the circle of soldier and gentleman. He was one of the most lovable characters I have ever known, but it required exhaustive ingenuity to induce him to speak about military matters in which he had taken a prominent part."

GEORGE G. MEADE, THE VICTOR AT GETTYSBURG

ON three great days, from the 1st to the 3d of July, 1863, the fate of the Confederacy was practically decided. Then, on the field of Gettysburg, the culminating battle of the struggle for the Union was fought and Lee's veteran army was hurled back in defeat. Until then the star of the Confederacy, so far as Virginia was concerned, had been steadily rising. There its decline towards its setting began, and all honor belongs to the man to whom this victory was due, George G. Meade, the commander of the army of the Potomac during that momentous campaign. This was the great event in General Meade's life, the one supreme opportunity to achieve fame. Previously he had played a subordinate part. Afterwards, though in command, he did not add to his brilliant record. Later on he was thrown in the shade by the great figure of Grant. Gettysburg was his one opening for glory and he rose to the level of the occasion.

George Gordon Meade was born at Cadiz, Spain, on the final day of the year 1815. His father was at that time a merchant and the United States consul in that city. The father returned to the United States in 1816, and when his son was of proper age had him entered in the West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1835.

From that time forward Meade's career lay in the army. He served for a time in Florida against the

Seminole Indians and was one of those heroes of the Civil War who fought in Mexico, but he was mainly occupied in survey duty and in the construction of lighthouses until the Civil War, doing good work, no doubt, but remaining subordinate. He was promoted captain of engineers in 1856 and did not reach the rank of major in the regular army until 1862, after a year's service in the Civil War.

He held, however, a higher rank in the volunteer army, being made brigadier-general in August, 1861. As such he was under McClellan in the Peninsular campaign and served in the Seven Days' battles, fighting at Gaines's Mill and on July 1 at Malvern Hill, where he was twice struck by bullets and severely wounded. He recovered, however, in time to take part in the hard-fought battle of Antietam, where he commanded a division. He took an active part in the subsequent battles of Fredericksburg under Burnside, and Chancellorsville under Hooker, commanding the Union left in the latter engagement. His division fought well in both battles, but shared in the defeat of the general army.

General Lee's signal success in these two great battles led to the most ambitious move in his career. Now, as after the second battle of Bull Run, he looked about for a hopeful field of operations in which he might win success during the temporary discouragement and disorganization of the Union army. In both cases Washington was secure against a direct attack. In the first instance he had invaded Maryland in the hope of gaining some marked advantage thereby. In the second he decided on an invasion of Pennsylvania, with the hope that, in the event of his defeating the Union army, the great cities of Philadelphia, Balti-

more, and Washington might be taken by his victorious troops.

Lee began his great movement of invasion secretly and shrewdly, and his advance troops were making their way up the Shenandoah Valley for a week before Hooker discovered what was in the wind. Then the Union army was put in the quickest possible motion, and during much of the month of June, 1863, the two powerful armies were racing each other up the two sides of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Hooker diligently seeking to protect Washington while making every effort to unmask the intentions of the foe. Meanwhile, as the news of these movements became divulged, a general alarm spread through the North. Forts were hastily built to protect Philadelphia and other threatened points, brigades from home guards were recruited and sent to the front, money was sent from the Philadelphia banks to places of safety, the drill rooms were crowded with volunteers, and so great was the alarm that "even the clergy assembled and to a man offered to drop both preaching and the pen and to take up either musket or spade."

In the midst of this march, after the Union army had crossed the Potomac and was pressing up through Maryland, a critical event took place. A force of eleven thousand men lay at Harper's Ferry, and General Hooker asked the Government to remove the public stores from that place and add these men, useless there, to his army. This General Halleck, commander-in-chief, refused to do, and Hooker at once resigned. General Meade was immediately appointed in his place.

This change of commanders, in front of a powerful enemy and on the eve of a great battle, was a perilous



RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

act, calculated to demoralize the best disciplined troops. With the veterans of the army Hooker was a favorite, a man whom they knew and loved, while they knew much less of Meade, who had commanded only a division of the army. And the change looked like a personal one directed against General Hooker, for the troops at Harper's Ferry, refused to him, were at once placed under Meade's control. In fact, the emergency was so great, that the new general was given absolute powers, and set free from interference of any kind.

It was on the 28th of June, 1863, that General Meade came into this position of responsibility. He lost not a moment in preparing to act. The army at this time had advanced as far as Frederick, Maryland, and Lee, whose advance had reached the Susquehanna and was threatening Philadelphia, ordered his advance troops back when he learned that the Union army was in force so near at hand. He prepared to concentrate his army in the vicinity of Gettysburg.

Meanwhile Meade had put his whole army in motion and had ordered the troops to leave Harper's Ferry and occupy Frederick. Seeking an advantageous position for his army in the terrible struggle that was impending, he selected the line of Big Pipe Creek, southeast of Gettysburg, with the hills of Westminster in the rear. This would have formed an excellent line of defence, but circumstances prevented its use. General Reynolds had been ordered to push forward towards Gettysburg, so as to mask the formation of the battle-line on Pipe Creek. Here, on the 1st of July, he unexpectedly came upon the van of the Confederates and soon found himself engaged in battle with a superior force. In the fight that ensued, Reynolds was

killed and his men were driven back, occupying the hilly ground called Cemetery Ridge. Meade, when he heard of what had taken place and of the strength of the new position, ordered the whole army to march with all haste to Gettysburg.

Both armies were now pressing forward with all rapidity, and during July 2 they continued to arrive and take position on the new battle-line. Meade, when he reached the ground, saw the strength of the position which Howard had secured and determined to stand on the defence, forcing on Lee the perilous alternative of attack. It was not until late in the afternoon of that day that the battle began and it continued along the whole line until night had fallen, not ending until ten o'clock at night. The struggle was one of frightful energy; never had those two veteran hosts fought with more desperate courage, and a large percentage of the two armies were killed or wounded. When the day's deadly work ended the Confederates had driven back the advanced Union line, but the whole length of Cemetery Ridge was still firmly held. This Meade determined to hold during the next day, while Lee, encouraged by his partial success, determined to continue the attack. Such was the position of the two armies when the day dawned on the 3d of July.

That day was the turning point in the war. General Lee saw how much depended on the day's work and determined upon a desperate effort for victory. The battle began with a frightful cannonade, in which, for two hours of the afternoon, more than two hundred cannon poured out their fiery hail. Then, when the Union cannon ceased firing and seemed as if silenced, a great line of infantry, led by General Pickett and

fifteen thousand strong, was launched in desperate charge upon the centre of Meade's line.

It was the greatest charge in the war. It was apparently a hopeless one, for Meade awaited it with a hundred cannon and the flower of his army. As the line advanced it was torn and rent by shot and shell. From the front and both flanks an awful storm of bullets fell on the long column of attack. Men fell dead and wounded in multitudes, hardly a handful of the mighty force reached the Union lines, and great numbers of them were forced to throw down their arms and surrender, scarcely a fourth of them reaching their own lines again. The mighty charge had utterly failed.

General Lee had made his supreme effort and had lost. Meade, the victor, was hailed as the nation's hero. He had lost in the battle over twenty-three thousand men, but he had won. Lee had lost some thirty thousand, fourteen thousand of them being prisoners, and he had lost the battle as well. On the following day, July 4, 1863, he left the field and began his retreat. It was the greatest 4th of July since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, for on that same day Vicksburg was surrendered to General Grant.

General Meade did not follow up his victory in a way to satisfy the impatient people of the North. He was severely blamed by newspaper critics for delaying his pursuit until Lee had crossed the Potomac, but was rewarded for his great victory by promotion to brigadier-general in the regular army—he had been only major before. It was the 18th of July before he finally crossed the Potomac, and the army, which had before pursued Lee northwardly, now pursued him to the south. Of this nothing came. During the remainder of the year there were marches and countermarches, each of the vigilant

commanders seeking to obtain some advantage over the other. Meade more than once advanced on the enemy, seeking to take him at a disadvantage, the last movement being on November 27-30. He found Lee so strongly posted on the rugged banks of Mine Run that an attack seemed suicidal. The army was withdrawn and went into winter-quarters between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan and the year's work was at an end. Meade had failed to add to the laurels he had gathered at Gettysburg.

General Meade was thus the hero of one battle. In the next spring General Grant took command and Meade was lost sight of in the brilliant work of his superior. He was left in command, all orders to the army came through him, and as Grant has said he was "the right man in the right place." But everyone knows that Grant was the soul of all the events that followed and Meade stood as his lieutenant, to carry his plans into effect.

In August, 1864, he was promoted to major-general, and continued to command the army of the Potomac, under General Grant's directing hand, until the end of the war. The war over, he was made in 1867 commander of the third military district, comprising Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. There were no other notable events in his life, and he died at Philadelphia, November 6, 1872. An equestrian statue of him stands, in a somewhat secluded situation, in Fairmount Park.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, COMMANDER OF THE LAST CONFEDERATE ARMY

THE Confederate general with whom we are now concerned was a victim of circumstances, and was prevented by fate and official thick-headedness from playing the distinguished part in the Civil War that might otherwise have been his. A severe wound received before Richmond took from him the command of the army and turned it over to General Lee. Later, while still weak from his wound, he was sent to oppose Grant and Sherman before Vicksburg with a much smaller force. Finally, while pursuing a Fabian policy before Sherman on the road to Atlanta, he was removed from command in the midst of his efforts by the cabinet officials at Richmond and a man put in his place who had not half his ability. If Johnston had been left alone Sherman probably would never have made his "march to the sea."

Joseph Eggleston Johnston was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, February 3, 1807, his mother being a niece of Patrick Henry, the famous orator of the Revolution. He was a cadet at West Point in the same class with Robert E. Lee, graduated in 1829 with that famous soldier, and, like him, entered the engineering branch of the service. In this line of duty he was kept busy at map-making until the war with the Seminole Indians of Florida broke out, in which he took part as a lieutenant, being eventually rewarded for his services by the rank of captain.

After he had done fighting with the Indians, Johns-

ton went back to his old employment of map-making and surveying, taking part in 1843 in the survey of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, and afterwards in the work of surveying the sea-coasts of the country.

His quiet labors over maps and with surveying instruments were again broken into in 1846, when hostile relations with Mexico called our armies once more into the field. Johnston took part in the war that followed as a captain of topographical or map-making engineers in General Scott's army, but his time seems to have been devoted more to fighting than to office work, he taking an active part in the various battles of the campaign, and receiving two wounds in the engagement at Cerro Gordo. It may be said here that during his years of fighting Johnston received no fewer than ten wounds, a fact which goes to show that he did not, like so many generals, keep safely in the rear while the bullets were flying. Few of the leaders in the service succeeded in stopping as many bullets as he.

All we need to say further of his Mexican service is that his skill and courage were so marked as to bring him distinction and promotion, he being gradually raised in rank until he was made colonel. In 1860 he was appointed quartermaster-general of the army, with the rank of brigadier-general. During the years that followed the Mexican war he had been engaged in his old engineering duties, surveys and river improvements occupying him until he was given the work of quartermaster-general. This was shortly followed by the outbreak of the Civil War, when Johnston, like nearly all the Virginia officers of the army, sent in his resignation and offered his services to his State. In

the true Southern spirit of State-rights partisanship, the State was to him the nation.

He began his work in the war as brigadier-general in command of the Confederate army of the Shenandoah. As such he was opposed in May, 1861, at Harper's Ferry by General Patterson, who had been sent there with a numerous Union command. Being not strong enough to hold the Ferry, he did his utmost to destroy the canal and railway by blowing up the cliffs and hurling large masses of stone upon these works. Stonewall Jackson was one of his subordinates and saw his first active service in the Shenandoah Valley in the sharp little fight at Falling Waters that quickly followed the Harper's Ferry affair.

But Johnston's and Jackson's first notable service came in July, when Beauregard was facing McDowell at Bull Run and sent hasty word for aid from the army of the Shenandoah. Johnston was then in face of Patterson, whose force had now been much weakened, troops being taken from him for the defence of Washington. Johnston adroitly eluded him, marched a considerable part of his force in all haste to the field where the first important battle of the war was then in progress and the Confederate forces were in peril, and by his timely reinforcement helped Beauregard to drive back the Union forces in a defeat that soon became a panic. Johnston was superior in rank to Beauregard, but he waived his right of command and permitted that officer to finish the fight he had so well begun.

During the months that followed Johnston remained on the field of Manassas, threatening Washington and holding the Union troops there for its defence. After the experience of Bull Run no inclination was felt to

interfere with him. In March, 1862, Union movements caused him to retire beyond the Rapidan, and when McClellan began his movement to the peninsula to make a sort of back-door attack on Richmond, Johnston hastened there to oppose him. He was now full general, with command of the army of Virginia, and the safety of the Confederate capital depended on him and his men.

He succeeded in holding McClellan for a month at Yorktown, but was forced out of Williamsburg on May 5 and retreated to a position covering Richmond. McClellan's army followed rapidly, and on reaching the Chickahominy a portion of it crossed this small and easily forded river. Hardly had they done so when the conditions changed. Heavy rains poured down, the stream was suddenly swollen with the rushing waters, and the Union army found itself cut in twain. A happy accident for his cause it seemed to Johnston, who was falling back on Richmond. He immediately turned in his tracks, marched on the isolated Union brigades, and charged them with vigor. Only stubborn courage saved them from a disastrous defeat.

The supposed happy chance proved in the end a most unhappy one for the Confederate commander. At about the hour of sunset, when his men were severely pressing their enemies, who were tenaciously clinging to their position, Johnston was struck by a fragment of a shell, and received so serious a wound that he had to be carried from the field. During the night and early in the morning the Unionists were reinforced, the stream having shrunk into its old channel, and the next day's fight left them masters of the field. Thus ended the battle of Fair Oaks, or

Seven Pines, as it has been variously named. It was a desperate affray, with heavy loss, each side losing about seven thousand men.

This battle proved very unfortunate for General Johnston. It removed him from command at a critical stage in the central field of operations, General Lee taking his place and winning the honors which might have come to him. He remained disabled for several months, it being November before he was able to assume a new command, that over Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. As late as April, 1863, he reported that he was still unfit for active service in the field.

Very active service was before him. Grant, tired of being held at bay north of Vicksburg, was now making his memorable swing round that city to the soil of Mississippi south of the stronghold. The plan he had in view was first to deal with the forces in the open field and then take the city by siege or assault.

Johnston's army was a small one, quite unfit to deal with Grant's heavy forces, but he marched to the relief of the beleaguered stronghold, reaching Jackson on May 13. He tried to hold this place against heavier forces under Sherman, but was unable to do so, and during the month that followed he sought in vain to aid Pemberton, in command at Vicksburg. As Pemberton held on to the place against Johnston's advice until Grant had him closed tightly in, the case soon became hopeless.

On May 29 Johnston wrote to Pemberton, "I am too weak to save Vicksburg," and this proved to be the case. He gave Grant what trouble he could, but was not able to stand before the quick and heavy blows dealt him, and on July 4 the campaign ended in the fall of the strong Confederate city and the surrender of

Pemberton and all his men. If Johnston's advice had been taken the latter disaster would have been avoided, but President Davis had other views and Pemberton was induced to hold on until escape was impossible.

We take up the fortunes of General Johnston again six months later, in December, 1863, when he was put in command of Bragg's army after the disastrous defeat of the latter before Chattanooga. In the following May Sherman began his famous advance towards Atlanta, Johnston opposing him with an army of about fifty-five thousand men, then strongly fortified at Dalton, Georgia.

It was an interesting game of war that followed. Johnston's army was much smaller than Sherman's, but the country the latter had to march through was mountainous and full of deep gullies, woods, and ravines, its difficulties going far to equalize the strength of the forces engaged. Sherman found it easier to flank than to attack the strong position at Dalton, and Johnston was quickly obliged to fall back to Reseca, where Sherman attacked him. Here he showed a bold front, but finding himself outmatched he retreated during the night and made his next stand in a strong mountain pass, where Sherman again outflanked him.

Thus fighting and flanking, the two armies kept at it until the vicinity of Atlanta was reached, Johnston steadily on the defensive, as Lee was in the North. Yet by this time one-fourth of Johnston's army was gone. He had done splendidly with his inferior force, saving it wherever he could, for he knew that the Confederacy was then too poor in able-bodied men to replace its losses, but fighting wherever he thought a chance for victory existed. Atlanta, which he had now reached, was already well fortified, but he set his

men busily at work in an effort to make it an impregnable stronghold, hoping to beat off his more powerful foe. In the midst of this work he was suddenly deprived of his command.

His continual retreat before Sherman had deeply displeased the authorities at Richmond, especially President Davis, who did not approve of his cautious policy and evidently expected more from him than was possible. Experts tell us that Johnston had managed the campaign with the greatest skill and for the best interests of his cause, and that his defensive stand at Atlanta was the best course that remained for him under the circumstances; but this the government at Richmond did not believe, and the more dashing, but less skilful and prudent soldier, General Hood, was put in his place.

Davis wanted battles, and Hood was the man to accommodate him. Johnston was removed on the 18th of July, and Hood fought fierce battles on the 22d and the 28th, being defeated with heavy loss on both occasions. He fought other battles with the same result, and finally, being forced out of Atlanta, moved to the north with the purpose of cutting Sherman's lines of supply. What came of this movement may be read in our story of General Thomas. All we need say here is that the policy of "swapping horses in crossing a stream" did not prove a good one in that instance.

In February, 1865, the Richmond government, in despair at Sherman's seemingly irresistible advance, turned to General Johnston again and asked him to take command of the army collecting in South Carolina to oppose this advance. It was a forlorn hope he was asked to lead. To check Sherman now, with the

resources at his command, was next to impossible. Johnston, however, patriotically took the command offered him.

By gathering up Hardee's men from Charleston, Beauregard's from Columbia, and Hampton's cavalry, he got together a respectable force, about forty thousand strong, and for a time put Sherman in considerable jeopardy. A stand was made by Hardee at Averasboro, North Carolina, on March 16, and a stubborn little battle took place, ending in Hardee's being pushed out of his intrenchments.

Sherman meanwhile was on the march to Goldsboro and the result of this engagement gave him a perilous sense of security. He ordered his corps commanders to march in the easiest manner and by the nearest roads to Goldsboro, as a result of which his army became separated and spread out over a distance of ten or twelve miles. He had no idea that Johnston was marching upon him swiftly and stealthily during the night and next day was hovering near, waiting for a favorable opportunity to strike.

The blow came on the morning of the 19th, falling heavily on Slocum's wing of the army, which suddenly found itself in the face of Johnston's whole host. It was a genuine surprise and only stubborn fighting enabled the troops to hold their own until help could reach them. The battle continued all day, the seasoned veterans on both sides fighting with fury. Only the rapid hurrying up of the scattered divisions saved Sherman from a disastrous defeat. As he says, his men received "six distinct assaults by the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee, and Cheatham, under the immediate command of General Johnston himself, without giving an inch of ground, and doing good

execution on the enemy's ranks, especially with our artillery, the enemy having little or none."

Thus ended the battle of Bentonville, both sides holding their own ground and neither able to claim a victory. It was a memorable contest, brilliantly fought, and its whole inception and progress showed the ability of Johnston as a soldier. The manœuvres of the next two days caused him to withdraw, convinced that his chance of beating Sherman had vanished. It was the last battle in that section of the Confederacy. Not many days passed before the news of Lee's surrender reached the armies, and on the 24th of April Johnston, knowing that the cause of the Confederacy was at an end and that further fighting would be mere murder, surrendered to Sherman, receiving the same terms that had been granted to General Lee.

The remainder of General Johnston's career was a quiet one, with no incident specially calling for mention. He engaged after the war in the railroad and insurance business, and in 1877 was elected to Congress from Richmond. President Cleveland afterward appointed him United States commissioner of railroads. He made his home at Savannah, Georgia, and was active in endeavoring to improve the industries of the South. Death came to end his career on the 21st of March, 1891.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, THE HERO OF THE RIDE FROM WINCHESTER

AMONG the many able soldiers whom the Civil War produced there was none more admired than Sheridan, the hard rider and relentless fighter. He well deserved the title of the "Whirlwind of the Shenandoah Valley." Grant says of him: "As a soldier there is no man living greater than Sheridan. He belongs to the very first class of captains, not only of our army, but of the world. I rank him with Napoleon and Frederick and the great commanders of history." This is high praise, but Sheridan did much to deserve it.

Philip Henry Sheridan was of Irish descent, his father coming from Ireland three years before, on the 6th of March, 1831, Philip was born in the Ohio town of Somerset. The family was poor, and the boy had to work in the village stores, getting what little education he could. He was of the true Irish spirit, fond alike of a frolic or a fight, making friends of everybody, a born soldier, delighting in organizing the village boys into companies and drilling them severely. History he loved to read, especially the stories of wars. No doubt he took an intense interest in the battles of the Mexican war, and shortly afterwards, in 1848, he was fortunate in getting admission to West Point. Here his old spirit broke out, he had quarrels, he broke rules, and succeeded in getting suspended for a year, not graduating till 1853.

As a soldier he spent years in the far West, where he succeeded in seeing some fighting against the Indians,

a party of whom attacked the blockhouse at the Cascades of the Columbia. With the dragoons and a few companies of the Ninth Infantry he drove them off. He won compliments for his gallantry in this action and was put in command over the Indian reservation. Such was his position in 1861, when the Civil War began.

Sheridan was called to the East, where every soldier was now needed, a lieutenant still, but modestly hoping that he "might get a captaincy out of the thing." This rank was given him on June 18, he being put in command of a company in the thirteenth infantry, of which William T. Sherman was the colonel. He was next appointed quartermaster and commissary on the staff of General Curtis, then in Missouri, but in this post did not give satisfaction, and was sent to General Halleck, then advancing on Corinth, after the battle of Shiloh. Halleck had served in California and knew something of Sheridan, and on May 25, 1862, had him appointed colonel of the second Michigan cavalry.

Sheridan had now gained a position in which he was able to show what was in him. His fine fighting at Brownville, Mississippi, on July 1, won him promotion to brigadier-general of volunteers, and on October 8 he commanded a division in the battle of Perryville, where he distinguished himself alike for daring and ability in handling troops. It was, however, in the desperate two days' battle at Stone River that he had the first opportunity to make his powers known. Here his division held the key of the position for three hours, his three brigade commanders and nearly half his men falling, yet he fighting on with a stubborn resolution that went far to win the day. For his gallantry in this fight he was made a major-general of volunteers.

He continued to make his mark during the following year, taking part in various combats, the greatest of which was the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20. Here, through some mistake or some misunderstanding of orders, Sheridan's division became separated from the rest of the army, and had to fight alone against superior forces. Its resistance was vigorous, but in the end it was driven from the field.

There followed a series of brilliant events around Chattanooga, where Grant took command and in late November launched his whole army against that of General Bragg, strongly intrenched on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. In the movement against the latter Sheridan's division formed the centre of the column and in the final day's fight, that of the 25th, did work reflecting the highest honor on itself and its gallant leader.

Moving from the timber in which his lines had been formed, the men charged at double-quick across an open plain against the first Confederate line of rifle-pits, at the foot of the ridge. The work was so rapid and impulsive that the men were in the pits before any effective defence could be made and drove the defenders pell-mell from their works, killing some, capturing many.

To take this line was all that Grant had intended and a messenger was on the way with instructions to that effect. But the victorious troops and their impulsive leader did not wait for orders. Already they were rushing up the five-hundred-feet hill, and in a few minutes had stormed and captured the second line of works, half-way up the slope. The daring fellows were not to be stopped by orders or by the storm of bullets that met them as they rushed with wild cheers

on upward, and we may be sure that Sheridan was not far behind the front.

Soon the crest of the hill was gained and they met its defenders in a desperate hand to hand conflict with a force and fury that nothing could withstand. The Confederates were forced from their guns and driven down the opposite slope, their pace accelerated by a shower of stones from Sheridan's men, who had no time to reload. Before the last of the charging column had reached the crest Bragg's men, utterly demoralized by their sudden defeat, were in hurried retreat, with their large wagon train, along the valley below.

Sheridan's conduct in this brilliant victory was fully appreciated by Grant. He saw that in the young Irish leader he had a man who could fight to win, and in the following year, when he was made the nation's commander-in-chief, Sheridan was one of the men he asked for. When, in March, 1864, he took command of the army of the Potomac, he told President Lincoln that he wanted the very best leader in the army. "How would Sheridan do?" asked Halleck, who was present. "The very man I want," said Grant. Sheridan was at once ordered north, and on April 4 he took command of the cavalry corps of the army of the Potomac, which he set himself at once to bring into the best fighting trim.

Work was soon cut out for him. On May 8, after having helped effectively in the battle of the Wilderness, Sheridan was ordered to break loose from the army, attack the cavalry of the enemy, cut his line of communications and supplies, and sweep around Lee's lines to Butler's position on the James River. This was work to Sheridan's heart and he accomplished it with his usual vim and promptitude. Dashing towards

Richmond, he destroyed Lee's stores at Beaver Dam, recaptured four hundred Union prisoners on their way to Libby prison, destroyed miles of railroad and telegraph, and on the 11th met Stuart at Yellow Tavern in the hottest cavalry fight of the war. Stuart, Lee's ablest cavalry commander, fell on the field and his men were driven back, while Sheridan crossed the Chickahominy and made a dash on the defences of Richmond. After having four cavalry fights in all, he went into camp on the James, where he gave his men a three days' rest. For more than two weeks Grant was saved from all annoyances by the cavalry of the enemy.

We cannot name all the combats in which Sheridan took part. His one failure was when he was sent to the Shenandoah Valley on June 6 to cut the Virginia Central Railroad and relieve General Hunter, then in a critical position far up the valley. This movement did not succeed and Hunter was soon after forced into a retreat to West Virginia, leaving the valley undefended. Lee took quick advantage of this state of affairs by despatching General Early on his famous movement, in which Maryland was invaded and Washington put in serious danger of capture. On July 11 Early was within view of the capital, which a little more energy might have put into his hands. But the rapid gathering of troops obliged him to retreat and he was soon in the valley again, which was dominated by his victorious troops.

Early's threatening attitude led Grant to send Sheridan to face him, a new division, named the Middle Military Division, being formed and put under Sheridan, who was given an army of thirty thousand men, eight thousand of whom were cavalry. Hunter's troops from West Virginia subsequently joined it,

making a total force of forty-five thousand men, with twenty-two batteries of artillery. This was the force that afterwards became famous as the Army of the Shenandoah.

Sheridan took his time. He was feeling his way and getting acquainted with the situation. There were marching and countermarching and fights here and there of minor importance, but a month or more passed with no decisive action and the positions of the two armies remained with little change. Each of the generals had felt the other and found him too strong to attack. The country grew impatient. People were eager to see something done. Grant himself did not understand the reasons for delay and visited Sheridan, intending to propose a plan of operations. But when he saw the state of affairs and learned that Sheridan was only biding his time, waiting till he could take his adversary at a disadvantage, the shrewd commander concluded that his able subordinate did not need advice but was quite able to take care of himself. The time came in September. Early had been strongly posted on Fisher's Hill, two miles south of Strasburg. On September 14 General Anderson's force left him, under orders to join General Lee. Early further weakened his army by sending a large detachment to Martinsburg, his men being stretched out in a long line through Bunker Hill and Winchester.

This unwise weakening of his force gave Sheridan the opportunity he was awaiting. He took quick advantage of it, marched upon the Confederate army, flanked Early right and left, and, after a day's bloody conflict, defeated him so completely that, in Sheridan's telling phrase, he was sent "whirling through Winchester" in defeat. Sheridan's loss in men was much the

heavier, but he had won an important battle, taken two thousand prisoners, and captured five guns and nine battle-flags. Grant made up his mind, on hearing of that day's work, that it was not necessary "to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders." Early had accepted defeat in time to save his train and stores and fell back to the position he had left on Fisher's Hill. Sheridan had been severely punished, his total losses being nearly five thousand men, but on the day after the fight he was in pursuit again, and lost no time in striking Early in his strong post. General Crook was sent forward and, all day long, moved towards and along Little North Mountain, under cover of the woods. In this way he gained unseen the Confederates' flank and rear. Just before sunset he rushed upon them suddenly, and was over their intrenchments before they could recover from their surprise. The other divisions joined in with the charge. "Go on; don't stop; go on!" shouted Sheridan and his staff. Early's whole line broke and fled from the trenches and their stronghold was carried, with six guns and a thousand prisoners.

Early fled, with Sheridan hot upon his heels, the pursuit not ceasing until he had been driven out of the valley and into one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, where reinforcements came to meet him. Sheridan's success was phenomenal. "Go on," said Grant, "and your work will cause the fall of Richmond." The whole North was jubilant. Early's men were thoroughly disheartened. The mob at Richmond, disgusted at his defeat, labelled the fresh cannon sent him, "*To General Sheridan; Care of General Early.*"

Sheridan, his foe having got beyond reach, obeyed the orders sent him by devastating the valley so that

Early could not make it a source of supplies. It was made so bare that a crow could hardly have found pickings. He destroyed more than two thousand barns and numerous mills filled with wheat, drove off four thousand head of cattle and killed for his troops three thousand sheep. He continued to fall back, still destroying, finally going into camp on the line of Cedar Creek. Here, a month later, came the most famous event in Sheridan's career.

He had been absent for some days on business at Washington, and reached Winchester on his return on the morning of October 19. He had hardly entered when an officer reported that he heard sounds of artillery, and Sheridan mounted his horse and rode through the town. Here the sound of distant guns was distinct and he rode forward with some anxiety for a mile or more, when he met fugitives hastening towards the town. On questioning them Sheridan learned what had taken place. Early, greatly strengthened, had attacked the army before daybreak and under cover of a dense fog, breaking its ranks, driving it back for miles, and capturing guns and prisoners in numbers.

Sheridan heard this with grimly closed lips and galloped on at breakneck speed, with twenty mounted men in his train. As he met the thickening line of stragglers he swung his hat in the air and called to them, cheerily, "Face the other way, boys, face the other way! We're going to lick them out of their boots!"

The mere sight of Sheridan was like a corps of fresh troops to the men. They faced about, taking up his cry. On reaching the broken army, more than eleven miles from Winchester, he was hailed with a

tempest of joy. His presence put new life in the broken troops. They obeyed him readily, quickly reformed their ranks, and formed a compact line of battle just as the enemy came yelling forward in another charge. To their surprise they were met with sturdy resistance and their dismay was complete when they learned that Sheridan was on the ground.

At 4 o'clock he ordered a general advance. Under the influence of his enthusiasm the late disheartened troops pushed forward with resistless force. The Confederates, their order broken while rifling the captured camp, gave way on all sides, their repulse soon becoming a complete rout. The twenty-four lost guns were recaptured and as many more taken. Ambulances, caissons, battle-flags, etc., were among the spoil, and the pursuit was kept up till Early was driven many miles away.

Such was the famous incident that formed the climax of Sheridan's career and which, as "Sheridan's Ride," has been celebrated in art, song and story. It was the end of Early's domination of the valley. Sheridan met him once more, on February 27, 1865, at Waynesboro, and crushed him so completely that he fled to Richmond, leaving Sheridan without a foe in his front.

At Richmond matters were now nearing an end. Sheridan joined Grant's army on March 19, and was sent to ride around the enemy and get on his rear. On April 1 he fought the last great battle of the war, routing Pickett and Johnson at Five Forks, taking their works and capturing several thousand prisoners. This closed the game for Lee. The next day he abandoned Richmond and began his final retreat. Sheridan was in an instant in pursuit and on the 9th Lee found

him in his front, drawn up in a battle-line. Before he could charge the white flag was displayed and the war in Virginia was at an end.

The remainder of Sheridan's career must be briefly dealt with. After the surrender of Lee and Johnston he was sent to Texas, where Kirby Smith was keeping up a show of resistance. When Smith surrendered Sheridan was given command of the military division of the Gulf, with instructions to watch the war between the Mexicans and the emperor whom Napoleon III. had imposed upon them. The show of hostility he made had much to do with bringing that disgraceful affair to an end. Napoleon had no fancy for putting his troops against Sheridan's veterans.

Obeying Congress, instead of President Johnson, during the reconstruction troubles at New Orleans, he was removed and sent to Leavenworth, where he put down with a heavy hand the Indian troubles of that time. When Grant was inaugurated President in 1869 Sheridan was rewarded for his services with the title of lieutenant-general, and in 1883 he succeeded Sherman in the rank of general of the army. He had married in 1874 and he died August 5, 1888, his body being interred in the National Cemetery at Charleston.

We have given Grant's estimate of Sheridan as a soldier. No man in the army was more daring and self-reliant than he, and none could inspire his men with a greater enthusiasm. Yet he was as cautious as he was enterprising, always looking out for emergencies and never fighting without providing for a possible retreat. Throughout his career, and especially in the Shenandoah Valley, he showed that he was a soldier of the highest grade.

JAMES E. B. STUART, THE RUPERT OF THE SOUTH

A HERO of romance to the South was its dashing and brilliant cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, the thunderbolt of Lee's army, the foremost cavalry knight in either army until Sheridan came north to contest with him the palm for dash and daring. The novelty, boldness, and rapidity of his movements, their energy and headlong courage, with the success that generally attended them, brought him hosts of admirers, who regarded him as their Prince Rupert of the South. His story is one illumined with dashing enterprises and romantic episodes, ended by death in action in the height of his career.

James Ewell Brown Stuart, born in Patrick County, Virginia, February 6, 1833, was the son and grandson of soldiers, his grandfather having served in the Revolution, his father in the War of 1812. He followed in their steps, studying the military art at West Point, where he graduated in 1854. The following years of his life were active ones, first against the Apaches in Texas as second lieutenant of the regiment of mounted riflemen in that State, next in Kansas during the border troubles there, and afterwards in Indian warfare, during which he was in a fight with the Cheyennes on Solomon River. He went as an aide with Robert E. Lee to Harper's Ferry to put down the John Brown insurrection, identifying its leader as "Ossawatomie Brown," whom he had known in Kansas. He was in Virginia on leave of absence when that

State seceded from the Union, and at once resigned from the army and joined the Confederate forces.

Such, briefly stated, was Stuart's career prior to the Civil War, in which he was to distinguish himself as a great cavalry soldier. He had been first lieutenant in the United States army, but was now appointed lieutenant-colonel, in July was made colonel, and in September, in recognition of his excellent services, was commissioned brigadier-general. These services were the following: When General Joe Johnston marched from Winchester to the field of Bull Run, Stuart screened his movement from General Patterson by active demonstrations in his front. Then speeding to the battle-field, he was of much aid to Stonewall Jackson and helped greatly in winning victory for the Confederate forces.

His most brilliant exploit in the early era of the war was in June, 1862, when McClellan's army lay before Richmond and Lee was planning his memorable attack upon it. Stuart was directed to make a raid around the rear of the Union army, doing all the damage he could and locating the position of its left wing. This was a commission in his true vein, a chance for one of those bold, free, adventurous rides, full of the spice of danger, in which his soul delighted.

He sallied forth from Richmond on the 12th at the head of fifteen hundred horsemen and four pieces of horse artillery, and soon was riding with free rein northward and westward, cutting loose from all communications and dashing into a field of danger. At Hanover Old Church he met and dispersed two squadrons of Union cavalry, and swept on to Garlick's Landing, on the Pamunk River, where he seized and burned fourteen wagons and two schooners laden with forage.

A considerable number of prisoners, with mules and horses, were here seized, and a large amount of stores was destroyed at Tunstall's station, near the White House, McClellan's base of supplies.

This daring raid lasted three days, during which Stuart rode entirely around the army of the Potomac, and then crossed the Chickahominy on a ruined bridge and leisurely returned up the James River to Richmond, with McClellan's forces on one side and the Union gunboats on the other. He had lost only one man and brought back highly useful information. This was the first of those spectacular cavalry raids of which there were many later in the war. His brilliant exploit, and his services in the Seven Days' fight that ensued, brought Stuart, though not yet thirty years old, the rank of major-general.

Stuart's second opportunity to distinguish himself came in the northward march of Jackson and Longstreet against General John Pope, and the terrible second Bull Run battle. After a sharp cavalry fight at Brandy Station on August 20, in which he drove Bayard's horsemen across the Rappahannock, he crossed that stream on the 22d, rode round Pope's rear to Cattell Station, and captured there his despatch-book and baggage and several officers of his staff. A portion of the stores there were fired, but the heavy rain saved them from serious damage. Fifteen hundred infantry and five companies of cavalry were guarding these stores and the disgrace of the raid was considered more serious than the damage done by it.

On the 26th he led in a raid with more important results, the expedition comprising a strong force of cavalry and infantry. A midnight attack was made on the post at Manassas Junction, which was taken by

surprise, and seven hundred prisoners captured. The spoils included quantities of railroad property and a vast amount of stores, of various kinds. Stonewall Jackson followed him and took possession of Manassas, and on evacuating it shortly afterwards he destroyed all the stores that could not be taken off.

Meanwhile Stuart was busy in other work, guiding Longstreet northward to a junction with Jackson, who for a day had been fighting furiously with Pope. This reinforcement brought complete victory to the Confederates, Pope being driven from the field and forced to fall back on Washington. In this great battle, in which the Union army suffered one of its most serious repulses, Stuart rendered most effective aid and added greatly to his reputation as a skilled and daring cavalry leader. In Lee's subsequent invasion of Maryland he was actively engaged at South Mountain and Antietam, and this was followed in early October by the most adventurous and daring raid in his career, the invasion of Pennsylvania and capture of Chambersburg.

After the battle of Antietam, Lee retreated into Virginia and McClellan lay lingering on the Potomac in his usual deliberate way. Both armies were enjoying a season of rest and recuperation, which no doubt both needed. In the fine days of October the cavalry of Lee's army lay near Charlestown, about ten miles south of Harper's Ferry, Stuart's head-quarters being in a fine old mansion known as "the Bower," whose hospitable proprietor was making life very pleasant to the war-wearied officers of the staff.

But this agreeable ease was not to "Jeb" Stuart's taste. He felt that something should be doing to demonstrate that the chevaliers of Virginia had not

gone to sleep, and during the 8th of October there was a stir about head-quarters which indicated that active service was in the wind. On the evening of that day the officers enjoyed themselves highly at "the Bower," the entertainment ending with a serenade in which the banjo and fiddle took chief part, while not a note of war broke in on their pleasure.

On the morning of the 9th there was a decided change. The sound of the bugle broke cheerily on the morning air and the roads were soon filled with troopers, eighteen hundred of them, picked men all, the best mounted and most trustworthy in the corps. They had been called out for a work that would demand alertness, activity, and daring, and only the best men in the squadrons were wanted.

A battery of four guns accompanied the expedition, which set out in high spirit, its purpose kept secret, but the men feeling that when "Jeb" Stuart led lively times were to be looked for. Darkness had fallen when they reached the Potomac and here they bivouacked for the night, crossing early the next morning. A fog covered the valley as they rode forward, finding no foes, and crossing the narrow width of Maryland and entering Pennsylvania without a shot being fired.

Nothing was disturbed in Maryland, but horses were seized on both sides of the line of march in Pennsylvania, and on the evening of the 10th the bold raiders rode into Chambersburg, the goal of the expedition, without an enemy being seen. That night was spent in the town, and the next morning they set out at dawn on the road towards Gettysburg, after gathering what spoil they could easily carry, paroling the sick soldiers in the hospital, and setting fire to the ordnance store-

house, well filled with military supplies, the railway buildings, and several trains of loaded cars.

So far all had gone well, but the troopers had a day of imminent peril before them. Rain had succeeded the fair weather and was now falling heavily, threatening to make the Potomac impassable, and though they had met no foes in their advance, they knew that many would await them in their retreat. The alarm had spread far and wide, the telegraph had called the Federal cavalry out in all directions, and the daring eighteen hundred would need to ride fast and furious on their way back to Virginia.

Yet fortune favored them. General Pleasonton was patrolling the roads to cut them off, but was led astray by false information, and when he halted for fresh orders, after a fifty miles' ride, Stuart passed by unseen within four miles. Yet as the raiders approached the Potomac the peril rapidly increased. Midnight brought Pleasonton word of their movements and he was quickly on their trail, while infantry and cavalry came closing in from other quarters. Stuart reached Hyattstown, in the vicinity of the Potomac, at day-break on the 12th, after marching sixty-five miles in twenty hours.

Turning abruptly to the west, the raiders rode through a large piece of woodland that concealed their movements. The nearest available crossing was White's Ford, and for this they rode at full speed. As they approached they were disconcerted to see a large body of infantry in position on a steep bluff very near the ford. If these could not be driven away all was lost. There was but one thing to do, to put a bold face on the matter. Colonel W. H. F. Lee, who commanded the advance, called on the infantry officer

to surrender, saying that Stuart's whole force was before him and that resistance was useless. After a short wait for a reply, he opened on them with his guns and to his surprise and relief the infantry abandoned their position and retreated.

A loud Confederate cheer followed them. No shot was fired to hinder their march. On to the ford rode the weary troopers and passed over without opposition, though their foes were closing in upon them from all sides, and in a few minutes more their rear guard would have been cut off. Within twenty-seven hours Stuart had ridden eighty miles, from Chambersburg to White's Ford, and crossed with his artillery and captured horses, his only loss being one man wounded and two stragglers captured. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and twelve hundred horses were carried off, though many of their own had to be abandoned. Thus ended Stuart's most famous raid.

Stuart was kept busy in the subsequent movements of the army and rendered good service at Chancellorsville, his cavalry covering Stonewall Jackson's flank movement. When Jackson fell wounded the command of his corps fell for the time upon Stuart, who extricated it from the critical position it had reached in the darkness and renewed the attack the next day.

During the succeeding Gettysburg campaign he had an opportunity to invade Pennsylvania again, this time under very different auspices. During the northward march he guarded the flanks of Lee's columns and had several sharp brushes with the Federal cavalry. On the passage of the Potomac he obtained Lee's permission to repeat his favorite movement of riding round the enemy's rear, and accordingly crossed the

river between the Union army and Washington, riding up into Pennsylvania to the west of Meade's army. It proved an ill-advised movement. Stuart was forced to make a wide detour and did not reach the battle-field at Gettysburg until the evening of the second day's fight. Thus Lee was deprived of his cavalry at an important crisis in his career and lost all the advantage which he might have obtained from Stuart's presence. All the latter was able to do was to take part in the closing struggle and to cover the rear of Lee's retreating army.

In the months that followed Stuart had many encounters with the Federal cavalry, the most striking being during Lee's movement towards Washington in October, when in one of his movements he found himself hemmed in between two Federal corps and in a very perilous position. His first impulse was to abandon his guns and wagons and attempt a speedy flight under cover of the darkness, but he finally decided upon another plan.

Hiding his men in one of those dense thickets of small pine saplings which cover old fields in Virginia, he sent out three men dressed in Federal uniforms, who, by mingling with the Union columns, managed to escape and reach Lee, whom they told of Stuart's plight. Help was at once sent, and under cover of the confusion caused by a cannonade of the Union lines the bold cavalry leader managed to break through and escape.

Stuart met his Waterloo in 1864, when he first encountered Sheridan, the most famous cavalry leader on the Union side. When Grant emerged from the Wilderness after his desperate fight in its depths, he sent out Sheridan with a large cavalry force to raid in Lee's

rear and cut his communications. Crossing the Po, the Ta, and the North Anna, and destroying miles of railroad and large quantities of stores, he rode on, still destroying and hotly pursued by Stuart, until Yellow Tavern, a few miles north of Richmond, was reached.

Here Stuart, who had swiftly ridden to his front, had concentrated his forces, and at this point the two greatest cavalry leaders of the war met. Sheridan at once attacked and a fiercely contested fight began, in the heat of which the gallant Stuart fell from his horse with a mortal wound. He was taken to Richmond but died the next day, May 12, 1864.

Thus died in harness the most brilliant Confederate cavalry leader of the war, a daring, skilled, and capable soldier, who on horseback was of almost as much service to Lee as Jackson on foot. The two died in battle and the fall of each was a serious loss to the Confederate cause, since men like them it was next to impossible to replace.

WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, THE VICTOR OF STONE RIVER

WILLIAM STARK ROSECRANS, the son of a soldier of the War of 1812, was born at Kingston, Ohio, on the 6th of December, 1819, and when of proper age was entered by his father at West Point to learn the military art. Here he graduated in 1842, entered the engineer corps, and for some years was assistant professor of engineering in the Military Academy. In 1847 he was put in charge of the repairs at Fort Adams, near Newport, R. I., and in 1854 resigned, becoming a civil engineer at Cincinnati and engaging in coal mining and in the manufacture of kerosene. An explosion of this material injured him so severely that for eighteen months he was confined to his bed. Thus passed forty-one years of his life.

When Lincoln's call for volunteers to put down secession was issued in April, 1861, Rosecrans was among the first to offer his services to the Government, as a volunteer aide to General McClellan. In June he was appointed chief engineer of the State of Ohio and immediately afterwards took command of the twenty-third Ohio volunteers. His field services began in July under McClellan in Western Virginia, where, on July 11, he fought and won the battle of Rich Mountain.

Colonel John Pegram, of the Confederate army, with about fifteen hundred men, was strongly entrenched in Rich Mountain Gap, of the Laurel Hill Range, about four miles from Beverly. His forces

commanded the road over the mountains to Staunton, the chief highway of southern Virginia, and he boasted that his position could not be turned, his flanks being protected by precipitous hills. He boasted too loudly, as it proved, he being quickly driven out by a force of three Indiana and one Ohio regiments, with a troop of cavalry, sent against him under Colonel Rosecrans.

In light marching order, and guided by a young man named Hart, son of the owner of the mountain farm where Pegram lay encamped, the expedition started at three o'clock in the morning, making its way through a heavy rain-storm along a rough, slippery and pathless route for a distance of about eight miles. A wide detour was made, and at noon they reached a point a mile in Pegram's rear and on the summit of a ridge high above the camp.

Here, to their surprise and dismay, they were suddenly met with a heavy volley of cannon and musket shots and found themselves in face of a well-manned breastwork of earth and logs. Pegram had captured one of McClellan's couriers and learned of the expedition, for which he had quickly prepared. Rosecrans had no cannon, but his men were eager to fight, and the Indians were ordered to lie down on the grass while the Ohio men advanced as skirmishers. After a considerable waste of ammunition fired over the heads of the lying men, Pegram's men leaped from their works and charged with yells across the road. In an instant the Indians were on their feet and met them with the bayonet, charging so furiously that the Confederates quickly broke and fled down the mountain slopes to Pegram's camp.

This minor affair, in which Rosecrans commanded, was one of the earliest engagements of the war. He

had about eighteen hundred men, double the force of the ambushed enemy, and met with a loss of about fifty, while Pegram lost in killed, wounded and prisoners more than four hundred.

Yet the position of Rosecrans was perilous, separated from the main body as he was. Fortunately McClellan, who had heard the cannonading, advanced to Pegram's front and planted his cannon for an assault on the camp. That night Pegram fled. He was pursued and cut off from assistance and in the end, finding no way of escape and being for two days without food, he surrendered with what remained of his force.

This engagement, while of no great moment in itself, is presented here as the opening event in the career of Rosecrans as a leader of men. It was considered of sufficient importance to bring him the commission of brigadier-general in the United States volunteer service. He continued with McClellan until the latter was called to the general command of the army after the battle of Bull Run, when Rosecrans was left in command in Western Virginia.

He was soon faced by a notable opponent, General Lee being put in command of the scattered forces in that quarter. General Floyd, recently secretary of war under President Buchanan, who had now taken up arms for the Confederacy, was also in the field, in a strong position on the Gauley River. Lee and Floyd proposed to drive the Federal troops from the mountain region and perhaps follow up their victory by the capture of Wheeling and the invasion of western Pennsylvania. This plan, as the event showed, did not work.

Rosecrans had now gathered a force of nearly ten thousand men, and early in September marched against

Floyd, leaving General Reynolds in the Cheat Mountain region to watch and oppose Lee. Rarely has an army followed a wilder road than that which Rosecrans and his army were obliged to traverse. His route lay along some of the wildest of the mountain tracks, over the western spurs of the Alleghanies. Now the men passed through deep ravines and narrow defiles, now climbed steep hill-sides, now followed slippery and winding paths among beetling crags. The Gauley Mountain Range was especially rugged. Its summit was reached at noon of September 9, and the weary troops looked down upon a magnificent panorama of wooded heights and valleys, through one of which curved the waters of Gauley River. On a bald eminence just north of this stream lay Floyd's camp, the river curving so that his flanks rested on the stream.

It was a strong position, but Rosecrans did not hesitate to attack and during the greater part of the day the roar of combat echoed among the hills. Night fell before the battle ended, and when the next morning dawned Floyd's army had disappeared. It had crossed the Gauley in the dark over a bridge of logs, which broke down behind the troops, while a large amount of arms and camp equipage was left in the works. Thus ended the battle of the Carnifex Ferry, with little loss in men on either side, but with victory for the Union arms.

Meanwhile Reynolds had held his own against Lee. Later on, the latter was recalled to Richmond to engage in engineering works in South Carolina, Rosecrans now having only Floyd to deal with. On November 12 he gave that doughty civilian general his final defeat, putting him to flight and chasing him so hotly that he did not stop until fifty miles from the

field. Floyd soon after resigned from the army to enter upon duties for which he was better fitted. Shortly afterwards the campaign in Western Virginia ended and Rosecrans was withdrawn for service in a larger field.

In April, 1862, he joined General Buell's army in Tennessee and took part with it in the siege of Corinth, where he commanded a division. After General Pope was called to Virginia to command the army before Washington, where he bore the burden of defeat on the old Bull Run field, Rosecrans replaced him at the head of his former army. It was known as the Army of the Mississippi, its head-quarters being at Corinth. General Grant was now the superior officer in that region.

During September Sterling Price, a Confederate general, captured Iuka, a Mississippi village where a large amount of Federal stores had been gathered. Grant at once sent two columns against him, one under General Rosecrans, to attack his flank and rear, the other under General Ord, to strike him in front. As it happened, Ord did not appear in time to take part in the battle, which was fought by Rosecrans with the nine thousand troops under his command. Without waiting for his associate, Rosecrans made a sharp attack in the afternoon of September 19, a severe battle succeeding in which the Confederates were pushed back upon the town. Nightfall closed the contest and when Ord appeared the next morning he found Rosecrans in possession of the place. Price had fled during the night, and though sharply pursued he had gained start enough to enable him to escape.

In early October Rosecrans was back at Corinth, which he was busily fortifying, with twenty thousand

men under his command. Price and Van Dorn had combined their forces and were advancing on the town, threatening an attack. This came on the 3d and continued throughout the day, the Confederates fighting fiercely and gaining many advantages. Their success was so great that Van Dorn sent a triumphant despatch to Richmond, presaging victory, and that night his men rested on their arms, secure of conquest in the morning.

But the next day told a different tale. The Confederate veterans fought as courageously as before, even penetrating into the town and capturing the head-quarters of Rosecrans. But they were driven back, their ranks were swept with shot and shell, and before noon their hopes of victory were turned into certainty of defeat. With a wild shout of "Charge" the Federals poured over the parapets, rushed upon Van Dorn's men in a desperate hand to hand fight, and soon sent them flying in confusion to the shelter of the forest.

This ended the battle. Rosecrans gave his men a rest till next morning and then set out in pursuit, following and pushing the broken columns of the enemy for forty miles, while the cavalry kept on their track for sixty miles. Rosecrans was in strong hopes of capturing or destroying the whole fugitive army and even capturing Vicksburg. Grant did not agree with him, perhaps fearing that too extended an advance might prove dangerous, and the victor reluctantly sounded the recall. A few days after this striking victory, while the country was ringing with his praises, Rosecrans was relieved from his command and ordered to report at Cincinnati.

This was the result of events that had taken place in

Kentucky. The Confederate General Bragg had invaded that State and threatened Louisville, to which General Buell had hastened for its defence. On the withdrawal of Bragg he was followed by Buell, and their forces met in the battle of Perryville. This ended in the retreat of Bragg, who, however, was not severely pressed by the victor. The result of the whole campaign, indeed, was so unsatisfactory to the Government that Buell was removed from his command and Rosecrans ordered to succeed him. The Army of the Ohio, as it had been called, was now renamed the Army of the Cumberland.

Rosecrans found his new army in a sad condition. Marches, conflicts and misfortunes had wasted and demoralized it, leaving it with "its spirit broken, its confidence destroyed, its discipline relaxed, its courage weakened, and its hopes shattered." One-third of the number had gone, ten thousand of them being in hospitals, its cavalry was weak, and it was with great difficulty that its channel of supplies could be kept open, the Confederate cavalry being very active. Instead of following Bragg in his retreat, Rosecrans found it necessary to reorganize the army and to protect Nashville from danger, and winter set in before the men were in condition for effective service.

Meanwhile General Bragg, finding that he was not pursued, had halted and encamped at Murfreesboro, on the Stone River, about thirty miles southeast of Nashville. Having no idea that Rosecrans would undertake a winter campaign, he sent away a large portion of his cavalry, partly to annoy Grant, partly to try and break the railroad by which his antagonist obtained supplies from Louisville. Aware of this weakening of the enemy, Rosecrans thought that the

opportunity was too good to let slip, and at once put his army in motion.

On Christmas Day, 1862, the army lay in camp at Nashville. The following day found it on the march, streaming southward by all the roads leading to Murfreesboro. By evening of the 27th it was stretched out in a line more than three miles long, facing Bragg's forces on Stone River. Here the two armies lay till the night of the 30th, both prepared for battle. Rosecrans proposed to attack early the next day and seek to cut through the Confederate centre, but Bragg was too quick for him, making an attack in force on his right wing at sunrise.

Severe and desperate fighting followed. The assault of the Confederates proved irresistible. Union brigades were driven back in confusion, batteries were taken, and by eleven o'clock the Union right was completely broken up and the Confederate cavalry were in Rosecrans's rear. It seemed as if the day was lost. General Thomas, who commanded the centre, was exposed to a flank attack and obliged to fall back to a new position. Then the left wing was furiously assaulted and driven back, the only check to a complete victory for Bragg being the firm stand of Thomas and of Hazen's brigade of the left wing.

Such was the position at nightfall, Hazen alone of the whole Union army holding his original ground. Bragg seemed justified in claiming a victory. What, then, was his surprise the next morning to see his enemy standing confidently in order of battle on advantageous ground. The stubbornness of Thomas and Hazen had prevented a rout and a new line faced the Confederate forces, so strongly posted that on New-Year's Day only skirmishing was attempted, the ex-

hausted armies regaining their strength for the next day's battle.

This began early on the 2d and for hours was as furious as before. The final result was due to a very heavy artillery fire, fifty-eight guns being massed and pouring their annihilating fire on the Confederate ranks. This was followed by a brilliant cavalry charge, which broke down all opposition. "In forty minutes," says Rosecrans, "the Confederates lost two thousand men and their entire line fell back, leaving four hundred captive." Bragg had enough. He held his ground during the next day, but in the night he retreated, leaving two thousand sick and wounded in the hands of the victors.

Rosecrans had won a great victory, but he followed it by months of exasperating inaction. The winter passed away, spring came and went, yet he still lay at Murfreesboro, getting ready for a new campaign, but with annoying slowness. The people of the North grew impatient, the authorities at Washington were equally impatient, frequent orders and remonstrances came from the war department, but it was the end of June before the dilatory leader consented to move. His movements then were very deliberate. July and August passed away and it was not until September 4 that he crossed the Tennessee, ready to deal with the large Confederate force which had gathered at Chattanooga.

The method now adopted by Rosecrans seemed a judicious one. Instead of attacking the strongly fortified position held by Bragg, he tried a flanking policy, threatening the railroads below Chattanooga over which Bragg received his supplies. The result was that the Confederate general hastily abandoned that

place and the Federals took it without opposition. In the days that followed Rosecrans scattered his forces widely and perilously in the pursuit of what he took to be a fleeing enemy, and discovered his mistake barely in time to concentrate his men in Chickamauga Valley. He had learned that Bragg was not fleeing in force before him and that Longstreet was bringing strong reinforcements from Virginia.

Battle was imminent, and on the 19th of September the blow fell, the conflict opening in an attack by Rosecrans on the enemy's right wing. All that day the battle raged and night fell with neither side victorious, though the Confederates had won several advantages. Late that night Longstreet arrived with his veterans from Richmond and the next day he poured his men into a gap left inadvertently in the Union centre, cutting the army in two and rolling both halves back in disorder and confusion. All seemed lost, and Rosecrans galloped in haste to Chattanooga to secure his trains and bridges and telegraphed to Washington that the Union army had been defeated.

The greater part of it really had been defeated, but one man, George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," saved the situation. All day long he held his post, repelling every charge and retarding Bragg's whole army. Not until night fell did he deliberately fall back, and when he reached Chattanooga it was in a firm and orderly march. We have told elsewhere how this place was held and Bragg was ultimately defeated. All we need say here is that on October 16 Rosecrans was removed from his command and Thomas appointed to succeed him.

The military career of General Rosecrans was near its end. Until now he had played an important part

in the war, but he had been tried in a great command and found wanting, and he was shelved in Missouri, where all he had to do was to repel an invasion by his old antagonist, Sterling Price. He resigned from the army, March 28, 1867, with the brevet rank of major-general. During the next year he was for some months United States minister to Mexico, but was afterwards Democratic candidate for governor both in California and in Ohio. He was elected to Congress in 1881, and in 1885 was made register of the treasury. He died in March, 1898.

The character and career of Rosecrans are held by military critics to have borne a marked resemblance to that of McClellan. He was a strategist of high order, could draft excellent plans for a campaign, but lacked the force to carry them through vigorously, and by his procrastination lost the benefit promised by his successes,—a statement which is held to apply to both these commanders.

NATHAN B. FORREST, THE DASHING RAIDER OF TENNESSEE

THE Civil War was marked by the exploits of several famous cavalry leaders on the Confederate side, chief among them being Stuart, the hard rider of Virginia, and Forrest, the daring raider of the West and South, some of whose exploits have the brilliancy of those of Marion of old. One of his doings excited the admiration of General Lord Wolseley, who said that it "read like a romance," and the same may be said of some others of his dashing deeds. An account of his career, therefore, properly belongs here.

Nathan Bedford Forrest was born in Bedford County, Tennessee, July 13, 1821. At thirteen he went to Mississippi with his parents, and here, after working on and managing a farm, he engaged in business at Hernando. He removed to Memphis, Tennessee, at twenty-one and became there a dealer in land and slaves. In 1859 he engaged in the cotton business in Coahoma County, Mississippi, where he acquired considerable wealth.

Such is a brief statement of General Forrest's uneventful career up to his fortieth year, in 1861, when the Civil War broke out and the opportunity for fame first came to him. The secession movement was not to his liking. He thought the South was making a mistake, and when his own State joined in it he entered the army reluctantly. But once in he quickly showed that he proposed to fight for his cause with all the vim he possessed.

He raised a cavalry regiment shortly after the war began, was made lieutenant-colonel in October, 1861, and was present at Fort Donelson when Grant descended on that devoted stronghold with soldiers and ships. Forrest seems to have been among those who saw that the place was doomed and that it was the part of wisdom to leave it a free man rather than to wait for captivity. At any rate he and his men escaped before the hour of surrender came and we hear of him next at Nashville, which he reached in February, 1862, shortly after the fall of Donelson.

He was a cavalry leader in the battle of Shiloh, and for some months after that battle he and his fellow-raider, Morgan, kept things lively in that area of the war, Morgan raiding Kentucky with vim and boldness, while Forrest paid similar attention to Tennessee. He was now a brigadier-general, in command of the second brigade of cavalry, and as such succeeded in spreading consternation throughout his field of operations.

On the morning of July 13 he appeared suddenly before Murfreesboro at the head of three thousand men and made so vigorous an attack on the smaller Federal forces there that they were defeated and made prisoners. Valuable stores fell into his hands and he decamped for other operations. His bold attack on a place so near Nashville roused a sentiment of lively alarm in that city. The work on the fortifications was pushed and every effort made to prepare for an attack. There was good reason for it, for Forrest's rough riders came more than once within sight of the city, and for a whole month it was threatened by cavalry raiders.

These movements had a deeper purpose than that

of mere annoyance of the Federal garrisons. They were preliminary to a formidable invasion, that of General Bragg and his army, who were about to make a dash for the Ohio, driving back Buell and carrying the war into the enemy's territory. In the active operations that attended Bragg's advance and subsequent retreat, ended by his signal defeat at Stone River, Forrest was not at rest, and he was especially active in the interval before this battle.

He had been detached, with three thousand five hundred cavalry, to operate in western Tennessee upon the lines of communication between Grant and Rosecrans and between both these and their base of supplies at Louisville, and for a fortnight he rode at will through that region, burning bridges, tearing up railroads, threatening fortified places, and capturing small military posts. Crossing the Tennessee at Clifton on December 13, he rode toward and menaced Jackson, then swept northward, tearing up tracks, burning bridges, capturing several places and threatening Columbus, General Sullivan's head-quarters.

At Trenton he captured and paroled seven hundred prisoners, and on his return struck Colonel Dunham with sixteen hundred men. Dunham's trains were taken and his small force was surrounded and its surrender demanded. The brave Dunham refused, and just then General Sullivan suddenly appeared at the head of two brigades and made a furious assault upon Forrest. The boot was now on the other foot. Forrest had outnumbered Dunham, but he found himself overmatched by Sullivan, and after a sharp brush he deemed it wise to seek safer quarters. Two hundred of his men had fallen, while four hundred were made prisoners, and he himself very narrowly escaped capture.

It was a season of raids. While Forrest was making this bold dash on Rosecrans's left and rear, Morgan was busy upon his right, dashing through the heart of Kentucky, taking spoil and prisoners and doing great damage. But this work was not all on one side. The Union General Carter was at the same time occupied in destroying bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, which connected Bragg's army with that of Lee in Virginia, and succeeded in doing considerable damage, in especial burning the great bridge, seven hundred and fifty feet long, over the Holston River.

The great exploit of Forrest, that which Lord Wolseley said read like a romance, came in April, 1863, when Rosecrans, who contemplated moving on Bragg at Chattanooga, sent out an expedition under Colonel Streight for the purpose of sweeping round to Bragg's rear, destroying supplies of every kind, and doing everything possible to cripple him. There were eighteen hundred men under Streight, who left Nashville on April 8 and made his way, partly by land and partly by water, until he reached the command of General Dodge, then marching on Tuscumbia, in northern Alabama.

This was a feint to mask the real object of the expedition. Streight was directed to march with Dodge long enough to give the impression that he formed part of Dodge's force, then to drop out and strike across towards Rome, in Georgia, destroying the ironworks there. Atlanta was also to be reached, if possible, and its railroad lines destroyed.

Streight's men were not mounted when they left Nashville. They were ordered to pick up horses and mules on the way, but half of them were still on foot

when Dodge's command was reached. On their march with him they added to their supply of animals, but part of them were still on foot when they were ready to break off and start on their journey east. Dodge meanwhile kept on southward and swept around into Mississippi, destroying public property as he went and finally returning to Corinth.

Colonel Streight was a proved and stalwart cavalry leader, well adapted for the task before him, and he might have succeeded but for "that devil, Forrest," as he called his keen pursuer. The route to be traversed was a barren, mountainous region, chosen because most of its sparse population were Union sympathizers. The road was so steep and rocky and forage so scarce, that mules were taken instead of horses, as being more sure-footed and needing less food.

Carefully as this affair had been managed, the gathering of mules gave rise to a suspicion that some mysterious movement was on foot, and Forrest brought his corps of hard riders at top speed from Tennessee to be on hand if needed. He aided General Rodney in giving Dodge what trouble he could until the evening of the 28th, two days after Streight had set out, when word was brought him that a large body of Union troopers had been seen riding towards Moulton.

The quick-witted raider guessed in a moment what this meant and without a second's delay he began preparations for a sharp pursuit. A suitable body of his best men was hastily selected, several days' rations were cooked, corn was gathered for the horses, and shortly after midnight Forrest and his men were off on one of the hardest rides of their lives. There were twelve hundred in his band, reckless and hardy "irreg-

ulars," veterans of the saddle whose prowess had been tried on many a hard-fought field and in many a bold foray.

So swift was their ride that at dawn of the 30th, when Streight was toiling onward through the ugly mountain country before him, the boom of cannon in the rear gave him the startling news that an enemy was already in pursuit. Forrest's men had rested during the night, and now with wild yells charged up the narrow mountain road. They were severely punished for their haste, their wary antagonist having formed an ambuscade by the roadside, by which many of their saddles were emptied before they got out of the trap.

Forrest's whole force now joined in the attack, but they met with a similar reception, being driven back by a murderous fire and a fierce charge, while two of their guns were captured with their caissons and ammunition. Forrest now dismounted his men and charged as infantry, only to find that no foe confronted him, the Federals being well on the road again, taking their captured guns.

From this time on the chase was largely a running fight. Forrest kept hotly on the track, giving his foes no rest, while a fight took place whenever the two forces came within reach. Do what he could, Streight could not shake off his persistent foe, who clung to him as close as a chestnut burr.

Streight having used up his ammunition, soon abandoned the guns, after spiking them. Further on he was pressed so sharply that he was obliged to leave his wagons. They were fired, but Forrest's men reached them in time to put out the fire and gain their much-needed contents. Pursued and pursuers

had now left the mountains and were in the open country. For four days and nights the chase continued. On the morning of May 2 Colonel Streight threw off his persistent pursuers for a brief time by crossing the deep and rock-walled Black Creek and burning the bridge.

The stream was said to be too deep to ford and the nearest bridge was several miles away. The weary Federals now thought they could get an interval of rest. What was their surprise and dismay, by the time they had gone four miles on their way, to hear the shouts of the indefatigable foes once more behind them. A girl in the vicinity had shown Forrest a difficult but fordable spot in the stream and he had quickly gained the other side.

When May 3 dawned the hot chase was nearing its end. Forrest had given his men ten hours' sleep, while Streight and his worn-out men had plodded on. This all-night ride was a fatal error. While the men were at breakfast Forrest's troopers, fresh from their slumber, rode briskly up and the old teasing rattle of small arms called the worn fugitives into line again. So exhausted were they that many of them fell asleep as they lay behind a ridge, gun in hand and finger on trigger.

The game was evidently up. Streight proposed to fight on, but his officers were all against it, and after a brief parley surrender was decided upon. Forrest had won after the hardest ride of his life. Colonel Streight's raid to the South had ended like General Morgan's raid in Ohio. The two were alike in another way. Morgan escaped from the prison in which he was confined and Streight did the same. He and four of his officers, who were confined in Libby Prison, took

part in the memorable escape from that place, by an excavated tunnel, in February, 1864.

During the remainder of 1863 and the following year Forrest was exceptionally active. He was acknowledged to be one of the most daring and skilful of the Confederate leaders and was given very much of a roving commission, his service being more in the nature of guerilla than regular warfare. In October, 1863, he made a bold raid into Tennessee, collected supplies, and was away again before his pursuers could overtake him. But his greatest and most successful raid was in the spring of 1864, when, at the head of about five thousand veteran horsemen, he swept up into west Tennessee and after a short rest at Jackson pushed on towards Kentucky.

Here he despatched Colonel Faulkner to capture Union City, a fortified railroad centre with a garrison of four hundred and fifty men. This was surrendered after a brief resistance. Hickman was occupied, and the daring raider rode north as far as the Ohio River, where an attack was made on the town of Paducah. The garrison here was about seven hundred strong, but it was aided by gunboats on the river, and though Forrest had three thousand men, they failed to take Fort Anderson, which the garrison had occupied. The approach of reinforcements caused him to decamp after having lost over three hundred men.

He was more successful in an attack on Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi above Memphis, his capture of which was followed by a massacre which has blackened his fame. The fort was garrisoned by about five hundred and fifty men, half of them colored troops, and was taken by storm after futile negotiations for a surrender. Forrest's men, many of whom had concealed them-

selves close up to the fort under cover of the flag of truce, sprang up and in a trice were over the parapets with a cry of "No quarter!"

The garrison threw down their arms and many of them attempted to escape, but a frightful massacre began, the defenceless fugitives being cut down mercilessly on all sides. The fact of many of them being negro soldiers was the incitement to this murderous onslaught, which, however, was not confined to the blacks, the slaughter being indiscriminate. Of those within the fort only one hundred were taken prisoners, the remainder being cut down until the fort ran red with blood.

This act of cruelty, which stands alone in the annals of the war, has covered the name of Nathan Forrest with a pall of infamy which was perhaps deserved, perhaps not. There is conflicting testimony as to how far he was personally responsible, how far it was the spontaneous act of his men, infuriated at being confronted by negro soldiers. However this be, it was a most unhappy occurrence, unmatched in America since the blood-thirsty acts of Santa Anna in Texas. It fitted best with the savage acts of earlier times, when the cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners of war was a common occurrence.

General Sturgis, with a force of about twelve thousand men, was by this time on the march to intercept the daring raider, but failed to do so, Forrest easily evading him. Sturgis some weeks later marched into Mississippi with instructions to hunt up and beat the bold cavalry leader. The result was disastrous. Forrest awaited his pursuers in a strong position and defeated them so thoroughly that their wagon train was abandoned, and when Sturgis reached Memphis on

his retreat he had left behind him more than a fourth of his men and almost everything else.

This unlucky attempt was followed by another expedition, under General Smith, in July, which met and repulsed the Confederates. Smith advanced again in August and spent two weeks in his march into Mississippi, but was perplexed in finding only small bodies of cavalry to oppose him. What had become of Forrest and his men?

He was soon to learn. At dawn on the 21st of August, Forrest dashed boldly into Memphis with three thousand men, the bulk of its defenders being then far down in Mississippi. He made directly for the Gayoso House, the head-quarters of Generals Hurlbut, Washburne, and Buckland, whom he hoped to capture. He failed to find them, but carried away several of their staff officers and about three hundred soldiers. He proposed also to open the prisons and release the Confederate captives, but the soldiers around Memphis were now rapidly gathering in arms and the shrewd leader felt it necessary to leave in haste, after having spent about an hour in the town. The exploit was a bold and brilliant one, of the type of the romantic deeds of the knights of old.

Forrest's final exploit was in September, 1864, in connection with Hood's march to cut Sherman's communications. He dashed, as so often before, into Tennessee, did damage wherever he could, captured a thousand prisoners, and made himself so troublesome generally that thousands of pursuers gathered on all sides around him, hoping to catch him in a net. But the wily raider saw his peril, and at once paroled his prisoners, destroyed five miles more of railroad, and

rode away with little loss, leaving his pursuers to draw their net after the fish had foiled them again.

This was the last important exploit of this dashing cavalier of the South. He was made a lieutenant-general in February, 1865, and surrendered in May, at the end of the war. In his later life he engaged in business and for a time was president of the Selma and Memphis Railroad. He died October 29, 1877. Though one dark deed blackened his fame, the Civil War hardly produced his peer as a cavalry leader, and he and his daring troop of hard riders were of inestimable advantage to the Confederate forces in the Southwestern area of the war.

JOSEPH HOOKER, THE HERO OF THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A RETIRED army officer, running a plantation in California, Joseph Hooker lost no time when news of the outbreak of war reached him in hastening to Washington and offering his services to the Government. He met with a disappointment. General Scott gave him no hopes of a place. He already had more officers than he could use. Hooker turned away in disgust, but before leaving Washington he called on the President and told who he was and how his offer had been received. He was, he said, a brevet lieutenant-colonel and had served in the Mexican War, and went on to say that he had seen the battle of Bull Run, and that, without wishing to boast, he considered himself a better general than there was on that field.

There was something in his visitor's tone and manner that pleased Lincoln, who rose from his chair, slapped him in a friendly way on the shoulder, and said :

"Colonel, not lieutenant-colonel, Hooker, I like you. Don't leave Washington; I have a regiment for you."

When it came it proved to be a brigade instead of a regiment, and instead of colonel, Hooker was made brigadier-general of volunteers, his commission being dated back to May 17. His troops were raw New Englanders whom he at once began to drill into shape.

Joseph Hooker was himself from New England, his place of birth being Old Hadley, Massachusetts,

the date November 13, 1814. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1833 and graduated in 1837, being then appointed second lieutenant in the artillery and sent to Florida, where the war with the Seminole Indians was going on. He afterwards served on the northern frontier, where he was promoted first lieutenant, and when the Mexican War broke out was there at the start, taking a distinguished part under General Taylor in the siege and capture of Monterey.

His later service in Mexico was under General Scott, in whose army he fought gallantly in the several battles near the capital, including the storming of Chapultepec. His excellent conduct in these engagements was rewarded with the brevet ranks of captain, major and lieutenant-colonel, and the commission of captain. He was Captain Hooker in 1853 when, tired of a military life, he resigned his command and engaged in agricultural occupations near Sonoma, California, where he bought a large estate which he managed successfully for five years.

In 1858 he was appointed superintendent of military roads in Oregon and when war broke out in 1861 he was a colonel in the California militia. We have told above how he hastened to Washington and through the President's favor got a brigade. During the autumn of 1861 he had charge of the defences of Washington and in 1862 took part in McClellan's invasion of the Peninsula.

We first hear of him as a fighter after the fall of Yorktown and during the stand of the retreating Confederates at Williamsburg. Hooker was in advance in the attack on this place, where he sharply assailed a strong Confederate position, and for nine long hours kept up the fight alone, the dreadful state of the roads,

turned into deep mud by heavy rains, preventing reinforcements from reaching him. It was late in the afternoon when General Phil Kearney came up and relieved him, allowing him to withdraw his fearfully thinned regiments. The stubborn fight here won from his men the complimentary title of "Fighting Joe Hooker," while his promotion to major-general of volunteers was dated May 5, the day of this fight.

Hooker saw his next fighting in the fierce battle of Fair Oaks, and had daringly advanced to a point within four miles of Richmond when General McClellan ordered him back from his perilous reconnoissance, saying that he could not afford to lose Hooker and his men. As may be presumed, Hooker played his part bravely in the Seven Days' battle, doing signal service at Charles City Cross-Roads on June 29, where his division helped to hold a vital position on the flank of the army in its noted "change of base." He fought gallantly also in the battle of Malvern Hill, on July 1.

All readers of history know the events that followed McClellan's repulse—Jackson's advance against General Pope, the hasty recall of McClellan to Washington, the march northward of Lee, the great Confederate victory on the old battle-field of Bull Run, Lee's subsequent invasion of Maryland, and the climax of this active series of events on the bloody field of Antietam. In all these movements Hooker was prominent. In the Bull Run battle his division did good service at Bristow Station, Manassas, and Chantilly, and it was especially active in the campaign in Maryland.

Again under McClellan, he commanded the first corps and with it gallantly carried the Confederate positions in the north pass of South Mountain, opening a way for the advance of the main army. At Antietam

he had the honor of opening the battle, crossing the creek with the division under his command and advancing through the woods, where he struck Hood's corps, and drove it back. That night his men rested on their arms on the ground they had won.

He opened the fight also on the next day, September 17, advancing at dawn with about eighteen thousand men and vigorously attacking the Confederate left, under Stonewall Jackson. The contest was severe and obstinate, but Hooker was aided by an artillery fire from beyond the creek. This enabled him to push back the Confederates with heavy loss through the first line of woods and across an open field which had been covered thickly with standing corn. It was the famous "corn field" fight of the battle. While the fight was at its height, about nine o'clock, Hooker, who was in the van of his lines, received so severe a wound in the foot that he had to be carried from the field. He had done noble work, but the rest of the battle had to be fought without "Fighting Joe's" aid. Recognition of his services came three days later, in a promotion to the grade of brigadier-general in the regular army.

Hooker was in fighting trim again in December, when Burnside, who had taken McClellan's command, was facing Lee at Fredericksburg, with the Rappahannock flowing between. The crossing of that stream took place on the 12th, Hooker's corps being kept in reserve, "to spring upon the enemy in their retreat," in the event of their being beaten. They were not beaten. The charging troops were terribly decimated by Lee's guns. Thousands fell on the field, and at last Burnside, despairing of success, ordered Hooker across, with such of his force as he had in hand, saying doubtfully, "That crest must be carried to-night."

Hooker crossed, but a rapid survey of the field showed him that the task set was an impossible one, and he sought Burnside, begging him to desist from further attacks. His arguments were fruitless. Burnside would not change his plan, so Hooker ordered Humphreys with his four thousand men to charge Lee's works with empty muskets, using the bayonet only. The result was as Hooker had predicted. When near the fatal stone wall which they were sent to storm, a terrible hail of rifle balls laid nearly half their number prostrate on the field, the remainder rushing back. This ended the frightful contest, the Union army losing nearly fourteen thousand men in that one day's work of death.

This bloody failure closed Burnside's career as a commander-in-chief. He devised plans to flank Lee and march upon Richmond, but he was checked by an order from the President, who had been advised by some of the generals that the feeling against him in the army was so bitter that it would not be safe to lead them against the enemy. When news of this reached Burnside he was exasperated. He believed that his generals were conspiring against him to cause discontent in the army, and asked the President for the ignominious dismissal from the service of some of them, especially of General Hooker. Lincoln did not agree with him and suggested that Burnside, under the circumstances, had better himself give up the command. This was done, and Hooker was appointed in his place.

The new commander lost no time. His plans were like those of Burnside, to flank Lee and put Richmond in danger, and as soon as the army was strengthened and got into good fighting condition he put it on the march. Heavy rains hindered the movement for a time,

but in late April the troops were led up the Rappahannock, which they soon crossed, reaching a place called Chancellorsville, ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg, on the 30th.

It was Hooker's idea that Lee would hasten towards Richmond for its protection, but the alert Confederate commander did not look at things in that way. He preferred to fight rather than to flee. Hooker was now in a region well named the Wilderness, a forest of shrub-oaks and pines and tangled undergrowth, broken by ravines and morasses, where he might be taken at a disadvantage by one familiar with the ground. Lee's army was only half as strong as Hooker's, but the works he had built south of the river helped to equalize the two forces, and he marched boldly on his antagonist, leaving a division at Fredericksburg to protect it from attack.

On the 1st of May, 1863, the two armies faced each other in the ugly Wilderness woodland and before the day was over some sharp fighting took place. But the next day was the great day of battle. Lee, feeling himself too weak to risk a frontal attack, tried a perilous expedient. He divided his army into two, sending Stonewall Jackson with twenty-five thousand men on a long sweep through the woods to surprise Hooker's rear.

Had Hooker known of this desperate effort he could have destroyed Lee's army by fighting it in detail. But the flank movement proved completely successful. While Lee was making active demonstrations in front, as if about to attack in full force, Jackson was pushing through the dense jungle of the Wilderness towards the rear. Just before six o'clock in the evening, when the men of the eleventh corps were preparing for

supper and rest, without a thought of danger, they were aroused by a flight of the wild game of the forest—deer, wild turkeys, and hares—and after them, with wild yells, came Jackson's twenty-five thousand men, bursting from the thickets and rushing upon them like a tornado, a murderous fire pouring from their long battle-line.

The surprise was complete. The astonished Federals sprang to their feet in a panic and wildly fled towards the river, the alarm spreading until the woods were filled with fleeing and pursuing men and the whole corps was rushing backward in utter dismay.

Night was well on before the flight was checked. The greatest success had followed Jackson's movement, though it was attended by one serious disaster, Jackson himself falling badly wounded by inadvertent shots from his own men. He died a few days later, and the Confederate army lost its "Stonewall" of skill and daring.

The next day was one of hard fighting, but in the midst of it, at a critical moment, Hooker was prostrated by the effect of a cannon ball, which struck a pillar of the Chancellor House and threw it against him. He was only stunned, but it was an hour before he recovered, and during that hour the army remained without a head while Lee was gaining important advantages. The Union army was driven steadily back, and at nightfall rested on the Rappahannock. A heavy rain saved it from attack on the 4th, but on the next day Hooker led his defeated men across the river. Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg had been matched by Hooker's at Chancellorsville, and Lee was master of the situation.

The two months which followed this disastrous

affair were filled with important events, including Lee's rapid march northward and ending with his defeat at Gettysburg. Hooker, as soon as he learned of Lee's movement, followed him in all haste to the north, keeping between him and Washington and guarding the capital of the nation against any sudden attack. The Potomac was soon passed and both armies were in Maryland, while Lee's advance troops were on the soil of Pennsylvania.

Under these circumstances Hooker did not see any reason for keeping a garrison of eleven thousand men at Harper's Ferry, and telegraphed to Halleck, the commander-in-chief, for permission to withdraw them and add them to his army. Halleck refused and Hooker immediately resigned, saying that he could not deal with the enemy unless he could control all the available troops. His resignation was accepted and he was ordered to Baltimore, there to await commands from the adjutant-general. General Meade was appointed in his place. After waiting three days at Baltimore without hearing a word from Washington, Hooker grew impatient and went to that city, where he was at once arrested by Halleck's order, on a charge of visiting the capital without leave. Meanwhile Meade was given full permission to withdraw the troops from Harper's Ferry, so that the whole affair looked like a personal affront from Halleck to Hooker. It was a perilous one under the critical circumstances.

This ended General Hooker's connection with the army of the Potomac. In September he was sent with two corps to eastern Tennessee to take part in the stirring events proceeding in that quarter. The army there, badly defeated at Chickamauga, was in a perilous position at Chattanooga, its line of supplies being

kept open only with great difficulty. Hooker had a hand in overcoming this critical state of affairs, winning a victory at Wauhatchie and opening a safe line of food supplies.

But Hooker's most famous exploit came in November, after Grant had taken command at Chattanooga. Overlooking that stronghold on the south was the high peak known as Lookout Mountain, rising fifteen hundred feet above the river level. This Hooker was ordered to attack, and in this way to distract the attention of the Confederates while Sherman was crossing the Tennessee with his troops. "Fighting Joe" was ready and willing. His men were under arms at four o'clock in the morning of the 24th, and rapidly made their way through the darkness and the heavy mist which lay upon the country after day dawn to the mountain's foot. Most of the Confederates in the rifle pits were taken in the advance through the mist, and on up the rugged slopes went the men, climbing up steep ledges and through tangled ravines, cutting the felled trees with which the mountain side had been covered, making their way under the very muzzles of the Confederate cannon, and driving the enemy before them as they rushed resistlessly on.

When the works at the mountain's base had been taken, Hooker, fearing disorder and entanglement in the mist-covered mountain, ordered his men to halt. But he found them warmed to their work and not to be stayed, and he now gave them the order to charge. Up the steep slopes went the eager, cheering fellows, full of enthusiastic valor, driving all before them, until the plateau was reached and the Confederates were sent flying in dismay and confusion down the mountain side, towards the opposite valley.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. A dense cloud covered the mountain, rendering further movements perilous. From the valley and the town below many eyes were strained that day to catch a glimpse of what was taking place under the veil of vapor, from which came the roar of battle. At intervals, as the wind disturbed the mist, a glimpse of the struggling battalions might be caught far up the mountain side, but the result was not fully known until a clear sunrise the next morning showed the National flag waving from the top of Pulpit Rock, the extreme point of the mountain overlooking Chattanooga. Such was the celebrated "battle above the clouds," by which the name of "Fighting Joe Hooker" has since been best remembered.

Hooker also took an active part in the subsequent capture of Missionary Ridge and the pursuit of Bragg after the battle, and in Sherman's famous march to Atlanta in the following year he commanded a corps of the army and did his share well and bravely.

With this campaign Hooker's career as a fighter ended. He afterwards had command of the northern department, and in March, 1865, was brevetted major-general. The full rank of major-general was given him in 1868 when, attacked by paralysis, he retired from the army. He died October 31, 1879. Despite his failure at Chancellorsville he has since been regarded as one of the bravest fighters in the American army.

JOSEPH WHEELER, THE "FIGHTING JOE" OF THE CONFEDERACY

IT was largely in the cavalry service that the Confederate soldiers made a reputation for daring adventure and striking achievements, this giving them an opportunity for bold dashes to the rear of the Federal army and the display of deeds of desperate courage and romantic exploits, not open to a like extent to the Federal cavalrymen. There were reckless guerillas, like Morgan, the bold invader of Indiana and Ohio, and Mosby, some of whose exploits read like those of Marion of Revolutionary fame. Men of greater note were Stuart and Forrest, sketches of whose lives we have given, and Wheeler, the daring dragoon, with whom we have now to deal.

Joseph Wheeler was born at Augusta, Georgia, September 10, 1836. But, though of Southern birth, he was of New England Puritan stock, his father being a Connecticut man who had made Georgia his home. The boy was well educated and was finally sent to West Point, where he graduated as a soldier in 1859, serving as second lieutenant of dragoons in Kansas and New Mexico until April, 1861, when he resigned to enter the Confederate service.

Wheeler began his career in this service with a low grade for a West Pointer, that of first lieutenant of artillery, but in September he was made an infantry colonel, and in the battle of Shiloh, where he showed much ability, was given command of a brigade. He had two horses shot under him and distinguished him-

self in the last charge. During the retreat he was chosen to cover the rear and check pursuit. From Shiloh Beauregard led the Confederate forces to the fortified town of Corinth, in northern Mississippi, and here Wheeler found plenty of work to do, being in command in front of the town, where he was kept busy in fighting. The siege ended in an evacuation of the city under cover of night, Wheeler again covering the rear and having some sharp fighting with the Federal advance.

Until this period of the war Wheeler had an infantry command, and it was not until July, 1862, that he was given an opportunity to show his genius as a cavalry leader. He was now sent to West Tennessee with a cavalry brigade to mislead the enemy, while General Bragg, then in command, was moving his forces from Tupelo, Mississippi, to Chattanooga. Wheeler did his best to keep the Federal troops busy by sharp skirmishes and sudden attacks on outposts, through which he interrupted the communication between Bolivar and Jackson, Tennessee.

During the remainder of the summer Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan made things lively in Tennessee and Kentucky, and when, in the late summer, Bragg began his famous expedition northward, Wheeler was his main reliance to disturb the enemy. Both armies headed in September for Louisville, Bragg's to capture that important city if possible, Buell's to save it from capture, and in all haste the soldiers in blue and grey streamed northward over the roads of the two States, each army seeking to outstrip the other in speed.

At Munfordville, in Kentucky, the two lines of march came together, and both armies strove eagerly to

reach this point first. Wheeler, sent with his cavalry brigade to delay Buell's march, rode to Bowling Green, threw himself across his path, and did everything he could to annoy and delay him, checking him to such an extent that Bragg was first at the junction, and captured the fort at Munfordville with its valuable armament and four thousand prisoners. Buell in the end succeeded in saving Louisville from capture, but his enemy was meanwhile raiding the State at will and gathering a rich harvest of spoil from the fields and towns.

The armies met in battle at Perryville on October 8, in which engagement Wheeler commanded the cavalry and showed his usual daring and alertness. He had the busiest time of his life during Bragg's subsequent retreat, in which, as chief of cavalry, he covered the rear, a service in which he had much earlier experience. During the thirteen days of the retreat, Wheeler, at the head of his active troopers, fought no less than twenty-six engagements, averaging two for each day, and enabled Bragg to withdraw his men and spoils in safety. For this useful service he was given the rank of brigadier-general.

He was no less alert in December, when Bragg lay intrenched at Murfreesboro, and Rosecrans, who had superseded Buell, was marching upon him from Nashville. The new Federal commander found he had a veritable hornet in Joe Wheeler, who swept around into the rear of his army, attacked troops and supply trains, and in the short interval of twenty-four hours captured four hundred wagons, took over a thousand prisoners, destroyed a million dollars' worth of property, and seized many fresh horses to mount his men. During the battle that followed he commanded the

cavalry and showed such gallantry that the Congress at Richmond gave him a vote of thanks.

Wheeler was promoted major-general in January, 1863, and was engaged in numerous fights during the following months, his activity being something phenomenal. His first exploit was early in February, when, at the head of a cavalry division, with Forrest as one of his brigadiers, he made a vigorous effort to recapture Fort Donelson, which Grant had taken early in his career. The garrison was weak, and he might have been successful but for the aid to the fort of gun-boats on the Cumberland. Wheeler's loss in this attempt was estimated at six hundred men. He lost others in later fights, but succeeded in causing great annoyance to the Federal forces. His greatest service to the Confederate cause, however, was during and after the battle of Chickamauga.

He commanded a corps of cavalry in that battle, and took part in what is considered the most desperate cavalry fight of the war, contributing his full share to the Federal defeat. After the battle and when Rosecrans was cooped up in Chattanooga, threatened by Bragg on the surrounding hills, Wheeler was sent north at the head of about four thousand mounted men to do what he could in the way of cutting off supplies from the beleaguered army.

Crossing the Tennessee on September 30, he rode north on a nine days' raid, in which he was opposed by strong forces under Crook, McCook and Mitchell, yet succeeded in making such havoc as to threaten Rosecrans and his men with starvation.

His first success was in the Sequatchie Valley, where he struck a supply train of nearly one thousand wagons on its way to Chattanooga and burned it before

McCook, with two cavalry regiments, could come to its assistance. McCook reached the ground too late to save the train and fought with Wheeler until night, when the active raider slipped away over the mountains in the darkness and fell upon another supply train at McMinnville. This was captured, with six hundred men, and a large quantity of supplies was here destroyed.

As before, he was overtaken after the mischief was done, General Crook riding upon him with two thousand men. Wheeler had other business than to stand and fight, and rode briskly away towards Murfreesboro, his rear guard being overtaken by the second Kentucky cavalry under Colonel Long. Wheeler's men greatly outnumbered Long's, and they dismounted and fought till dark, when they sprang upon their horses and rode away at top speed, hoping to seize and hold Murfreesboro, a very important point in Rosecrans's line of communication.

Wheeler's plans here miscarried. Murfreesboro was too strong to be taken except by siege, and he had a relentless pursuer on his track in George Crook. So he was soon up and away again, turning southward, burning bridges, capturing trains, tearing up rails, and destroying stores as he went. At Farmington he was struck by Crook, who cut his force in two, capturing four guns and two hundred men, with other spoil, and driving him in confusion south.

Wheeler reached Pulaski that night, crossed the Tennessee with some loss, and made his way back to Bragg's head-quarters. He had lost about half his force, but his prisoners nearly equalled his losses, and he had destroyed National property of various kinds to the value of perhaps three million dollars. The de-

struction of supplies in this bold raid left the army at Chattanooga, now under General Thomas, in a very serious state, which was not removed until after Grant's arrival and Hooker's expedition to restore the broken lines.

In November Wheeler was despatched to the assistance of Longstreet, then besieging Burnside in Knoxville, but he was back again in time to aid in covering Bragg's retreat from Missionary Ridge and to take an active part in the battle of Ringgold.

We next hear of active service by Wheeler's cavalry in 1864, when Sherman had begun his march for Atlanta. In this long overland march, with its many battles and flank movements, Wheeler was almost incessantly occupied, fighting weekly or daily during June and July. In the end of July he defeated a raid under McCook and others, in which ten thousand men were engaged. Of these he captured more than three thousand. After taking part in the battles around Atlanta, he set out on August 9 on one of his accustomed raids into Tennessee, in which he cut Sherman's communications, captured seventeen hundred cattle, took many prisoners, and destroyed a vast quantity of supplies.

When Sherman began his memorable march to the sea Wheeler was almost alone in his front, doing the little damage he could to check his march. The most efficient service he rendered was in the successful defence of Macon and Augusta, with their valuable workshops and ordnance factories. He hung again on Sherman's front in his march through the Carolinas, and was in at the death of the last Southern army, fighting with his old courage at the battles of Averasboro and Bentonville and sharing in the surrender



WOUNDED AT SIBONEY. AFTER THE ROUGH RIDERS' CHARGE.

of Johnston's army in April, 1865. He had shortly before been promoted to the highest rank, being made a lieutenant-general February 28, 1865. Forrest, his rival raider, received the same honor at the same time.

General Wheeler was not an imposing figure of a soldier to look at, being a short, thin man, of not over one hundred and ten pounds' weight. But he was active, wiry, and hustling, a storehouse of energy, and in field service was without a rival. It is said that during the war he was under fire in more than eight hundred skirmishes and commander in over two hundred battles.

The war ended, Wheeler went quietly back to the ordinary business of life, settling in Alabama, where he became a planter and a lawyer. He engaged also actively in politics and in 1881 became a member of Congress, in which he remained until 1900, with the exception of the two years 1884-85. His Congressional service did not prevent his coming to the aid of the Government when a new war broke out, that with Spain in 1898, in which the veteran trooper took an active part.

It was in the evening of the 21st of April, 1898, that the startling message, "War is declared!" was flashed over the wires from Washington to Key West, and at an early hour of the next morning a fleet of war-vessels waiting there was on its way to sea to blockade the Cuban coast. On the 23d President McKinley issued a call for a volunteer force of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. This force was much increased at a later date, and was divided into infantry corps and a cavalry division, the latter being put under command of General Wheeler, appointed major-general of volunteers.

The old war-horse of the Confederacy, now over sixty years of age, responded with alacrity to the call for his services, and was quickly at work at Tampa, Florida, engaged in organizing the recruits as they came in. The most notable of the regiments in his command were those popularly known as the "Rough Riders," they being made up principally of cowboys from the West, and partly of expert horsemen from the East. One of these three regiments had been recruited by Theodore Roosevelt and was known to the people as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," though it was commanded by Colonel Wood, Roosevelt serving under him as lieutenant-colonel. The first troops to reach Cuba, over fifteen thousand men, included eight troops of the Roosevelt regiment. With these were four troops each of the first and the tenth cavalry, making a total of less than a thousand men under General Wheeler's command.

To these men, cavalry in name, but without horses, fell the honor of opening the war in the Santiago campaign. While the work of landing the army and its supplies was still going on, General Wheeler, inspired by his old impetuosity, had led his men to the front and brought them into battle. The Spaniards, outnumbering Wheeler's force, had taken a strong position on a hill covered with dense undergrowth, and had fortified their position with hastily constructed intrenchments, flanked by block-houses. At daybreak on the 24th of June Wheeler ordered an attack on this position.

One road ran up the hill, a second wound round its base. The first was taken by the Rough Riders under Wood and Roosevelt, the second by the regulars under General Young. In the fight that followed there was

some very hot work. While the cowboys and athletes toiled up the hill under the hot Cuban sun, the regulars forced their way up from the lower road, driving the Spaniards back, step by step. They finally took refuge in the block-house in front of the Rough Riders. The latter had meanwhile been losing men under the Spanish fire, and now made a furious charge upon the block-house, Wood leading the right, Roosevelt the left, leaders and men rushing on with the cowboy yell. That rush did the work. Before the block-house could be reached the Spaniards broke and fled, followed by a hail of bullets from the victors. The first land battle of the war was at an end. It had opened the way to Santiago. In this, their first victory on Cuban soil, sixteen Americans were killed and sixty-two wounded, the Spanish loss being considerably heavier.

A week later, on July 1, came the principal battle of the war. The army now lay spread out in a curving line about five miles long, fronting a range of hills and valleys which the Spaniards had strongly fortified. One of their strongest positions was at the old town of El Caney, faced by General Lawton and his infantry corps. A second was at the village of San Juan, crowning a steep hill which was well fortified, and defended by cannon. In front of this lay General Wheeler's force, consisting of three regiments and one battalion of cavalry, of which only two troops were mounted. Colonel Wood was in immediate command.

The men were obliged to wade the San Juan River to get into line, and this was done under heavy fire from the Spanish works on the hill, which rose before them about three hundred feet high. A charge by these troops was not contemplated, but they were losing severely where they stood, and it was necessary

either to advance or to retreat. Under these circumstances General Wheeler gave the word to advance.

Instantly, with a yell of vengeance, the men sprang forward and charged in fury, soon reaching the foot of the hill and then rushing up it in face of a severe fire from the works. In front of the Rough Riders rode Roosevelt, the only mounted man in the line, filled with the battle fury, and waving his hat and shouting to his men as he led on. Nothing could stop the gallant fellows. A murderous fire swept their ranks, but on up the hill they went, their lines thinning, but every man on his feet pressing upward, until the crest was reached, and they swarmed over the breastworks and into the block-house, driving out the defenders in wild haste and revenging their own losses upon them as they fled down the opposite slope. It was like the charge at Missionary Ridge, as sudden and unexpected, and as successful.

There was fighting on the following two days, and then the siege began which ended on the 18th in the surrender of Santiago. General Wheeler took part in the negotiations which led to this result, and with this his service in Cuba was practically at an end. But the fighting spirit was not yet taken out of the old dragoon. He was reelected to Congress after the war, but in 1899 he went to the Philippine Islands, where he took part in the fighting against Aguinaldo and his army. His campaign here was a brief but active one, he fighting in twelve engagements in ten days. In 1900 he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the United States army, and shortly afterwards was placed on the retired list of army officers, having passed the legal age of retirement. He died on the 25th of January, 1906.

W. T. Sweeny



ANTETAM: THE FIGHT AT BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, THE DEFENDER OF KNOXVILLE

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE was born at Liberty, Indiana, May 23, 1824. Here he learned the trade of tailoring, being subsequently sent to West Point, where he graduated in 1847. He left the army in 1852, with the rank of first lieutenant, afterwards making Rhode Island his place of residence. When the Civil War began he was appointed colonel of a volunteer regiment of Rhode Island troops, and with these took part in the battle of Bull Run, where he commanded General Hunter's brigade when the latter was wounded. In August he was made a brigadier-general.

Burnside had shown himself skilful and able, and in January, 1862, he was selected for an important service, as commander of the troops, sixteen thousand in number, sent to take possession of important points on the coast of North Carolina. The expedition numbered over a hundred vessels, of various styles and sizes, which left Hampton Roads on the 11th, their destination a profound secret. The Confederate authorities, however, were not deceived as to the purpose of the expedition, and when it appeared off Roanoke Island on the 5th of February, after suffering some loss from stormy weather, it found forts and garrison awaiting.

The attack began with a cannonade from the fleet which did some damage to the forts. This was followed by the landing of a strong force of troops, who attacked the works on the 8th in overwhelming num-

bers. The fortifications were soon carried, three thousand prisoners falling into the hands of the assailants. The Government thus won with ease a strong position on the southern coast. A month later the towns of Newberne, on the Neuse River, and Beaufort, with Fort Macon, on Beaufort Harbor, were taken, together with some smaller places. Burnside's operations in this locality ended in July, when he was hastily summoned, with all the forces he could bring, to Fortress Monroe, General McClellan being apparently in great danger.

Burnside in these operations had shown much energy, judgment, and sagacity. He was rewarded for his success with the rank of major-general and the command of a corps in McClellan's army. His next prominent service was on the battle-field of Antietam, where, on the morning of September 17, he was directed to cross the bridge over Antietam Creek, carry the heights opposite and advance along them to Sharpsburg.

In this he had a most difficult and dangerous task, the approach to the bridge being a defile exposed to a raking fire from artillery and musketry. Several attempts to cross were repulsed with severe loss, and it was one o'clock in the afternoon before a crossing was forced and the heights were gallantly charged and taken. The movement was a threatening one for Lee, as it might have led to the capture or destruction of his whole army. Fortunately for him, General Hill's division, on its way from the capture of Harper's Ferry, came up at this critical moment and drove back Burnside's men with a heavy artillery fire. The bridge was held, but the heights were lost and the promising manœuvre failed.

Burnside's successful operations in North Carolina and the fine generalship he had shown at Antietam had brought him into marked prominence, and when the Government, exasperated at the slowness of McClellan after his victory, decided to remove him from command, Burnside appeared to be the most suitable person to succeed him. The order relieving McClellan and putting Burnside in his place, as commander of the army of the Potomac, reached the camp near Fort Royal on November 7, 1862. Burnside accepted the honor reluctantly, but the orders of the Government were peremptory, and on the 10th he agreed to try to do his best.

It is a question if the Government did not make a serious mistake in the removal of McClellan at this juncture, when his period of preparation seemed at an end and he was apparently on the point of delivering battle, with promise of success. McClellan's plan was to attack Lee directly and seek the destruction of his army. Burnside, on the contrary, made the capture of Richmond his object. He accordingly advanced to the Rappahannock, opposite the city of Fredericksburg, with the intention of crossing at once and occupying the city and the commanding heights in the rear.

This might easily have been done at the time, but Burnside delayed to bring up pontoon bridges and repair the railroad to Acquia Creek, his line of supplies. He feared that a heavy rain might cut off any party that crossed the river before the pontoons had reached him. In consequence weeks of delay and inaction followed, and by the time Burnside was ready to move, Lee had fully occupied and built strong fortifications on the Fredericksburg heights. The works were so formidable that to attack them, with Lee's veterans

behind them, seemed but a forlorn hope, if it could be called a hope of any kind.

A plan was devised by Burnside to cross at a point twelve miles down the river, but Lee discovered the movement and sent out a heavy force to that locality, where it was kept in readiness. Burnside now fancied that he might win by a sudden movement at Fredericksburg while Lee's forces were divided, and during the night and morning of December 11 the pontoon bridges were thrown across the river. But a party of sharpshooters concealed in the town so delayed the work that it was evening before the bridges could be crossed and the town occupied, and the following day passed before the army was across. All had passed the bridge except the centre division, under Hooker, which was held back as a reserve.

The fallacious hope which Burnside had entertained, of taking Lee by surprise while the army was divided, had been destroyed by the delay in crossing. Jackson's force, whose extreme right had been posted eighteen miles down the river, had been called in, and the whole of Lee's army, eighty thousand strong, lay behind the works on the heights, in which three hundred cannon were posted.

An assault on so strong and well defended a position was perilous, but Burnside felt that he had been put at the head of the army to fight, he had crossed the river to fight, and to withdraw now without a struggle might be hailed as sheer cowardice. His troops were accordingly set in motion and were hurled along the whole line of Confederate works. Franklin on the left, Sumner on the right, marched gallantly against the intrenchments, which belched out torrents of cannon and musket fire and rent great lanes through the col-

umns of attack at every discharge. They fought hard and well, those gallant men, but no living being could stand against that frightful tempest of bullet, ball, and shell, and before the day was half over dead and dying by thousands strewed the field and every charge was driven back in dismay.

Finally, as a last resort, Burnside ordered Hooker to cross with the men still under his command, saying, "That crest must be carried to-night!" Hooker surveyed the field and hastened back to Burnside, telling him that the effort was hopeless, and begging him to desist. The day's misfortunes had half maddened the unfortunate commander and he would listen to no remonstrance, saying that the works could and must be taken. Hooker accordingly sent out Humphreys's division, four thousand strong, in the terrible path which French, Hancock, and Howard had followed to slaughter. They were directed to march with empty muskets and to use the bayonet only.

They had no opportunity for a bayonet charge. When near the fatal stone wall before which death had reaped so fatal a harvest, they were met with a terrible storm of rifle bullets, seventeen hundred of them being prostrated on the field, and the remainder driven in utter dismay down the blood-stained hills. Night soon after closed the awful contest, leaving the army of the Potomac fifteen thousand weaker than it had been that morning. Lee had probably lost not more than one-third of that number.

Burnside, seemingly half distracted by his losses, was eager to renew the attack with his own old corps, the ninth, on the following morning, but the brave Sumner, whose men had lost so heavily the day before, dissuaded him from the mad effort, and nearly every

general in the army joined in the protest. He therefore reluctantly agreed to desist, and during the night of the 15th the entire army was withdrawn across the river and the pontoon bridges were taken up, leaving Lee master of the field.

When the news of this terrible and, as it seemed to many, useless slaughter spread through the country there was a general feeling of horror, mingled in many quarters with execration. Burnside was regarded as a butcher or an imbecile and the Government was bitterly blamed for replacing McClellan with such a man. For a time his reputation lay under a dark cloud, the feeling of the people being shared by his officers and men, who lost all faith in his ability as a commander.

Burnside made no effort to shift the responsibility for the blame. It lay in considerable measure on those who had delayed the coming of the pontoons, but he made no excuses. Eager to retrieve the disaster, he formed new plans for an advance on Richmond, proposing to make a feint of crossing the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, and then to flank Lee by crossing with his whole army below. At the same time twenty-five thousand cavalry were to sweep through the country in the rear of Lee's army, cutting his communications, destroying railroads and bridges, and doing all the damage possible.

These projected movements were checked by an order from the President, telling him not to undertake any active operations without his knowledge. Surprised by this order, for he had been given full powers of action, Burnside instantly recalled the cavalry expedition and hastened to Washington to learn what it meant. The President informed him that the officers

in his army had sent word to Washington that the feeling of the men was so bitterly against him that no movement he might undertake would be safe. As for the cavalry expedition, Lee had in some way been informed of it and it would be dangerous to attempt.

Despite all this, Burnside determined to carry out his plan of flanking Lee. The cavalry expedition was withdrawn, but the army was put in motion, General Couch being directed to make a feint below the city, while Hooker and Franklin crossed above. All was in readiness to make the crossing on the night of December 20, but that night there came a terrific storm of wind, snow, sleet, and rain, and the troops who were marching towards the fords found themselves mired and held almost immovable. Wagons and guns sank hub deep in mud, and morning dawned before an attempt could be made to cross.

The foe now quickly discovered what was in progress and made quick movements to contest the fords. As for Burnside, it was impossible to get his bridges into position in time to act effectively, and the army remained stalled in the mud until its three days' rations were nearly consumed, while the supply trains could not come up. It was then led back to its old position. The futile attempt was known in the army as the "Mud March." The elements had worked to the discomfiture of the unlucky commander.

Burnside now proceeded to Washington and laid complaints before the President against a number of his generals, Hooker heading the list. He accused them of "fomenting discontent in the army" and asked for their dismissal from the service. Lincoln was perplexed. He could not consent to the dismissal

or suspension of these important officers, and after a long talk with the irate commander it was finally agreed that he should be relieved of his command. This was done, and Hooker was appointed to succeed him.

In March, 1863, Burnside was given the command of the army of the Ohio, taking with him his old corps, the ninth, and coming into coöperation with the army of the Cumberland. The ninth corps was withdrawn from his army to the aid of Grant in his operations against Vicksburg, but with the remainder Burnside advanced to coöperate with Rosecrans, and in August advanced upon and took possession of Knoxville, in east Tennessee, it being evacuated by General Buckner on his approach. He also sent a force to Cumberland Gap, captured the garrison holding it, and restored that important pass to the National Government. The whole surrounding district was cleared of Confederate soldiers, and the many Unionists of east Tennessee, most of whom had been hiding in the mountains, hailed the coming of the Stars and Stripes with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty.

This movement was not accepted by the Confederate leaders with equanimity. Various detachments of troops entered the region and Burnside was kept busy, his force being divided up to hold numerous points. After the defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga by the aid of Longstreet a more vigorous effort was made to drive out Burnside, Longstreet being detached and sent against him with his veterans. Bragg had weakened his army in the effort and Grant, quick to see the error his antagonist had made, sent word to Burnside to hold on to Knoxville, keeping Longstreet there while he dealt with Bragg. He would send him succor as

soon as possible and perhaps Longstreet and his men might be captured.

When Longstreet appeared in the vicinity of Knoxville, he was met by Burnside's advance detachments and several sharp engagements took place. Longstreet pushed on rapidly, and at Campbellville Burnside was so hotly pressed that he had to abandon his trains or fight. He chose the latter, repulsed his foe after a sharp engagement, and then hurried to the shelter of his intrenchments at Knoxville, when he soon found himself invested by Longstreet.

Knoxville, standing on the northern bank of Holston River, a large portion of it on a table-land and one hundred and fifty feet above the stream, is well adapted to stand a siege, and Burnside's engineers quickly surrounded it with defensive works. Captain Poe directed their erection, and we are told that "under Poe's hands rifle-pits appeared as if by magic and every hill-top of the vast semicircle around Knoxville, from Temperance Hall to College Hill, frowned with cannon and bristled with bayonets."

Burnside, in fact, was soon so strongly intrenched that he felt he had little to fear except a failure of his supplies. These the famous cavalry leaders Wheeler and Forrest were engaged in cutting off, while Longstreet pressed the siege briskly, hoping to compel a surrender by starvation in a few days. He was well aware of the weakness of Bragg and hoped quickly to get back to his aid.

Not content with cutting off the channels of supply, Longstreet pushed the siege vigorously, and on November 25 succeeded in capturing a knoll which commanded Fort Saunders, five hundred feet away. His exultation over this success was dashed by the news

that quickly reached him, that Bragg had been defeated and driven from Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga. He knew that help would now quickly reach Burnside from Grant, and his only hope lay in taking Knoxville by storm before it could arrive. Burnside received the same tidings and resolved to defend the place till the last extremity.

The assault took place on the 28th, at eleven o'clock of a dark night, the storming parties being directed against Fort Saunders, one of the chief points in the defences. The rifle-pits were quickly taken, but behind these were lines of abatis and of wires stretched from stump to stump, a foot above the ground. The charging party was thrown into utter confusion by these obstacles, whole companies being prostrated by the wires, while the guns of the fort played fearfully upon them. A single officer alone gained the summit of the parapet, and his body quickly rolled into the ditch, pierced by a dozen balls. The storm of shot was so heavy that three hundred of the foremost assailants surrendered, the others retreating. The fort was saved, and with it Knoxville and perhaps Burnside's army. Longstreet had promised his men that they should dine in Knoxville that day, a promise not kept except to the three hundred prisoners.

Meanwhile help was swiftly on its way, Granger approaching with twenty thousand men, while Sherman led another strong body northward. Sherman's cavalry entered Knoxville on December 3, when Longstreet, finding himself in serious peril, raised the siege and hastily retreated. Burnside had won his fight.

We must deal very briefly with the remainder of General Burnside's career. He had no further inde-

pendent command, but led the ninth corps in Grant's advance on Richmond, fighting in the several battles from the Wilderness onward. He occupied important political positions after the war, being elected governor of Rhode Island successively in 1866, 1867, and 1868, and United States senator in 1875 and 1881, dying September 13 of the latter year. As a man Burnside was warm-hearted and generous and as a soldier able, but the weight of a command like that of the army of the Potomac seemed beyond his strength.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, THE SUPERB INFANTRY LEADER

"HANCOCK was superb," said McClellan, in allusion to that gallant soldier's bayonet charge at Williamsburg, and the saying became proverbial during the war and was heard again in later years when Hancock was a prominent candidate for the Presidency. He never held an independent command, like the other soldiers whose deeds we have chronicled, but we select him from among the many distinguished subordinate soldiers, both for his notable record in the war and the prominent part he afterwards played in National politics.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born near Norristown, Pennsylvania, February 14, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1844 and continued in the army till his death, not leaving it to engage in business pursuits, like many others. He served on the frontier till 1846, and afterwards took part in the Mexican War, in which he won the grade of first lieutenant by gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco. This war ending, he went back to frontier duty, and in 1855 was appointed captain in the quartermaster's department and ordered to Florida, where there was new trouble with the Seminoles. In 1858 he was in the expedition to Utah to bring the Mormons to terms. He was serving as quartermaster of the southern district of California when the Civil War broke out.

Eager to take part in the contest, he requested to be relieved from his peaceful duties, and sought active

service in the East, being first sent to Kentucky and afterwards being made brigadier-general of volunteers at McClellan's request, organizing a brigade at Lewinsville, Virginia. He aided McClellan in training the army of the Potomac, and in the advance to the Peninsula his brigade was conceded to be the finest and best drilled in the whole army.

On May 5, 1862, after the retreat of the Confederate defenders from Yorktown and their stand at Williamsburg, Hancock and Hooker were the principal leaders in the assault, Hooker fighting almost without aid for nine hours on the left, while Hancock was sent to the right to keep the Confederates in check in that direction and to flank their works if possible.

He had been sent at an early hour, with twenty-five hundred men, to seize an unoccupied redoubt. This he took without opposition and then advanced to another, twelve hundred yards in front of it. With his guns he now drove the defenders from two occupied redoubts still farther in front. General Johnston, in command of the Confederate army, had not known of the existence of the redoubts taken by Hancock. They were on the flank and rear of his line, and as soon as he learned of their occupation he sent General Early with a strong body of infantry to drive out the Federal troops.

Hancock meanwhile had earnestly demanded reinforcements, but, like Hooker, he was left to shift for himself. He was soon ordered to abandon the advance redoubt and fall back to his first position, but this he was loath to do, for he was soldier enough to know the advantage he had gained. But when, about five o'clock, he saw the two redoubts from which he had driven the defenders reoccupied by Confederate soldiers and

a force moving on his front with the war-cry of "Bull Run!" he retired, fighting as he went, and taking post beyond the crest of a ridge in the rear, where he awaited Early's approach.

Forming in line of battle, the troops rested impatiently until Early was within thirty paces, when Hancock gave the word to rout them with a bayonet charge, saying, "Now, gentlemen, we'll give them the bayonet." Instantly they sprang over the ridge and rushed with loud shouts upon the enemy, who quickly broke and fled before the spirited charge, losing over five hundred of their men. Hancock held his post without further trouble until reinforcements reached him. That post was the key of the position and Johnston did not dare remain with his flank so seriously threatened. During the night Williamsburg was evacuated. The army of the Potomac had won its first victory, Hooker and Hancock had done the work, and McClellan complimented the latter with his high words of praise, "Hancock was superb."

In the battles around Richmond that followed Hancock rendered valuable service, especially at Frazier's Farm, and was active during the Maryland campaign, taking command of the division of General Richardson on the death of the latter at Antietam. He was promoted major-general of volunteers November 29, 1862, and took a prominent part in the attack on Fredericksburg in the following month.

In this sanguinary battle Hancock was posted in front of Lee's strongest point of defence, Marye's Hill, at the foot of which, behind a stone wall, Longstreet was posted, with heavy reserves in his rear. The first attack on this formidable line was made by General French, whose troops were met with such a torrent

of shot that they staggered back in dismay, nearly half of them being left on the field. Hancock, who was close behind, now pressed forward into that death-dealing tempest, his brigades fighting gallantly, especially the Irish regiments of Meagher, who dashed time after time against the fatal stone wall without a man being able to cross it. Fifteen minutes of this terrible work sufficed, and Hancock's men followed those of French in retreat. In this brief quarter of an hour, of his five thousand six hundred men more than two thousand had fallen. Other divisions came to the aid of French and Hancock, but all in vain, and in the end Hooker sent Humphreys in a bayonet charge against the same fatal point, only to have nearly half of them stretched dead or wounded on the field.

Hancock next came into action at Chancellorsville, May 4, 1863, where he sustained his well-earned reputation, being the last to yield before the furious assault upon the Chancellor House, the central point of the battle. Only after the Federal lines were giving way on both sides did Hancock yield and gradually retire, his men fighting gallantly at every step. The struggle had lasted six hours before the Confederates at length got possession of the Chancellor House, and not until their artillery had beaten the once fair mansion into a ghastly ruin.

Hancock was soon after put in command of the second corps, and at Gettysburg, after the death of General Reynolds, was sent by Meade in haste to take command. He was given power to offer battle where the advance of the army then was or to retreat to the line of Pipe Creek, which Meade had selected as an excellent point at which to make a stand. He reached Gettysburg just as the beaten forces were hurrying

back towards Cemetery Ridge, which General Howard had selected as a good line of defence. Hancock agreed with him, checked the retreat and seized Culp's Hill and Round Top as advantageous points, sending Meade word of what he had done. A new battle-line was quickly formed along the ridge between those two elevated points, and Hancock turned over the command to General Slocum, on his arrival with his corps. He met his own corps coming up, on his way back to report to General Meade.

In the third day's fight, July 3, Hancock's corps, forming the left centre of Meade's army, sustained the terrible cannonade from Lee's artillery which preceded Pickett's famous charge. Hancock's brigades had been so severely punished that not more than six thousand men remained when Pickett's powerful column moved upon them. Yet shot and shell from his batteries tore lanes of death in Pickett's ranks and musketry mowed them down as they came nearer, until a mere handful of them was able to mount the slope and plant their flag on the stone wall of defence. It was a last effort of courage, and those who remained alive were quickly forced to surrender. Three-fourths of the charging column were dead or captives. Hancock himself received a severe wound which disabled him from service in the field for several months.

Despite his wound, and while lying on a stretcher, he sent word to Meade that the Confederate army was in retreat. Meade returned him his grateful thanks and Congress also voted him thanks, while his service in repelling Pickett's charge won him the complimentary title of "The Hero of Gettysburg."

He was back in the army in time for Grant's great advance and took an active part in the battle of the

Wilderness, but it was at Spottsylvania, on May 12, that his most conspicuous service was rendered. The armies had fought fiercely all day of the 10th, and rested on the 11th, making busy preparations for the next day's struggle. Grant had determined to deliver his blow on Lee's right centre, and Hancock was chosen for the work. At midnight he left his position in front of Hill's corps and moved silently to the left, guided by the compass only; then in two lines, under cover of a dense fog, he glided swiftly and noiselessly forward, over broken and wooded ground, towards the salient of an earthwork occupied by Johnston's division of Ewell's corps.

Johnston's men were at breakfast, not dreaming of an assault, when they were startled by cheers of triumph, and the next moment a host of armed men came clambering over their works and rushing upon them with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Resistance was useless, and almost in less time than it takes to tell it the entire division was captured and with it the two brigades of General G. H. Stewart. Hancock sent back three thousand prisoners to Grant, with a pencilled note briefly saying: "I have captured from thirty to forty guns. I have finished up Johnston and am going into Early."

"Going into Early" did not prove so easy. The disaster had roused the entire Confederate army and Lee was making strenuous efforts to prevent further loss. Hancock's men, filled with enthusiasm, could not be restrained. They followed the fleeing Confederates for a mile through the woods, but here found themselves before a second line of breastworks, behind which the fugitives rallied and turned upon them. Other troops were hurried up, and the victors were

forced back to the works they had captured and upon which heavy masses of men were soon hurled by Lee.

At the same time strong reinforcements came to Hancock's aid, and a desperate struggle began, Lee being determined to retake the lost works. A tremendous weight of men and weapons was hurled upon Hancock, in charge after charge, five times in succession, the combatants fighting all day long, though a heavy rain fell all afternoon. It was midnight before Lee at length sullenly withdrew his men, leaving Hancock in possession of the works for which he had fought so long and well. But the Confederates were not at rest, and by the morning of the 13th an inner line of intrenchments had risen in front of Hancock. Lee's position seemed as strong as before. Yet he had lost very heavily, in killed, wounded and prisoners, on that eventful day.

Hancock took an active part in the succeeding battles, and at the bloody struggle of Cold Harbor his corps lost three thousand men. His efforts caused his old wound to break out again, but he took part in the siege of Petersburg and, in the following winter, organized a veteran corps at Washington.

As for his character and conduct in the war, we cannot do better than quote McClellan's words of praise:

"He was a man of most chivalrous courage and of superb presence, especially in action; he had a wonderfully quick and correct eye for ground and for handling troops; his judgment was good, and it would be difficult to find a better corps commander."

When the war ended Hancock was in command of the middle military division. In 1866 he resigned from the volunteer service and was made a major-general in the regular army and transferred to the

department of Missouri, where he conducted expeditions against the Cheyenne and Sioux Indian tribes. He was ordered to the department of the Gulf in 1867, and on taking command there issued an order which attracted much attention and high commendation in the South, it stating that the military force was to be used only in subordination to the civil authority. This in time brought him the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

He was a prominent candidate in the Democratic convention of 1868 and again in 1876, and in 1880 received the nomination. In the election contest that followed, his popular vote fell only seven thousand below that of Garfield, though in the electoral college he was beaten by fifty-nine votes.

He would probably have been elected but for an unfortunate remark made by him during the campaign, in which he spoke of the tariff as "a local issue." This evident lack of familiarity with civil affairs no doubt cost him many votes.

Hancock remained in the army till his death. When General Meade died Hancock succeeded him in command of the division of the Atlantic, dying at Governor's Island, New York harbor, February 9, 1886.

General Hancock throughout was a brave, chivalrous and able soldier, ever loyal to his superiors, and a gentleman at all times and in all places. How able he would have proved as a President was never tested, though a life in the army is not a good school for statesmanship; but as a soldier he won a great and unstained reputation.

GEORGE A. CUSTER, A KNIGHT OF THE SPUR AND THE SABRE

THE war between the States brought many daring cavalry leaders into the field, both North and South. Among those of the Northern army Sheridan stands first, but there were other daring and dashing knights of the spur, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Gregg, Merritt, and others. Marked among these for daring courage and striking exploits, and of especial interest from his last desperate and tragic conflict, was the youthful Custer, in his way the beau-ideal of a light dragoon. The story of his career, then, is one of the most interesting of those told of the bold horsemen of the North.

George Armstrong Custer entered the war almost as a boy. He was born at New Rumley, Ohio, December 5, 1839, graduated at West Point in 1861, and was at once assigned to the cavalry service as second lieutenant and sent to Washington, where trained soldiers were then much in request. He reached there in July, reported to General Scott, the commander-in-chief, and was sent by him with despatches to General McDowell, then in command on the Bull Run field. He reached there July 21, just as the battle was about to begin, delivered his despatches, and joined his regiment, the Second Cavalry, with which he saw some service during the fight.

During the autumn he was sent home on sick leave, and in this interval is said to have promised his sister never again to touch intoxicating liquors, a pledge he kept sacredly till death. He was back again in Febru-

ary, 1862, now in the Fifth Cavalry, and when McClellan took command of the army General Kearney selected Custer as his first aide-de-camp, attracted to him, no doubt, by the engaging manner and presence of the handsome young cavalryman.

His first show of fighting spirit was given when the Confederates were evacuating Manassas, when at the head of a detachment of troopers he briskly charged the retreating pickets while crossing a creek and sent them scampering for safety. During the siege of Yorktown General W. F. Smith selected him as assistant engineer on his staff, and as such he planned and built the works nearest the Confederate lines. In the pursuit of the enemy on their retreat from Williamsburg he was in Hancock's corps, reaching the Chickahominy in the advance of the army and being the first officer to wade that stream. He traced and marked the ford and reconnoitred the enemy's position before returning, and on the next day, June 16, at the head of two companies of cavalry and one of infantry, he daringly attacked a large detachment of the "Louisiana Tigers" acting as a picket guard, stampeding them and capturing their colors with his own hand.

This, the first trophy of the kind taken by the army of the Potomac, was a feather in the cap of the young dragoon, and when General McClellan heard of his exploits he at once appointed him an aide on his own staff.

Custer took part in the various battles that followed, those before Richmond and the subsequent ones in Maryland, and in July was promoted first lieutenant. When General Hooker organized the cavalry as a separate corps of the army, Custer became an aide to General Pleasonton, division commander, and was prominent in the cavalry fights at Brandy Station

and Aldie. In the latter, with Colonels Kilpatrick and Doughty, he led a cavalry charge upon the enemy, displaying such spirit and daring that the act brought him the commission of brigadier-general of volunteers, dating from June 23, 1863.

As such the young soldier was put in command of the Michigan cavalry brigade, at the head of which he was present on the field of Gettysburg and, with Generals Gregg and McIntosh, engaged in a hot fight with Stuart's cavalry division, forcing it back and preventing it from turning the left flank of Meade's army. His gallant conduct here was rewarded with the brevet rank of major in the regular service.

In Lee's retreat from Gettysburg with his broken battalions Custer was hot upon his heels, slashing and sabring at every opportunity with his usual reckless impetuosity, and pressing the rear so closely that he had a horse shot under him and fell himself with an ugly wound. He was not fit for the saddle again until Grant took the lead of the army of the Potomac in 1864, when his brigade was put under Sheridan and took part in the great cavalry raid round the rear of Lee's army, in which General Stuart, Lee's right hand cavalry leader, was killed.

Riding in the advance, Custer led his men to within four miles of Richmond, where he made a spirited dash upon and captured the outer works, taking one hundred prisoners. But the second line was too strong to be taken by cavalry, and having no infantry support he was obliged to withdraw, after a sharp fight with the garrison. There was more fighting before the vicinity of Richmond was left, and Sheridan returned to Grant's army by way of the White House and the Pamunky. In Sheridan's second raid, a month later, the fighting

at points was severe, and in one of the brushes with the enemy Custer's color bearer was shot. He saved the flag by tearing it from the pole and thrusting it under his coat while he continued his sabre-play on the enemy.

When Sheridan was sent to the Shenandoah Valley to oppose Early, Custer and his cavalry brigade went with him and formed part of the powerful body of horsemen who aided so greatly in his success. This was especially the case on September 19, when Custer was in the crushing cavalry charge that determined Sheridan's victory and sent Early and his men "whirling through Winchester."

During Early's retreat down the valley he sent his cavalry, under Rosser, to hang upon Sheridan's rear and annoy him in his pursuit. Wearying of this, Sheridan let loose his cavalry upon Rosser and a fierce fight followed at Woodstock, in which Custer and Wesley Merritt took a prominent part. The sabre, Custer's favorite weapon, was chiefly used, and in a short time the Confederate cavalry broke and fled, leaving their guns, their wagons, and three hundred prisoners behind. Up the valley rode the fugitives, hotly pursued, the chase not ending until they had been driven twenty-six miles. Then Custer and his gallant men drew rein and rode leisurely and gaily back.

But the most efficient work of the cavalry in the valley campaign was on October 19, during the notable fight at Cedar Creek, where, during Sheridan's absence from the army, Early made a night attack, surprised the sleeping troops, made a hot assault, and drove them back in utter dismay and with a heavy loss in prisoners, guns and equipage.

In this critical state of affairs Custer and Merritt

rendered the noblest service. While the Confederates, exhausted by sixteen hours of marching and fighting, stopped to rest and eat, and the broken lines made some effort to reform their ranks, these knights of the saddle, at the head of six or seven thousand gallant horsemen, rode into the open space between the two armies and served as a shield to the regiments forming behind them. When the Confederates again advanced, twenty thousand strong, they found their progress checked by these few thousands of mounted men, with a number of pieces of artillery. Charge after charge was made upon them, but they held firm, and were still acting as a stone wall of defence when Sheridan came riding up at headlong speed from Winchester and called his men to face the other way and win back the camp and cannon they had lost. Everyone is familiar with what followed, how defeat was turned into victory, and Early lost far more than he had gained. The cavalry took a leading part in the pursuit and helped to end Early's career in the valley. Custer's share in these operations brought him the brevet rank of major-general of volunteers.

In early March, 1865, came the event that ended Early's career in the valley and as a leader in the war. On February 25 Sheridan set out from Winchester at the head of a powerful cavalry force, ten thousand strong, led by Merritt and Custer. They rode rapidly up the valley, drove back Rosser, who tried to prevent their crossing the Shenandoah, and pushed on, Custer in the advance, for Rockfish Gap. At Waynesboro Early awaited them with twenty-five hundred men, strongly intrenched. He had boasted that he would never permit Sheridan to pass through the Gap.

Custer lost no time. He fell upon Early with his



CUSTER'S LAST STAND.

customary dash and spirit and had him thoroughly used up before the rest of the command appeared. Of his twenty-five hundred men sixteen hundred were prisoners, while Custer had taken eleven guns, seventeen battle-flags, and two hundred loaded wagons; losing in the fight less than a dozen men.

During the following night the expedition crossed the Blue Ridge and at two o'clock the next day Custer appeared before Charlottesville, the mayor of which came humbly out to present him the keys of the place. This was his second appearance in the vicinity of Charlottesville, which he had threatened a year before, during a raid in which he came within four miles of that place, but was prevented from taking it by a superior force, aided by a battery. He ended the present affair by an attack in which he practically destroyed the remainder of Early's force and nearly took their leader prisoner.

Custer was "in at the death" of the Confederate army. He took part in the battles of Dinwiddie Court-House and Five Forks, which made Lee's position in Richmond untenable, and was active in the hard ride that brought the cavalry across Lee's line of retreat. When the exhausted Confederates, finding themselves opposed by a strong body of cavalry backed up by infantry, gave up the struggle in despair and sent out a flag of truce, it was Custer's fortune to receive it—a white towel on a pole. He was subsequently present at the ceremonies of surrender and fell heir to the flag of truce, together with the table on which the terms of surrender were written.

The war ended, leaving Custer brevet brigadier in the regular army. After the grand review in Washington, the gallant cavalier, still only twenty-six

years of age, was ordered on duty to Texas, and while there applied for leave of absence for a year, to serve as chief of cavalry under Juarez, then fighting with Maximilian for the freedom of Mexico. The Government was not prepared to take a hand, either directly or indirectly, in this contest, and refused his request, and the next year sent him north, where in the spring of 1867 he was in Hancock's expedition against the Cheyenne Indians. He closed the campaign against them at Washita River on November 27, 1868, when he attacked them so fiercely and successfully that the band was almost annihilated. The few remaining were restored to their reservation, with the fight quite taken out of them.

Custer remained for years on duty in the West, being sent to Dakota in March, 1873, while in July, 1874, he led an expedition to the Black Hills. It might have been supposed that familiarity with Indian methods of warfare would make him wary in dealing with them, but his old habit of impetuous dashes on the enemy clung to him and led in the end to the tragic occurrence in which the brave fellow laid down his life.

This was in Terry's expedition against the Sioux in the spring of 1876, this powerful Indian nation being then in force on the war-path. In this affair Custer, then at the head of a cavalry regiment, was directed to ride up the Rosebud River and cross to the head-waters of the Little Big Horn, there to coöperate with General Gibbon, who was following the valley of the Big Horn. The object of the movement was to surround the Indians and prevent their escape.

On the 25th of June Custer reached the Little Big Horn, having crossed a narrow divide between the two streams. For some time indications of the pres-

ence of the Indians had been seen, and they now became so evident that he felt sure the Indians were close at hand. He accordingly divided his command into three detachments, he leading five companies up the stream and sending the others out to right and left on the flanks of the foe, while he struck them in the centre. This was his usual method of attacking the savages, but this time it proved disastrous.

His march brought him directly to the Sioux village, in which nine thousand braves in their war-paint were gathered. His detachments were not visible. One of them had reached the village, but had retreated before he came up. Custer's incautious advance without waiting for Gibbon, and the impetuous charge which he made upon the Indians, were reckless movements which could have but one end. The Sioux in overwhelming numbers attacked his small force, drove them back, and killed company after company, until Custer and forty of his officers and men alone faced them. These few continued to fight desperately, falling one by one, until the last of them perished, not a man being left alive. They had fought well and bravely, defying their foes for three hours, killing many of them, and never ceasing to strike until death ended their defence. The number slain was two hundred and sixty-one.

No white man remained to tell the story of this slaughter, and it was afterwards learned from the Indians themselves, who told of the daring assault, the desperate struggle, and its fatal end. The field where it took place has since been made a National Cemetery, and a monument has been erected to the memory of Custer and his men. The remains of the brave leader were removed in 1877 and buried in the cemetery at West Point.

GEORGE CROOK, THE SOLDIER FRIEND OF THE INDIAN

OF the men who have taken part in settling the Indian question none ranks higher than General Crook, who was sent against them as a soldier and fought them when he was forced to, but by his good sense, justice and discretion did more to make good citizens of them than could ever have been done by the rifle and the sword. The policy in dealing with the savages, especially with the fierce Apaches, had been one of destruction. Crook's method made quiet farmers of tribes which had previously given their time to murder and outrage. It is his story as an Indian fighter that we propose to tell, but in earlier years he had taken an active part in the Civil War, and his record in this must first be given.

George Crook was born near Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1828, and after spending his boyhood and youth at home, was entered as a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1852, in his twenty-fourth year. His first active service was as brevet second lieutenant in the fourth infantry regiment, with which he was sent to California, and served the Government there until 1861. He was not without war experience during these years, being in the Pitt River expedition of 1852, in which he took part in several fights with the Indians, and was seriously wounded by an arrow in one of these engagements.

He was promoted first lieutenant in 1860, and when the war between North and South began was called to

Washington and made colonel of the 36th Ohio regiment of volunteers. His first service was under McClellan in Western Virginia, where he was wounded in a fight at Lewinsburg, but he was in condition in 1862 to take part in the battle of Antietam, and with such gallantry that he was rewarded with the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel in the regular army.

His most conspicuous service in the war was as a cavalry commander, he being placed in command in 1863 of the second cavalry division of the army of the Cumberland, with which he took an active part in the battle of Chickamauga. Shortly afterwards he was sent with a cavalry force two thousand strong to protect Rosecrans's line of communications, and in this duty came into conflict with General Wheeler, the noted Confederate hard rider, who was on a raid in Tennessee and had taken and burned a large convoy of supply wagons at McMinnville.

Crook overtook his rear-guard as he was fleeing towards Murfreesboro, Colonel Long, of the second Kentucky cavalry, charging the Confederate raiders with great spirit. Wheeler's men dismounted and fought till dark, when they sprang to the saddle again and rode at full speed for Murfreesboro. The daring Confederate hoped to seize that important place with its munitions and supplies, but Crook was too hot upon his trail and he was obliged to take to the road again. The chase went on relentlessly, Wheeler doing what damage he could in his flight, until Duck River was crossed and Farmington reached, when Crook struck him again.

His onset here was irresistible. Wheeler's line was cut in two, four of his guns and a thousand small arms were taken, two hundred of his men captured, and his

forces driven in confusion in the direction of Pulaski, which his flying columns reached that night, much the worse for wear. He had had quite enough of Crook as an antagonist, and hastened to get on the safe side of the Tennessee and make his way back to Bragg's army, having done immense damage in his raid.

In 1864 Crook was put in command of the eighth corps, known as the Army of West Virginia, and was given control of the military district of that State, where he won the battle of Cloyd's Mountain. At a later date he joined Sheridan's army in the Shenandoah Valley, and his corps bore the brunt of Early's furious charge at Cedar Creek.

Crook's division held the advanced position on that field, the remaining divisions of the army being in flank and rear. Sheridan had been absent on business at Washington and was on his return to Winchester, not dreaming of a disaster to his army. At two o'clock in the morning of October 19 reports came to General Crook of mysterious sounds from the front, like the dull tramp of a multitude moving cautiously, but he could learn nothing to prove that an enemy was near at hand, and the alarm died away. The rest of the army slept on undisturbed. The fact was that Early's whole army had crept stealthily upon them under cover of the night, while a dense fog which rose before dawn concealed the troops as they marched noiselessly to their appointed positions.

Morning had just dawned when a ringing battle-shout rent the air, the rattle of musketry was heard in all directions, and before the Nationals could seize their arms and fall into line Early's entire force broke from the mist and fell suddenly upon them. Crook's corps bore the first shock of this unlooked-for attack,

being struck with such fury that in fifteen minutes it was broken into fragments, the men flying in wild disorder back upon the other corps, leaving seven hundred prisoners and other spoil in the hands of the assailants. Crook vainly endeavored to stop the panic flight of his men, Emory, who lay behind him, was similarly broken, and the right of Sheridan's army was fearfully pressed at all points. Foreseeing an utter rout of the whole army, General Wright, in command in Sheridan's absence, ordered a general retreat, the sixth corps, the only one left in good order, skilfully covering it. All readers of history are aware of the sequel of this story, the coming of Sheridan to Winchester, his swinging ride to the battle-field, the reforming of the lines under the inspiration of his presence, and the turning of defeat into victory, the triumphant Confederates being driven back in disorder and losing more than they had gained.

Crook was honored with the brevet ranks of brigadier-general and major-general in March, 1865, and was a cavalry commander in Sheridan's corps in April, directing the operations at Dinwiddie Court-House on the 1st, and taking an active part in the pursuit of Lee's army. Attacking a wagon train escorted by a formidable cavalry force near Jetersville, his force was repulsed; but he rode to the support of Custer at Sailor's Creek, pierced the Confederate line at that point, and captured four hundred wagons, sixteen guns, and a large number of men. At Farmville he forded the Appomattox and attacked a body of infantry guarding a train. Here he was repulsed, and General Gregg, commanding a brigade, was captured. This was almost the last hostile demonstration of Lee's army and Gregg was their last prisoner, for two days

later Lee with his whole army surrendered to General Grant.

Such was George Crook's career as a soldier in the Civil War. A longer and more diversified one followed, for during the succeeding twenty-five years he was actively occupied in Indian warfare, or in the more creditable occupation of bringing the Indians into ways of peace. It was in the latter employment that General Crook made himself famous. As a skilled, daring and successful Indian fighter no man has surpassed him; as a true friend of the Indians no other man in the American army has equalled him.

The story of his Indian experience is one of great interest. In July, 1866, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, and for the following six years was occupied against the hostile tribes in Idaho. In 1872 he was sent to Arizona to operate against the Apaches, the fiercest and wildest of all the tribes. The policy of the Government against these Indians had been one of the rifle and the sabre. But the Apaches, sons of the mountain and the desert, proved hard either to kill or to conquer, and the Government spent more than three million dollars in vain attempts to subdue them. At the end of it all they were still on the war-path and the country round their haunts was kept in a constant reign of terror.

Crook knew the Indians and their ways and how to deal with them. The stronghold of the warring tribes was the Tonto Basin, a wild and desolate region in the midst of three separate ranges of arid mountains. Crook began by offering them peace and protection, if they would submit, with the threat that if they did not accept they would be "wiped off the face of the earth." Confident in the strength of their position, the Indians

refused his offer, and the hard campaign began. Crook pushed the work with untiring energy and persistence, selecting for his arduous campaign the best Indian fighters to be found and pursuing the savages indefatigably. They were given no time to rest. When they had fled many miles, and supposed their pursuers far behind, they found them close upon their track. Sleuth hounds of pursuit, nothing could throw them off. The fugitive warriors might seek the deepest and most inaccessible fastnesses of the mountain, but the white trailers followed them to every refuge. When a party of hostiles was rounded up and taken, their best trailers were made to do service in running down the others. One of their most remote strongholds was reached by the troops after they had pushed the pursuit a whole night through. The savages, refusing to surrender, were shot down till few besides the women and children, who were hidden in a cave, remained. This fatal blow ended the struggle. The insurrection had been wiped out, and the surviving savages surrendered and were sent back to their reservation.

This work thus well accomplished, Crook was ordered to Wyoming, where in 1875 he defeated the Cheyennes in two engagements at Powder River, met and whipped them again at Tongue River, and in a final engagement at Rosebud dealt them a terrible blow. This unwontedly rapid succession of defeats so incensed the Sioux Indians that they broke into a general rebellion, eleven of their tribes massing on the war-path against the hated whites. They won a temporary triumph in the massacre of Custer and his men when that impetuous soldier incautiously attacked their whole force with a detachment of his regiment. It was their only success. Crook, being reinforced, pur-

sued them, drove them from their fastnesses, and severely defeated them, the final result of his operations being that the Indians of the Northwest were completely subdued.

In 1882 he was sent back to Arizona. The Apaches there were becoming restless and there was imminent danger of an outbreak. Crook had put them down before and he was thought the best man to deal with them again. He did so on this occasion without drawing a sword or firing a musket, simply by looking into the situation and remedying the evils of which the Indians complained.

He found that the Apaches had good warrant for indignation. Their reservation had been invaded by Mormons, squatters, miners, and stock-raisers, by whom they had been maltreated and plundered. The situation needed a just head and a strong hand, and Crook had both. He drove out the invaders, reinstated the Indians in full control of their reservation, encouraged them in farming operations, and protected them from invasion, until their mood was completely changed and they looked upon him as their best friend. He had two maxims in dealing with these savage wards of the Government. One was, that in fighting with Indians their own tactics must be adopted. The other was, that if we are true to the Indians they will be true to us. Both these he had found correct.

There was one band of the Apaches who had not been subdued, the Chiricahuas, fierce and incorrigible savages, who continued their raids on the settlements, seeking their almost inaccessible fastnesses in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico when closely pursued. In 1883 Crook, who had grown famous for success in dealing with the savages, was sent against

this dangerous tribe. In dealing with it he adopted a new and shrewd method. Instead of pursuing the braves in the usual fashion, his plan was to go back on their trail, follow to their camp, capture their women and children, and patiently await the warriors on their return with their spoil.

The force he took with him was a remarkable one. It consisted of a single company of infantry, two hundred of the reservation Apaches, who were armed with rifles, and one Chiricahua, who had agreed to act as guide to the strongholds of his tribe. When Crook appeared in the Mexican villages at the head of this strange force, the villagers gazed at them in astonishment and alarm. The idea of this handful of Americans trusting themselves with double their number of the blood-thirsty Apaches, and even arming these murderous savages with rifles, seemed sheer insanity. But Crook laughed at their fears. The Apaches were his friends. They were eager to fight his foes. He had no doubt of their trustworthiness.

He showed his faith by marching with them into the depths of the mountains, following the Chiricahua guide through frightful ravines, up narrow mountain paths, and over beetling precipices, until he had ventured two hundred miles into the rockiest domain of northern Mexico. The march was one of intense hardship, but the guide proved true, the Apaches faithful, and the mountain camp they sought was at length reached and the women and children seized. Only five braves were with them in the camp.

When the raiding warriors came near with the spoil of their foray they were thunderstruck to find their mortal foes awaiting them. Crook sent them word that their lives would be spared if they surrendered.

If they refused death would be their lot. They knew him. His word had always been kept. Their case was hopeless, and they came in and gave themselves up, nearly four hundred in all, with their horses and plunder.

Back over the rough mountain trail went Crook and his one company, in charge of six hundred of the wildest and fiercest savages in America. There was scarcely a moment in that long march in which the lives of himself and his men were safe. Yet he did not fear. His honest and just dealing with the Indians had won their friendship and they trusted him as he trusted them. They came safely back, and the captives settled quietly down upon their reservation.

Crook had won the confidence of the Government as well as that of the Indians, and for the two years following the management of Indian affairs in that quarter was left entirely in his hands. During that time there were no hostilities. Traders, with their disturbing methods, were not permitted on the reservation. The Chiricahuas were put at work on farms, cash was paid them for army supplies, and within three years this once intractable tribe had become a peaceful and self-supporting ward of the Government.

Once more only in his life did George Crook take to the war-path. The vicious "Indian ring" at Washington was constantly doing its best to get possession of the fertile Indian lands, and it succeeded in having a law passed ordering the six thousand Apaches to leave their reservation and go to another. The latter proved a place where the soil was arid, the water brackish, and flies a torment, and the result was what might have been expected. The Indians broke into revolt, and soon there was again a reign of terror.

The famous war chief Geronimo was at the head of this revolt. In May, 1885, he escaped from Fort Apache with a band of more than a hundred warriors, women, and children. Crook was put upon the track of the fugitives and pressed the pursuit for hundreds of miles without getting within gunshot of the band. Finally, the long chase ended in the running down of Geronimo; but Crook held the wily savage only one night, when he escaped. The next night he stole back to the camp, carried off his wife, and was out of reach before he could be pursued.

This ended Crook's connection with the matter, other Indian fighters, Miles and Lawton, being sent to hunt Geronimo, while he was relieved at his own request. In our sketches of these two men the remainder of this story will be told. Crook was made a major-general in 1888 and put in command of the department of the Missouri, with head-quarters at Chicago. Here he died on March 21, 1890.

HENRY W. LAWTON, A VETERAN OF THREE WARS

GENERAL LAWTON, the old soldier who met his fate in a Philippine bullet, after passing unscathed through so many battles that he thought himself invulnerable, was one of the most interesting characters in our recent military history. Not trained for war at West Point, like all those of the Civil War period whose stories we have told, he began his career in the ranks, and worked his way upwards by dint of courage and ability, till he ended as one of the chief leaders in the Philippine war. As one of those who climbed from the bottom to the top, and who was one of our bravest and most skilful Indian fighters, his story justly belongs here.

Henry Ware Lawton was born in Manhattan, now a suburb of Toledo, Ohio, March 17, 1843. He was sent to a Methodist college at Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1854, and was still a student there in 1861, when the Civil War began. A boy of eighteen at that time, he hastened to enlist, entering a regiment in the three months' service on April 18, three days after the President's call for troops. His position in his company was that of first sergeant, but on his reënlistment at the end of the three months' term, his good conduct had won a standing that brought him the rank of first lieutenant in the Thirtieth Indiana regiment, the organization with which he remained connected until the end of the war.

Lawton passed through the war unharmed, though

his regiment fought in over twenty battles, and only a small percentage of its original members lived to see their homes again. At Shiloh it suffered very severely, and it saw heavy fighting at Stone River and Chickamauga and in the battles of Sherman's advance upon Atlanta. Lawton was now captain of his company, having been promoted on May 17, 1862. His most notable service was during the battles before Atlanta, where, on August 31, 1864, he led a charge of skirmishers against the enemy's rifle-pits, captured them, and repulsed three desperate attempts to recapture them. For this gallant service he was awarded by Congress a medal of honor.

Taking part in the expedition sent to Nashville to oppose Hood in his march against Sherman's communications, he fought bravely under Schofield at the battle of Franklin and under Thomas at the battle of Nashville. In the latter he commanded his regiment, though ranking still as captain. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel on February 10, 1865, and on March 13 was given the brevet rank of colonel, as a reward for gallant service during the war.

The war over, Lawton left the army for a time, studying law at Fort Wayne and Harvard, but the old war spirit was too strong in him to be kept down, and in 1867 he left Harvard to enter the regular army, being commissioned second lieutenant in the Forty-first Infantry, a regiment of colored troops. Shortly afterwards he was made first lieutenant, and was gradually advanced during later years, not reaching the grade of colonel until 1898.

Lawton's field of activity was largely in the far West, where he took part in some of the most arduous and successful Indian wars of the period, serving under

General R. S. Mackenzie, and later under Crook in Arizona. But his most distinguished service was in 1886 under Miles, who had succeeded General Crook in the campaign against Geronimo.

We have told the story of how Crook pursued and captured Geronimo, and how the wily Apache chief escaped. This famous chief was accounted the most dangerous man in his ferocious tribe, and strenuous efforts were made to run him down and capture him. It was a task of the greatest difficulty, and would have been hopeless except in the hands of men trained in every device of the Indians themselves and hardened to the perils and hardships of desert life. Chato, a cousin of Geronimo, and like him a leading chief, came to the aid of the whites in their efforts to overtake the blood-thirsty fugitive, whom he professed to hate. Later events indicated, however, that the two were allies, and that Chato, by means only known to themselves, signalled Geronimo and helped him to avoid his pursuers.

Geronimo met his fate at last, when Miles put Lawton on his track. A giant in strength and stature, absolutely fearless, and with all the endurance of an Apache, Lawton vowed to run down the daring fugitive, even if he had to pursue him to the City of Mexico. He did chase him and his band for a distance of thirteen hundred miles, over the Sierra Madre Mountains and far into Mexico, there being an agreement between the United States and Mexico which permitted the despatch of troops over the frontier when on the track of marauding Indians.

There is nothing in the history of Indian warfare more marked by daring, endurance, and persistence than Lawton's pursuit of the raiding Apaches. The

only mate to it is in the similar exploits of General Crook. At the head of a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, Lawton put himself on the track of Geronimo's death-dealing band, followed it untiringly and persistently, now overtaking and killing a number of the murderous warriors, now losing them again, until in desperation Geronimo crossed the Rio Grande and headed for the arid depths of the Sierra Madre. No men ever lived more capable of enduring the extremes of hunger and thirst and the horrors of a desert life than the Apache Indians, and none were more alert in the exigencies of Indian warfare. But they had met their match in Lawton and his picked horsemen. For two hundred miles the chase was kept up, without a day's cessation, until at length the Apaches were brought to bay and a brisk fight took place. This was within the confines of Mexico, to which the Indians had often fled for safety, knowing that their pursuers would not cross the border. To their dismay they found that this wall of refuge no longer served, and that when they took to flight again the weariless pursuers were after them with the same sleuth-hound persistence.

For three hundred miles farther the troops kept up the chase, riding deep into Mexico, following the trail as it wound in and out of the mountains and cañons of Sonora. It crossed and doubled upon itself, winding through almost inaccessible wilds and up and down terrifying slopes, but the pursuers never gave up, and at length the dusky fugitives, worn out, utterly exhausted and in a starving condition, ceased their efforts to escape and surrendered to their indefatigable pursuers.

Lawton had brought Geronimo's career of murder

and outrage to an end. The daring chief had been captured before, but only to escape and renew his bloody work. The settlers felt unsafe while he remained in their vicinity, and for security he and his leading chiefs were now sent to Fort Pickens, Florida, the others of the band being confined in Fort Marion, St. Augustine. But as their health suffered here they were removed to Mount Vernon, Alabama, where schools were opened for their children. Some of the brightest pupils in the Indian School at Carlisle have been the boys and girls of those merciless raiders whom Lawton brought to bay in the mountains of Sonora.

On the 4th of March, 1898, when war with Spain was imminent, Lawton was commissioned brigadier-general, and was among those sent to Cuba after war was declared. In the operations against Santiago he commanded a division of the army on the extreme right, five miles from the sea. The remainder of the troops were stretched out in a long line until the extreme left rested upon the coast. On the hilly ground before them were the strongly intrenched positions of the Spaniards, General Wheeler facing the steep hill of San Juan, Lawton the picturesque old town of El Caney. These were the two chief localities of the battle of July 1, 1898.

While Wheeler and his men were advancing upon San Juan, Lawton was similarly engaged at El Caney. He had a difficult task before him. There was a fort near the town and in front a covered way, filled with Spanish sharp-shooters, while the houses of the town, some of them with walls several feet thick, served as subsidiary forts. A battery of artillery shelled this position, while the infantry slowly made their way

inward, taking advantage of every shelter offered by the rolling ground, and keeping up a fire from every available position reached. The Spaniards, however, held their post persistently, and in the end a charge was ordered, before which the defenders abandoned the fort and covered way. But they held on tenaciously to the town and it was nightfall before it was taken. The whole day had been occupied in this work, and during the night Lawton made a movement to the aid of Wheeler, who was threatened with an attack in force next day. The attack came, but the Americans firmly retained every position they had captured, and with this the fighting part of the campaign against Santiago was virtually at an end.

On the 8th of July Lawton was promoted major-general, and after the surrender was put in charge of the department of Santiago, as commander of the fourth army corps. He returned home in time to accompany the President in his tour of the States after the treaty of peace, and on January 19, 1899, sailed from San Francisco for the Philippine Islands, to aid in suppressing the insurrection which had broken out there.

Reaching Manila on March 10, he had his first active service in April, when he set out on an expedition to Laguna de Bay, the large lake back of Manila, and on the 10th captured the town of Santa Cruz. He continued along the lake, capturing various places, which were afterwards abandoned. A general advance was begun on April 24, Lawton's "flying column," as his command was called, following the very difficult country along the foothills to drive out the lurking bodies of Filipino bushwhackers, against whom he pursued successfully his old Indian tactics. This was

especially the case at San Rafael, where he met with a heavy fire from insurgents concealed in jungles, and fought against them on the frontier principle of every man for himself. On May 17 he captured San Isidro, the second capital of the Filipino government.

His expedition had been a bold and successful one, he having marched one hundred and twenty miles in twenty days, over very difficult roads, captured twenty-eight towns, and destroyed three hundred thousand bushels of rice, his whole loss being six men killed and thirty-one wounded, while the Filipinos had lost far more heavily. With the coming on of the rainy season he withdrew his forces, as it would be impossible to send them supplies over the muddy cartways away from the railway line.

In June he advanced again, and this time captured the town of Morong, a strong point on the Laguna de Bay. In July he marched south, and here had a sharp fight with the insurgents on Zapote River. He made another expedition to the north in November, and after his return to Manila set out on the final march of his long career. With him were the Eleventh Cavalry and two infantry battalions, their goal being San Mateo, a place which had been several times taken and deserted and was now reported to be occupied by a force of Filipinos.

The distance from Manila was about fifteen miles, the country rough, and a severe tropical storm of rain descended upon them, adding greatly to the annoyances of the night march. Yet the troops toiled resolutely onward, now over rocks, now through mud, and at daybreak found themselves in front of a line of intrenchments occupied by about five hundred of the enemy. The troops advanced until they were about

three hundred yards distant. Here Lawton put his men fairly under cover, but with his customary disregard of danger he stood boldly out in their front, reconnoitring the enemy. His tall form and light-colored coat made him a conspicuous mark for sharpshooters, and his officers begged him to be more careful.

"I must see what is going on at the firing line," he said, and walked towards it, meeting two of his aides returning. As they were about to report they saw him clench his hands and turn pale.

"What's the matter, General?" was asked.

"I am shot through the lungs," he replied.

Without another word he fell upon his face, blood pouring from his mouth, and in a few minutes the brave soldier was dead.

This death of one of their heroes was a severe shock to the American people, by whom Lawton was highly admired. He died poor, leaving his wife and children almost destitute. This was overcome by a popular subscription, which netted ninety thousand dollars—enough to free his homestead from debt and leave a considerable sum for his family's support. No one concerned in military affairs stood higher than he at that time in public esteem, and he will long be looked on as one of our country's most gallant soldiers.

NELSON A. MILES, THE SIOUX AND APACHE INDIAN FIGHTER

NELSON APPLETON MILES, a soldier of the United States, of forty years of active service, from the beginning of the Civil War to the end of that with Spain, and a veteran of the Indian wars, was born in Westminster, Massachusetts, August 8, 1839. Raised on a farm, and afterwards spending some years in a Boston store, he was in his twenty-first year when President Lincoln's demand for troops called the North to war to avenge the insult to the flag on Fort Sumter.

Young Miles was among those quick to respond. He raised a company of volunteers, which became a part of the Twenty-second Massachusetts regiment, and in September, 1861, went with it to the front as its captain. Young in looks and without military experience, the boyish captain was deemed by the colonel unfit for so responsible a position, and was obliged to resign and accept the rank of lieutenant. But there were others who thought differently. On pay day, when the young officer appeared before the United States paymaster to draw his salary, the latter said: "You are a captain: get your pay and take command of your company."

This put Colonel Wilson in something of a quandary. He feared a conflict of authority between himself and the Government army officials, and to escape it he advised the youthful officer to take a position on General Casey's staff. This he did, and afterwards entered the Peninsular campaign as an aide on the staff of General

Howard. As such he continued to progress in rank, being commissioned on May 21, 1862, lieutenant-colonel, and on September 30 colonel, of the Sixty-first New York regiment, a rapid promotion for one so young.

Bravery in battle had much to do with this progress in rank. At the battle of Fair Oaks he led a detachment under heavy fire to the support of Colonel Barlow, then hard pressed by the enemy. This brought him his first promotion, and also a severe wound, but he was able to fight in the battle of Antietam, taking command of the regiment when Colonel Barlow fell wounded, and winning the rank of colonel by his skill and courage as a regimental leader.

Miles led the regiment on the death-dealing field of Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville displayed conspicuous gallantry, holding a line of abatis and rifle-pits against charges by a strong force of the enemy, until he fell from his horse with a bullet in his body. The wound was so severe that it was thought to be fatal, but the ball was extracted, and as soon as he was fairly able to move he returned to the army on crutches. His soldierly service on this occasion was rewarded with a medal of honor. He was further rewarded for his gallantry here, in August, 1864, by the brevet rank of brigadier-general, and for his services throughout the war by that of major-general.

Similar recognition of his services was made in March, 1867, the brevet grades of brigadier-general and major-general in the regular army being awarded him as a reward for his gallantry in the battle of Spottsylvania. He had thrown aside his crutches before this battle was fought, and took an active part in the engagements of Grant's overland march upon

Richmond, from the desperate conflict in the Wilderness to the final fights before Petersburg. In the closing events he commanded a division of the corps under General Humphreys, joining Sheridan after the battle of Five Forks and aiding him effectively in the capture of Petersburg.

On April 7, when Lee had retreated to Appomattox, Humphreys was in the lead of the pursuers, with his two divisions under Miles and De Trobriand. Crossing the Appomattox River, he found himself confronted by Lee's intrenched army. Not having men enough to dislodge the army by a flanking movement, he resolved on an assault, ordering Barlow to attack the front and sending Miles against the Confederate left. Miles proved the more expeditious of the two, and made his attack before Barlow had reached his allotted position. As a consequence he and his men found themselves very strongly opposed and were driven back, losing about six hundred men. Night was at hand before Barlow was ready, and the attack was not resumed.

This was the last success of Lee's army, except the repulse of General Crook and his cavalry division, which took place about the same time. It gave Lee momentary encouragement, but his case was really hopeless, and on the 9th, finding himself practically surrounded, he laid down his arms and the long-protracted contest came to an end.

Miles continued in the army after the war, and in July, 1866, when twenty-six years of age, found himself at the head of the fortieth regiment of the United States troops. Though the war in the South was at an end, there was war in the West likely to last for many years, and the leaders of the army found plenty of work awaiting them. The migration of settlers into



INDIAN ROOM IN GENERAL MILES'S HOUSE.

the plains beyond the Mississippi, and the unjust treatment of the old owners of the soil by those covetous newcomers, roused the Indians to bitter reprisal, and for more than a quarter of a century there was war on the plains and mountains of the West and in the desert realm of the Southwest. In this warfare a number of the army leaders made fine records, notably Custer, Crook, Lawton, and Miles. We have described the service of the first three as Indian fighters; that of Miles remains.

This service was full of interesting and exciting incident, but we can deal with it here only in brief outline. Though the Indians had undoubtedly been badly treated, their murderous manner of avenging their wrongs could not be countenanced, it being impossible for the Government to permit its ill-treated wards to redress their grievances by the murder of settlers and the inhuman torture of prisoners. They had to be subdued and forced to stay quietly on their reservations first of all, and for those who refused to yield to this necessity the strong hand of the military was the only argument that could be employed. To seek to repress them quietly did not avail. In 1873 a commission was sent to treat for peace with the rebellious Modocs and to offer them terms. In the midst of the conference the savages suddenly attacked the commissioners, killing two of them and badly wounding a third. With men like these strong measures had to be used, and Colonel Miles was one of those who took them in hand.

His early service was against the wild and warlike Cheyennes and Comanches on the border of the Staked Plains of Texas. These he defeated in several encounters in 1875, and in the following year took part in the

contest against the warrior bands of the Sioux, who under Sitting Bull and other notable chiefs had recently slaughtered Custer and his men. He was successful in aiding to break up their bands, and it was he who drove Sitting Bull over the frontier, obliging him to take refuge in Canadian territory. He also dispersed the strong bands led by Crazy Horse, Lean Deer, Broad Trail, and other notable warriors. In this way the dangerous Sioux outbreak was in a year or two effectually put down, Miles having proved so persistent and capable in this work that he became widely known as the "Indian fighter."

He had soon another tribe to deal with, that of the Nez Percés of the Northwest. These Indians, whose dwelling place was on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, had been first visited by Lewis and Clark in their famous journey across the continent. In 1854 the United States bought a large section of their land and set aside a reservation for them in the northern border region of Idaho and Oregon. But like the Seminoles of Florida, many of the chiefs opposed the sale of their lands and when the date came for their migration refused to leave their old home.

Chief Joseph was the leader of these malcontents, a man of fine intelligence, shrewd and sagacious, and in his way one of the most remarkable Indians of the century. As he and his followers would not leave their old lands, General Howard was sent to force them to do so. As the Chief was too weak to fight the regulars he contrived to elude them, and this he did with masterly skill. Though pursued by them for hundreds of miles, he kept out of their reach, and in all his evolutions brought the women, children, and property of the band safely along with him. His

shrewdness and skill were such that even his pursuers admired them.

In the autumn of 1877 Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés were in the mountains of northern Montana, and here they were confronted by Miles at the head of another body of regulars. Once more the wily chief evaded his enemies, and crossed the Missouri near its junction with the Mussel Shell. But this game of flight could not be kept up unceasingly. At length Howard and Miles brought the Indians to bay in the Bear Paw Mountains, and a battle ensued in which the Nez Percés fought bravely but were defeated. Joseph now saw that his case was hopeless. He walked with dignity to where General Howard was sitting on his horse and handed him his rifle. Then pointing to the sun, he said, "From where the sun is in yonder heavens I fight the white man no more." His captors admired the brave chief, who had shown such rare skill and had restrained his tribe from the usual Indian cruelties. Howard promised to be his friend, and secured him and his band so favorable a location that they were quite satisfied and remained afterwards quiet and peaceable. Miles was next engaged in the pursuit of an insurgent party of Bannocks, whom he captured in 1878 near Yellowstone Park and forced to remain on their reservation. In 1886 the chief Indian trouble was in the Southwest, where Geronimo, the ferocious Apache chief, had taken to the war-path, with General Crook on his track. After the alert chief had been taken and had escaped again, Crook asked to be relieved and Miles was put in his place. The new commander saw that there was but one way to deal with such a man. He must be run down and captured, if it took months or years. There could be no safety

for the whites while this hostile and ferocious band was at liberty. The work to be done needed a small party of select men and a capable leader, and the final work of running down the chief was given to Lawton, a man who had all the endurance of those he pursued. In our sketch of General Lawton we have told the story of his remarkable exploit.

For the service rendered by General Miles, in relieving them from the horrors often perpetrated by the terrible Apaches and other tribes, the legislatures of Kansas, Montana, Arizona and New Mexico gave him votes of thanks and Arizona presented him with a sword of honor. His latest warlike service against the Indians was in 1890-91, when he suppressed an outbreak of the Sioux and Cheyennes. In 1894 he was sent with troops to put down the railroad riot at Chicago, interference with the mails inducing President Cleveland to employ United States troops for this purpose. It was the only time in our history in which the regular army has been used to suppress a strike.

During the years from 1880 to 1897 General Miles was successively in command of the departments of the Columbia, Missouri, Arizona, and the Pacific. In the latter year he visited England as the representative of the United States at the magnificent jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's sixtieth year on the throne, and during the same year visited the scene of the war then waging between Greece and Turkey. He went there as a skilled military observer and as commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, which rank he had held since the retirement of General Schofield in 1895.

In the war with Spain in 1898, Miles, though in command of the army, had his movements and powers

hampered by hostile feeling in the war department. He mobilized a regular army of twenty-five thousand men and organized for service a volunteer force of over two hundred thousand, but he was not sent to Cuba until after the fighting was at an end. He arrived there on July 11 with an expert force he had organized, but found little to do besides accepting the surrender of the Santiago garrison. That he might not take from General Shafter the honor of receiving the formal surrender, he generously left before it took place, and on the 18th set sail for Porto Rico, the invasion of which he had taken into his own hands.

He had with him thirty-three hundred men against a Spanish force of about seventeen thousand. But he was so rapid in his movements and skilled in his dispositions that by August 13 his little army had gained favorable positions in all quarters of the island. Up to this date there had been little more than skirmishes, but on that day General Brooke was on the point of attacking a strong Spanish position on the road to Cayey. All was ready for what might have proved a sanguinary battle, when Lieutenant McLaughlin, riding up to the battery that was about to fire on the Spanish works, called out, "Cease action!"

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because the war is over. A peace protocol was signed at Washington yesterday and our work here is at an end."

That closed the war record of General Miles, which had continued with little intermission for nearly forty years. In January, 1900, a special honor was done him, the grade of lieutenant-general, which had been permitted to lapse, being revived in his honor. On February 2, 1901, when the army was reorganized, Presi-

dent McKinley appointed him especially to that grade. He visited the Philippines on a tour of inspection in 1902, and withdrew from active service August 8, 1903, having attained the legal age of retirement.

General Miles has received college honors not usually conferred upon military men, Harvard University giving him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1896 and Brown University in 1901. He is the author of a number of works devoted to military topics.

GENERALS WOOD AND FUNSTON IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN

SANTIAGO and other enemy outposts of the Spanish war were breeding-grounds for heroes of the type that prefer glory to safety. To the two named in the above title might be added others of note. Of Colonel Roosevelt, who had at Santiago his one feast of warfare, and enjoyed it hugely, we have spoken in another volume of this series. Of two others who may specially be named, General Henry W. Lawton, who fought also in the Philippines and was killed in battle near Manila, and Joseph Wheeler, a Confederate cavalry general of the Civil War, who also served at Manila, and who died in 1906, we have already written. A brief story of two of their fighting comrades comes here in place.

Leonard Wood and Frederick Funston may be spoken of as infants of the Civil War period, Wood being born in 1860 and Funston in 1865, the latter the son of an artillery officer in the Federal army, and therefore born to the game which he was to play so bravely and boldly in later years. Wood's original destination was to cure rather than to kill, the art of medicine being his study, and his field of graduation the Harvard Medical School. But he quickly drifted into the army, the scope of activity to which nature had apparently adapted him. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his connection with the army as a contract surgeon and in the following year he took part in Lawton's campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, the most blood-thirsty

tribe of modern savages. In this duty he served both as a line and a medical officer, being given the military grade of captain in 1891. That his ability for this double duty was sufficient we may judge from the illustrative fact that Congress rewarded him for it with a medal of honor in 1898. During this period he made the acquaintance of Theodore Roosevelt, and that they were birds of a feather is evident from their subsequent long-continued friendship. This was especially apparent in their intimate relations during the war with Spain, in which they were hand-and-glove friends and good comrades throughout.

The incident on which this conclusion is based, the formation of a regiment of cowboys, aptly named the Rough Riders, was a true Rooseveltian conception. Wood had nothing to do with the title, and this the people fully recognized. The regiment was everywhere spoken of as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," despite the fact that the illustrious Theodore insisted on Wood becoming its colonel, he accepting the more modest post of lieutenant-colonel, one that best fitted his lack of military training. In the enlistment of the regiment, however, they both took part, gathering in not only cowboys they had known in the west, but also a quota of athletes and horsemen of the east. We need only further say that the term "Rough Riders" proved a misnomer, since circumstances obliged them to do their fighting on foot. But the name held its own and became a decided aid to Roosevelt in his later career.

We are dealing here rather with history than with biography. In the famous charge against the Spanish earthworks on San Juan Hill Wood and

Roosevelt both took part, each leading one wing of the regiment. Up the rough slope charged the men with the ringing cowboy yell, their leaders at their head, rushing forward with a fury which the Spaniards had not the courage to withstand. By the time the Americans got within six hundred yards of the block-house their foes were in full flight through the brush beyond, a hail of bullets singing in their ears. A Spanish soldier who was taken prisoner said of the cowboy charge:

"They did not fight like other soldiers. When we fired a volley, they advanced instead of going back. The more we fired the nearer they came to us. We are not used to fighting with men who act in that way."

Colonel Wood, who kept at the front during the whole action, saw a trooper who appeared to be skulking, he being fifty feet in the rear of the firing line, and sharply ordered him forward to the line. The man rose and limped forward, saying as he took his place:

"My leg is a little stiff, sir."

The colonel looked down and saw that a bullet had ploughed along the trooper's leg for twelve inches.

Here is a London newspaper correspondent's story of the charge above described. He vividly pictures the scene as it painted itself on his distant vision:

"When afternoon came there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight beyond a ridge far ahead. Beyond them arose a long, steepish ascent, crowned by the block-house upon which artillery had opened

fire in the morning. Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants' nest down in the valley and all the ants were scrambling away up hill.

"Then the volley firing began ten times more furious than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrible fire of shells; from the block-house in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward. It was incredible, but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were the most surprised. They were not surprised at these athletic dare-devils of ours doing it; but that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and intrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long, exposed hill, swept with terrible artillery fire, frightened them, not so much by its audacity, as by its terrible cost in human life.

"As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly, then they nearly stopped, then they went on again faster than ever, and soon all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all round the block-house on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere beyond the block-house and from



THE COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO

somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the block-house was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards.

"It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the San Juan River to the ridge before their main fort. We could tell so much at two thousand five hundred and fifty yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear. Later on we knew only too well how heavy the cost was."

This vivid and picturesque description gives us a clear conception of the stuff the Rough Riders and their two leaders were made of. Not a man of them had ever faced an army in battle before. They confronted an enemy their equal in number and posted in strong intrenchments which they held obstinately. Yet with a vim and valor which foreign observers designated as superb they rushed with grim determination upon the works of the foe, without a thought of giving way, with the one thought that they were there to win the works of the enemy, and that this they must do through blood and death, if necessary. And this they did until these works were in their hands, their defenders dead, captive or in flight. It was a remarkable instance of American courage and self-reliance, typical of that which American soldiers have since shown on the hard-fought battlefields of the great European war.

The result of this engagement made Wood a brigadier-general of volunteers, Roosevelt succeeding him as colonel. Wood's ability was recognized in the line of other duties than those of the battle-field, for in October of 1898 he was chosen to serve in a civil position, that of governor of the Department of Santiago. In the following year he was raised to the responsible and important position of Governor-General of Cuba; succeeding General Brookes and retaining this post until the United States gave up its guardianship of the island, leaving it to its own resources as a new American republic. His administration had been a successful one, he having much to do with stamping out the yellow fever epidemic in Cuba. In 1903 he was sent to the Philippines and given the command of an army division—not on active military duty, however, for the insurrection in this new ward of the United States had been quelled.

Wood had meanwhile risen rapidly in army rank, being made a brigadier-general in the regular army in 1901, and in 1903 a major-general. From 1906 to 1908 he was commander of the military forces in the Philippines and in December, 1909, was appointed Chief of Staff of the United States Army, the highest position in the new system of military organization of the great republic. He had served as Commander of the Department of the East in 1908-09, and resumed this post in 1914. During the European war he used his utmost efforts to place the United States Army in a state of efficiency, joining his life-friend Roosevelt in this important work. In 1918 he took part in the operations of the American army in France and early in that year was wounded by the bursting of a gun that was being tested in his presence.

While General Wood was thus making his way to the top alike in military rank and civil administration, General Frederick Funston, another American soldier of marked ability, was in like manner making his mark as a hero of the American army. Funston, the son of a Civil War officer, was a soldier in grain, though after graduating in the University of Kansas he served for some time as a reporter on the Kansas City *Journal* and in 1892 was made botanist of the Death Valley Expedition in California, a locality spoken of as the dryest and hottest place in the United States. He subsequently made a collection of the local flora of Alaska, his botanical work being done in the service of the United States Department of Agriculture. His military career began in 1896, when he had passed his thirtieth birthday.

During much of the closing period of the nineteenth century the island of Cuba, then under the government of Spain, and very oppressively so, was in a state of revolution, this being the case from 1868 to 1878, and again after 1895, the Spanish government having failed to put into effect the reforms it had promised. Much sympathy was felt in the United States for the sadly misgoverned Cubans, and this feeling was shown in various cases by the migration of American citizens to Cuban soil to take part in the insurrection. Among these was Funston, who, bitterly incensed by the remorseless cruelty of General Weyler in his dealings with the Cubans, offered his services to the Cuban Junta in 1896, and plunged into the war with enthusiastic energy. His courage and ability were quickly recognized, he soon gaining the rank of captain of artillery in the insurgent army. As such he won distinction in the engagement at

La Machuca, winning the rank of major, and being made lieutenant-colonel for bravery in the fight at Las Tunas.

This rise in rank, however, was not gained without wounds, while the Cuban climate proved detrimental to his health. Unfitted for longer service in the field by these enervating causes he sought to make his escape to the United States, but in this effort fell into the hands of the enemy and was sentenced to death. Fortunately for him the indignation in the United States against Weyler led to the recall of this brutal Spaniard and as a concession to the American government many of those who had been sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment were released, Funston among them.

The gallant young westerner, however, was soon back again on Cuban soil, this time as colonel of the 20th Kansas Volunteers, war with Spain having opened a new field for the late revolutionist. As an officer of the American army he served at Santiago, where his former experience stood him in good stead. In November of 1898, the chance for fighting having ceased in Cuba, Funston made his way to the Philippine Islands, the natives of which were then in insurrection against the United States, their country having been won from Spain and annexed by the Americans. This service led to the most notable event in Funston's career.

The Filipinos were by no means satisfied to be taken from one master and handed over to another, even to so promising a one as the United States. The leaders among them, especially the mestizos, or half-breeds, many of them educated and capable, fancied that they would like a term of government

on their own account and were quite ready to make a strike for self-rule. This was especially the case with Emilio Aguinaldo, a mestizo of Chinese and Tagalog parentage, who was especially ambitious in this direction. He had been a leader in the insurrection of 1896 against the Spaniards, but had withdrawn from the islands in 1897 on a promise of reforms that were not carried out. When the movement of the Americans against Manila was made in 1898 Aguinaldo came to their assistance with a strong force of Philippine insurgents, lending aid of some efficiency to the movement. But he had designs of his own, views which did not accord well with those of the victors, and in 1899 he began an offensive movement against the American army, attacking with considerable skill and energy and fighting several severe engagements.

Though these efforts did not prove successful, Aguinaldo showed himself a man of great ability, both in civil and military management and had, moreover, an unusual personal magnetism that gave him a strong hold over his followers. He organized a Philippine Republic, making himself its president, but being in fact its dictator. He ordered the murder of Americans and of all people of European descent, but was gradually driven from point to point, repeatedly changing his capital, and being finally obliged to flee to the mountains. Hunted here by a number of scouting parties, he for a time kept well out of their reach, and the query "What has become of Aguinaldo?" grew to be a perplexing one.

Among those in search of the rebel chief Funston was one of the most active. He had been promoted brigadier-general of volunteers as a reward for his

gallantry at Calumpit, and his final success in the capture of Aguinaldo raised him to the same grade in the regular army of the United States.

As for the revolution under Aguinaldo, after an extended period of open field fighting a guerilla warfare had taken its place, this continuing for two years and being attended with much display of treachery, ferocity and cruelty. In the pursuit of Aguinaldo and his guerilla bands Funston was especially active, chasing him from place to place and from the plains to the hills, and to the mountains. Between May 5, 1900, and the end of the contest, more than a thousand "contacts" took place between the insurgents and their pursuers, the American casualties approaching 900, while the Filipinos lost 3854 in killed and 1193 in wounded, the captured and surrendered reaching nearly 30,000. Apparently the only way to put an end to this bloody conflict lay in the capture of Aguinaldo and to this General Funston actively devoted himself. In February, 1901, despatches and order books of Aguinaldo were captured, and these made it clear that the insurgent leader was then at Palanan, in the province of Isabela. Funston now devised a shrewd plan for his capture. Organizing a party of eighty-one Macabebe scouts disguised as insurgents he set out for that locality, taking with him four American officers and five ex-insurgent officers. This expedition started for Palanan about mid-March, landing at Casiguan Bay and proceeding for six days through a mountainous country very difficult to traverse. They finally drew near to Palanan, posing as a party of insurgents on the way to join Aguinaldo, the American officers with them being closely guarded as prisoners. The Americans being left in

the rear of the party, the Macabebes advanced towards Aguinaldo's headquarters. Here they found a line of fifty men drawn up to receive them, the ex-insurgent officers with them entering the room in which Aguinaldo and his attendants awaited their visitors.

A signal to the Macabebes to fire on the guard was now given, while the officers who had entered the room fired at the attendants and seized Aguinaldo. One man was killed and one wounded, while the guards outside dispersed, leaving the rebel chief in the hands of the Americans. This affair put an end to Aguinaldo's hostile attitude, though it did not end the insurrection, some of the insurgents remaining under arms for a year later. But Aguinaldo's subsequent life was that of a quiet citizen, and with his loss the backbone of the insurrection was broken.

This success, as above stated, made Funston a brigadier-general in the United States Army. The remainder of his life may be briefly told. Placed in command of the Department of California in 1905 the condition of affairs in San Francisco led him to put that city under martial law, while he rendered valuable services to the city after its terrible earthquake. After Vera Cruz was occupied by American forces in 1914 Funston was sent to take over the administration of that city, he being later made a major-general. In 1916, after the raid of Villa on Columbus, New Mexico, and the sending of a punitive expedition to Mexico, Funston took command of the situation, controlling the movements of Pershing and the forces under him. This was practically the end of his career, he dying February 19, 1917.

GENERAL PERSHING IN PURSUIT OF VILLA AND THE KAISER

ON the 9th of March, 1916, occurred an event that created intense excitement in the United States and Mexico, and for a time greatly disturbed the relations between those two nations. On the day in question a party of about 1500 Mexican bandits under the leadership of Francisco Villa, ex-bandit and revolutionist, made a sudden raid on the frontier town of Columbus, New Mexico. Spies sent in advance had located the small party of troops on guard over the town, 13 in number, and had cut the telegraph and telephone wires. For a time terror and bloodshed reigned unchecked. The principal buildings were looted, several houses were fired, and many residents shot, 11 of these and some of the troopers being killed. This outrage, however, did not pass unavenged, a party of soldiers and citizens being soon in pursuit of the retreating bandits, whom they chased over the border, killing 40 of the dastardly crew. At this time a force of about 19,000 American soldiers guarded the border, under the command of General Funston, who at once took the matter in hand and organized an expedition, under General Pershing, to pursue and punish the bandits.

It must suffice to state briefly the record of this new commander. Born in Missouri in 1860, on the verge of the Civil War, John Joseph Pershing graduated into the army from the Military Academy at West Point. Born in the same year as General Wood, he, like the latter, served against the Apaches

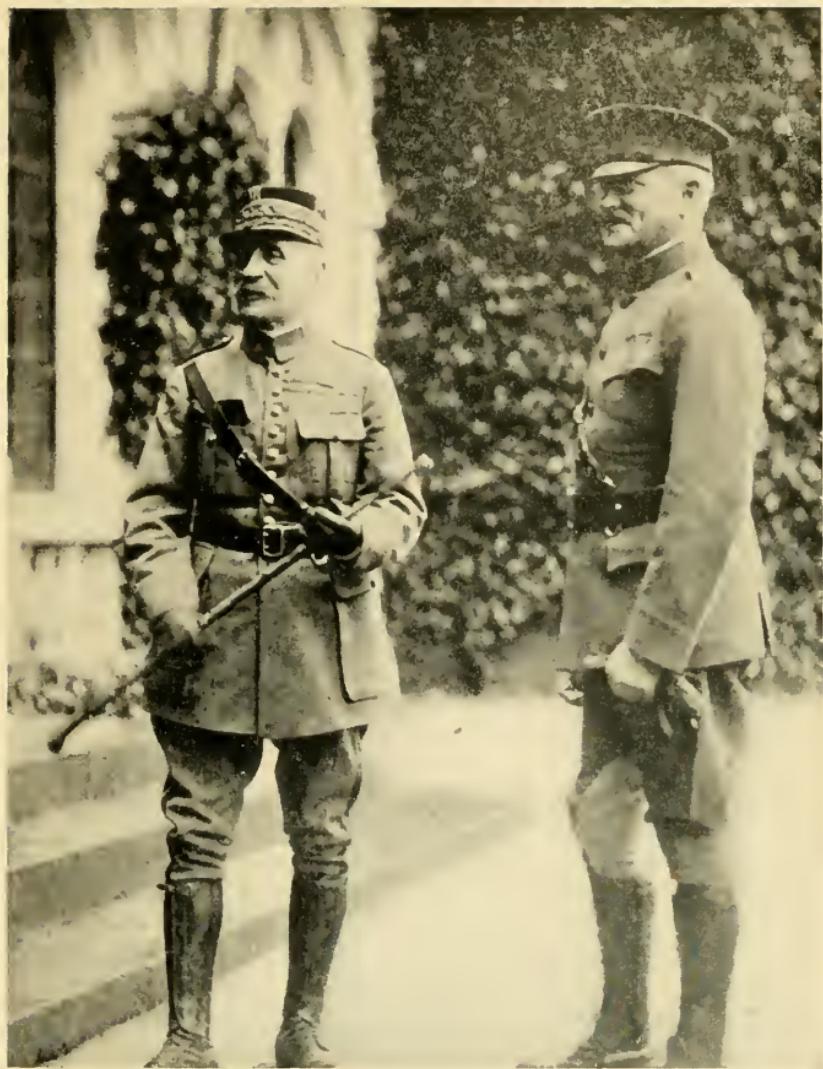
and also against the Sioux Indians, and later took part in 1898 in the fight against the Spanish at Santiago. He achieved distinction in the service, rising gradually in rank from lieutenant to the grade of brigadier-general in 1906 and being made major-general ten years later as a reward for his activity in the campaign against Villa and his men.

These few items by way of introduction. Though Carranza, the Mexican president, protested vigorously against the invasion of Mexico by a military force, the United States Government did not waste much time in sweeping away his protests, and on March 15, six days after the outrage at Columbus, Uncle Sam's hand reached "over the border." Pershing led the chief party, consisting of 4000 men, while Colonel Dodd led a small force to Casa Grandes, 60 miles from the frontier. By the 26th the pursuers had advanced 200 miles over Mexican soil, hot on Villa's track. On the 29th Villa, who had meanwhile made an attack on a Mexican force at Guerrero and taken 170 captives, was surprised by an American attack, his men being defeated and many of them killed, with very small loss to the Americans. Pershing had been very active in this preliminary work, and was hot on the track of the famous bandit.

The work of the pursuers was the reverse of agreeable. Much of their route lay through an alkali desert, the dust of which got into their eyes and down their throats, and many were the anathemas against the Mexicans who had led them into so God-forsaken a region. As for water it was almost *non est*, while the little they got was so hot in their canteens as to be hardly drinkable. Such are some of the delights of campaigning in a desert.

Despite all these sources of inconvenience and distress the Americans kept on Villa's track so vigorously as barely to give him time for an hour's rest. On the morning of March 31, after a ride of 55 miles in 17 hours of day and night, Colonel Dodd, with a cavalry force of 400 men, struck upon the bandit's camp at 6 o'clock, just as they were rising from a period of rest, and put the Mexicans to so hasty a flight that they left all their camping equipment behind them, thirty of them being found dead, while it was reported that Villa was dangerously wounded, though later information did not accord with this report. The flight was continued until the foothills of the mountains were reached. Here the bandit force broke into small parties and sought refuge in the hills while Dodd's men took the rest they sorely needed.

By April 2 Pershing's men were 225 miles below the border, and the hills were being searched for the fleeing bandits, who were supposed to be hid in secret places in the mountain canyons and ravines, lurking resorts with which they were thoroughly familiar. From this time forward Villa managed to keep out of touch with his pursuers, while President Carranza renewed his urgent demand, though in more pacific language, for a withdrawal of the American troops, with a promise to furnish a large army to hunt the bandits, a zone being established beyond which the Americans agreed not to advance. This practically ended the expedition in pursuit of Villa, who succeeded in keeping in close seclusion. The American forces continued closely within the zone, remaining there until the following year, when Pershing was assigned to a new and more important field of duty and the territory of Mexico was evacuated by American



GENERAL FOCH AND GENERAL PERSHING

troops. In brief, the United States had now entered into the great war then waging in Europe, and in June, 1917, Pershing was called upon to lead the first expeditionary force sent to the strenuous field of battle beyond the Atlantic. Made major-general for his services in Mexico, he was now honored with the supreme military rank in the American service, that of general.

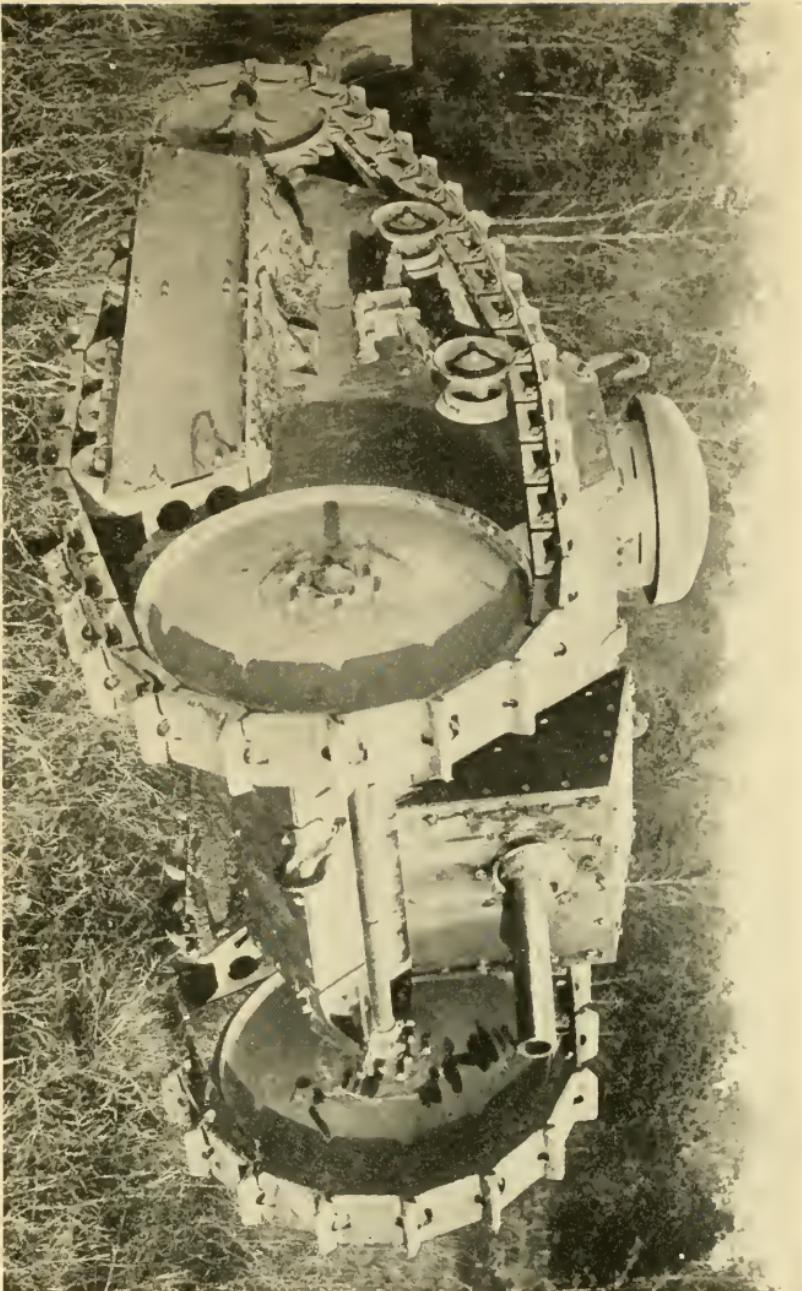
As regards General Pershing's service in France it was that of the whole American army, his duty in the war extending from June, 1917, to November, 1918, during which period its entire operation was under his control. The early service of the Americans was largely one of training, under the influence and example of the British and French forces, among which the American contingents were divided up. General Pershing, in his final report, dismisses this early period briefly, and goes forward to March 21, 1918, on which day the great German offensive was launched and the vigorous and final struggle began.

Marshal Foch had then been put in command of the armies of the European Allies, and Pershing placed at his disposal the American divisions then deemed capable of meeting any demand made upon them. Their aid was sorely needed. It was given effectively on April 26, when the First American Division went into line on the Picardy battle front, and on May 28, fought with supreme valor its first separate engagement. The battle was a brilliant one, full of the American dash and spirit under very bad battle conditions and demonstrating to the Germans that they had a new and capable foe to deal with.

On May 27 the Germans began a threatening movement towards the river Marne and Paris, a grave crisis

arising to meet which every available man under Foch's control was needed. In this the Second and Third American Divisions were engaged and sturdily held their ground. In the battle of Belleau Wood which followed these won from the Germans a strong tactical position with far more loss to the enemy than to themselves. In the period that followed the Americans held their ground stanchly in several brisk engagements.

We cannot go into the details of these hard fights, but may copy from General Pershing's personal report one of the most brilliant examples of American valor:—"The great force of the German Chateau-Thierry offensive established the deep Marne salient, but the enemy was taking chances, and the vulnerability of this pocket to attack might be turned to his disadvantage. Seizing this opportunity to support my conviction, every division with any sort of training was made available for use in a counter-offensive. The place of honor in the thrust toward Soissons on July 18 was given to our First and Second Divisions in company with chosen French divisions. Without the usual brief warning of a preliminary bombardment the massed French and American artillery, firing by the map, laid down its rolling barrage at dawn, while the infantry began its charge. The tactical handling of our troops under these trying conditions was excellent throughout the action. The enemy brought up large numbers of reserves and made a stubborn defense, both with machine guns and artillery, but through five days' fighting the First Division continued to advance until it had gained the heights above Soissons and captured the village of Berzy-le-Sec. The Second Division took



A U. S. BABY TANK

Beau Bepaire farm and Vièrzy in a very rapid advance and reached a position in front of Ligny at the end of its second day. These two divisions captured 7000 prisoners and over 1000 pieces of artillery."

This arduous work of Pershing's army led to the reduction of the St. Mihiel Salient as the first purely American enterprise. This is described at length by Pershing, its ultimate outcome being thus stated:

"At the cost of only 7000 casualties we had taken 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, a great quantity of material, released the inhabitants of many villages and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz."

The American army now moved actively toward its crowning achievement, that of the battle of the Marne. The outcome of this ultimate engagement of the long-continued war is briefly laid down in Pershing's report. The attack opened on September 26, the Americans driving through entanglements across No Man's Land to take the enemy's first-line position. Steadily pushing forward on November 6 they reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, twenty-five miles from their line of departure. They had in this way cut the enemy's main line of communications and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save the Kaiser's army from utter disaster. The prisoners taken numbered 26,059 and among the spoils were 468 guns. In this advance the Americans won the honor of fighting the final and decisive battle of the war. Five days later, at noon of November 11, both sides fired their last shot and the greatest of all wars came to an end, in victory for the United States and the European Allies and in complete defeat to the hordes of absolutism. Democracy had decisively triumphed over

autocracy. The Armageddon of modern times had been fought to a finish, and from the greatest of struggles between the powers of good and evil the armies of the good cause had emerged victoriously.

In this vast world-struggle it is widely conceded that the ultimate triumph was due to the brilliant work of the armies of the United States and that but for the vital American aid the forces of the Kaiser might in the end have beaten his hard-struggling foes. Among those to whom the honor of the victory lay were the great strategists who fought the battle from behind the front. Pershing, the American leader, holds the honor of being one of this group of capable military chiefs and may be classed among the heroes of American military history. In modern times the able and successful warriors are not those who put themselves at the head of their armies and lead them on to victory, but those who move regiments, brigades and divisions as great chess-players move their pieces and by powers of strategy bring victory out of threatened defeat. Among these may be named such men as Pétain, Joffre, Foch, and others of the late war, not the least being Pershing, the American.

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